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[RIVALS IN LIFE AND LOVE.]

MAN AND HIS IDOL.

CHAPTER XL.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

I never came a-begging for myw',
But now I come. Tennyson.

THE agitation of Emmy Kingston at the bare idea of asking a favour of Lord St. Omer's daughter was alarming. Her face wasted and deathened as they looked at it. They thought she would faint.

Kingston Meredith was, on his part, painfully affected. He blamed himself—was angry with himself, but more than all, was deeply grieved at the effect he had unconsciously produced upon the poor girl's sensitive heart.

"Pray calm yourself," he murmured, grasping her ice-cold hand.

He might have addressed the words to himself, for his heart was throbbing fiercely, and his hand burned with fever.

"You will be better soon," he added.

"Better!"

He read her meaning in the reproachful eye which she turned upon him.

Frank Hildred failed to read the woman's secret. He only supposed her moved by singular animosity towards the earl and his family. The feeling struck him as natural; yet he marvelled at the expression of such vindictiveness in one so young and apparently so gentle.

With his practical turn of mind, Frank saw no difficulty in gaining the permission for which Emmy longed—her interviews with Daniel Kingston having hitherto been confined to brief minutes granted under favour of Mr. Constable Tongs—and he urged on Meredith that if they returned to the inn and obtained the names of some one of the county magistrates, they might be called on, and the required order soon obtained.

It was with the utmost reluctance that Kingston Meredith parted with the poor girl. He saw the impression he had unconsciously produced on her; he

could not help being struck with the extent to which she looked up to and trusted in him, and his heart was moved to pity by that white face, and those large, pleading eyes.

As Emmy looked so would the Lady Blanche have looked under like circumstances; in every turn and expression of that wasted face he saw the face of her he loved and worshipped, and every tone of the pleading, tearful voice moved him as if she had spoken—she whose lightest word was as a law of his being.

"Will you trust me, Emmy," he said at length, yielding to Frank's suggestion. "Will you rely on my doing my very best for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, eagerly.

"We will not be very long," he returned.

"No," she pleaded; "do not leave me for long. I have no one else in all the world to trust to; and if my father should die, and I not by his side—oh! how should I ever survive the thought of it!"

"Cheer up, Emmy!" said Kingston; "he cannot be so very ill. The agitation has been too much for him; but he will recover."

She shook her head mournfully, and took her seat again; but when they left her and moved off towards the Redruth Arms, she started up and fixed her eyes on Meredith, never losing sight of him for an instant till he was hidden by a turning in the road.

Then with a moan she resumed her watching.

For a long time her mind was so full of the thought of Meredith, of what he had said, and of the pitiful look with which he had regarded her, that she almost forgot her immediate trouble. But the sudden appearance of Tongs at the door of the lock-up, recalled it to her mind with increased intensity.

"How is he? How is my darling?" she cried, eagerly.

It was the question that inevitably awaited the constable every time he made his appearance at the door. This time he looked at the inquirer more sadly than usual.

"I'm going to send for Dr. Jower," he said.

"Then he is worse?"

"Well, he's no better."

"Oh, I must see him—I must be with him. He is ill because they will not let me be by to watch and

comfort him. If he would only come back with the order! But it is long—so long since he left."

Naturally Tongs inquired who this was who had taken up her cause, and on hearing the name he could not resist a sneer and a sarcastic laugh.

"If all's true that I hear," he said, "he's more likely to be sent here by a magistrate's order himself than to get one for you to visit."

"What am I to do, then?" urged Emmy.

Then she thought again of what Frank Hildred had advised. Her repugnance to approaching the St. Omers, or asking favours of them was extreme, but here was a desperate case. Every moment she was away from the side of her dying father was a moment lost, and never to be recalled. He might have secrets to impart to her, wishes to express, and she was away. The hours of his life might be numbered, and she was standing there permitting her own feelings and animosities to come between her and duty. Taking this view, she began to reproach herself for her pride and want of affection, and, trembling from head to foot with the resolve which shook her as the wind quivers in the aspen, she muttered, "I will go. I will see her."

Then she wound her shawl about her shoulders and smoothed her hair, and glanced with a sigh at her poor faded dress.

Tongs saw by the expression of her face that she had taken some resolution, and asked what she was about to do.

"I am going to Redruth House," she said.

"You! What for?"

"To get the earl's permission to share my father's cell."

Tongs was evidently perturbed.

"Nonsense!" he said, "the earl has no power."

"No power?"

"Not of himself; he's only one; he can do no good, take my advice, and stay where you are."

Emmy regarded the man in astonishment.

"Why, what harm can my going do?" she asked.

"What harm! why, this—if you gets me into trouble, you may sit there and rot before I let you inside the door for a single minute."

Emmy Kingston did not know the truth. She was not aware that Tongs had received a hint from Mark All-

dyce as to its being the earl's wish that the father and daughter should be kept as much apart as possible. She was ignorant that it was from that cause alone, and not from any stringency in the magistrates' regulations that she had been refused admission. But she suspected now that Tonge had received his orders, and for the moment she wavered. Then the thought of her dying father came over her, and heeding nothing that Tonge could urge, she resolved to make the attempt, and to go to Redruth House.

It was a sweet, autumn evening, calm and placid; the skies burned red above the trees, now brown and thin of leaf. The skeleton poplars trembled, and the leaves of the hard, dry beeches rustled in the soft breeze, which, with all its softness, had a chill in it, telling of the winter so soon to come. The grass in the meadows was long and dank, and as Emmy, thinly clad and poorly shod, waded through it, she shivered a little—a very little—and that ominous cough came upon her.

The way to Redruth Hall across the meadow was short, and Emmy soon reached the great gates, and looked up at the armorial bearings, and entered the domain, which was so vast that it awed her, and made her feel little, and shabby, and out of place.

Her first impulse was to turn back. Then the thought of the precious hours that might be wasted if she yielded to any such weakness, rose in her mind, and she pushed hastily on towards the house, which stood rose before her in all its grandeur against the flaming sky.

And so crushingly grand, so awfully imposing did those towers, that battlemented front, and the stately entrance seem, that again she hesitated. The people who lived in such a place must, she felt, be very hard to approach, and very stern and awful in their address. And yet her father, poor dear, had aspired to be master of that place. He had, in his wild dreams, believed it possible that she would end her days in that paradise, and be called its mistress.

A hot flush of something very like shame suffused her face and neck at the bare thought. It seemed to her, too, that everybody must regard her as a sort of criminal in being the daughter of a man so aspiring and audacious.

"Turn back, turn back!" a voice seemed ringing in her ears. "You will do no good, they will insult you; she will order them to put you out of doors."

No! she would go on; at least she would see this terrible Lady Blanche, who had made captive the heart of the only man she ever loved, who was doubtless haughty and beautiful; but who, angel as she might be, stood, as that angel of old, wielding the flaming sword that drove her from the paradise of love.

On the lower step of the flight leading up to the doorway, a powdered footman, in white livery, leant his back against a pedestal supporting a vase crowned with purple lobelia, earnestly engaged in paring his nails.

Emmy's footsteps were so light that he did not notice her approach, and she was close to him before he looked up.

"Servants' door," he said, abruptly, summing her up in an instant, and pointing with his pearl-handled knife over his shoulder as he spoke.

"I beg pardon," said the simple girl, awed by the man as well as the place, "but I wished to see—"

"What! Now, you know you mustn't!" interrupted the man, fiercely. "We won't have 'em. We subscribe to all the charities in the county, and beggin' letters we won't have!"

"But, sir, you mistake, indeed you do!" pleaded Emmy. "If I can only see the Lady Blanche—"

"Ah, yes, I desay!" returned the plump domestic, rounding his thumb-nail with the penknife; "that's the hold dodge. But we don't do it. And I'll tell you what; if you'll take my advice, you'll hook it out o' this place. If the earl should happen to come along I shall catch it, and it'll be as good as three months to you, and no mistake. There!"

"But you mistake. I will not detain her ladyship a moment. I only wish to ask her—"

"Now, be off—be off!" interrupted the fellow, impatiently. "I should be sorry to have to put you out of these grounds, but if I'm forced, you know—if I'm forced—"

He had trimmed his nail to his satisfaction, and now, for the first time, looked up.

The upturned face of the girl at once arrested his attention. Its wonderful likeness to the face of the Lady Blanche struck him instantly, and remembering the events of the last few days, he began to think he had made a mistake. So it was in a very altered tone that he said:

"Beg pardon, but what is it you want?"

"Only to speak with the Lady Blanche for one moment."

"Ah! I'm afraid she's out."

"No; I think if you will only see, if you will only inquire, you can find her for me. Do—pray do!" urged Emmy.

"Well, I'll see," said the plump personage, shutting

his knife with a snap, and dropping it into the right-hand pocket of his scarlet plush breeches. "No card, I s'pose?" he added, superciliously. "Thought not."

The fact of a visitor having no card was conclusive to John as to their being nobodies. And a nobody it was his duty to treat as such. So he said, bluntly:

"This way!"

Emmy, obeying the word of command, followed the powdered head and the white coat and the scarlet inexpressibles up the stairs and into the grand hall, which still bore indications of the scene which had been enacted there a few days before. Carpenters were repairing the door; but there were broken windows, a trophy of deer-horns lay where it had been knocked over, and there were blood-stains on the marble flags.

The man pointed to a chair, in his commanding way, and Emmy sank into it, holding her breath with awe.

Imposing as its exterior was, the hall impressed the poor girl yet more strongly. It was so lofty, so wide, so unlike anything of which Endle's Rents had any experience. Dating from the time of Elizabeth, it preserved all the traces of the period when architecture was understood in England, before it had been debased by the frivolities of the Charles's time, and utterly degraded by the eighteenth century barbarism, which we are only just shaking off. The fine painted staircase was a marvel of art. The groined roof, the noble arches, the stained-glass windows, the shining suits of armour, over the antique chairs, on the edge of one of which Emmy sat, filled her with an overwhelming sense of grandeur.

She knew that she looked utterly mean, poor and insignificant.

She felt that in that place the powdered footman ranked infinitely above her, and despised her, and barely tolerated her—perhaps had already forgotten that she was there.

But under this crushing feeling there rose up the recollection that perhaps, after all, Daniel Kingston might have right on his side. The proud owners of this place might only be usurping a right. It was very hard to think so in the face of the actual splendour surrounding them—but it might be so; and while her eyes gazed in wonder at the noble hall, she thought, "I might one day come to live here if—if I can only get better of this dreadful cough!"

It was threatening indeed, that hard hollow cough which echoed through the hall as through a tomb.

A quarter of an hour passed before the liveried servant returned. During that time, several persons had passed through the hall, stared, said nothing, and passed out. Emmy did not know that they had come from the servants' hall, influenced by the rumour which John had spread, as to the extraordinary likeness between "the young person" and Lady Blanche. When at last, the poor girl's anxiety was relieved by the appearance of the fellow, she read in his face at once that her suit had been unsuccessful.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said, in a vulgar and familiar way, "but what I said was quite true. My lady is hout."

"But can I not wait?" asked Emmy.

"No. Call again."

"When? At what hour?"

"Oh, to-morrow, early, or next day."

"That is impossible!" said Emmy, beginning to cry, "It's a matter of life or death."

"Well, my lady's hout," said John, calmly, acting on the advice of the servants' hall, who had been unanimous in agreeing that this was the sort of person to be got rid of. "And I can't say when she'll be hin."

"John," said a soft, musical voice, calling from the stairs.

"Yes, my lady."

"What does that young person want?"

"To see you, my lady."

"Show her this way."

It was the Lady Blanche who spoke.

And Emmy Kingston, gazing up at the grand staircase, beheld what appeared to her like a glorified vision of herself. Upon the pale but beautiful face of Blanche St. Omer, and the golden curls surrounding it, fell the rosy light of a painted window, brilliant in the sunset, and the exquisite form of the heiress was draped in ample folds of shimmering silk on which the splendour also fell.

Wonder, admiration, and jealousy, stirred in the heart of the poor girl, and made her dumb.

And it was with a strange feeling that the heiress, bending down, looked for the first time in the face of her second self, and her rival in title, wealth, and—love!

CHAPTER XLII

RIVALS IN LIFE AND LOVE.

We meet not as we parted.

We feel more than all may see,

My bosom is heavy-hearted.

And time full of doubt for me. Shelley.

CONFUSED and overpowered, Emmy Kingston did not hear the soft voice of the Lady Blanche, as in a

tone little above a whisper she bade her ascend the stairs; but John, whose duty dignity vanished in the presence of the family, quickly communicated her ladyship's wishes.

Following the bright image of herself, with eyes fascinated by what they gazed on, the girl obeyed. At the top of the stairs there was a reception-room; the walls of scarlet and gold, the panelling ebony, the furniture of the same material, of Indian make, and inlaid with pearl. The windows of this room were shaded by curtains of scarlet tabaret, with the fable of the phoenix wrought in gold thread upon it; the carpet was Russian, red and black, the pattern quaintly setting forth the dedication of an emperor, the pile an inch thick.

The doors of this room were always open; but a heavy curtain of Turkish manufacture, superb in design, hung before it, half looped-up, and so giving a glimpse of the apartment within.

Lady Blanche lifted the curtain still further, with one pearl-white arm, on the wrist of which glittered a diamond of fabulous worth, and beckoned her visitor to enter.

A more careful observer might have noted that, though dressed for dinner, for there were guests in the house, the Lady Blanche wore a dress rendered high in the throat by an arrangement of rich lace gathered up by a string of pearls, and this style warranted the use of long lace sleeves also, fastened at the wrist by bracelets of pearls and single diamonds.

The effect was foreign. It was supposed to be adopted in consequence. Manton alone knew that it was done to conceal a wound as of teeth-marks in one arm—a wound which Manton did not believe to have been caused by a savage dog.

"You wished to see me?" said Blanche, motioning her visitor to a chair and taking one herself.

"I did," said Emmy, mastering all the pride she could to her aid, and speaking in a tone strangely at variance with her haggard face, and tattered dress. "Trouble, the deepest trouble, induces me to intrude on your ladyship."

The Lady Blanche instinctively put her hand towards the pocket of her dress, but a truer instinct made her pause.

There was something in the manner of this girl very unlike a beggar or one seeking money. And that wasted face so like her own! Lady Blanche half-guessed the mystery—part of the mystery—of the stranger's manner before another word was spoken.

"I am grieved for you," she said, "if you are in trouble. I will do what I can. What is it you came to ask of me?"

"Only—that I may see my father," answered Emmy, nearly breaking down in her dignity at the mention of her father's name.

"And can I—have I the power to aid you in this?" asked her ladyship.

"The earl has, and one word from you will be enough, they tell me. I only ask for that word. Only a word. Nothing more."

Emmy grew almost indignant as she said this.

The Lady Blanche looked at her curiously, yet with a pained look.

"You have not told me your name yet," she said; "I do not know who it is who asks this favour, and so rigorously limits me to this one service. Are you the daughter of the unfortunate man—?"

"Who disputes his title with the Earl of St. Omer," interrupted Emmy. "He is in prison. He is dying."

"No!" the Lady Blanche cried out hastily.

A faint echo of the suspicion against the earl had reached even her ears, so she could not conceal her emotion on the instant.

"It is too true," said Emmy, "and I cannot get to him. Some influence which I cannot understand keeps me from his side. But since you can get me the permission I seek, I have brought myself to ask this one favour of you."

"You are strangely excited, child," said Blanche, whose eyes remained fixed on the face of the poor girl. "Is it because you ask this unknown to your father, and fear that he would be angry if he knew it?"

"He would, indeed, be angry," said the girl, catching her breath at the thought. "I have done wrong, very wrong to come here; but I could not know that he was dying and not see him. I have forgotten all my wrongs, all my pride in that one thought."

"You believe then, child, that I have wronged you?" asked Blanche abruptly.

"Not wilfully, not willingly," said Emmy.

"But I have wronged you, nevertheless?"

"Yes."

"You mean that, had your father made good his claims to the earldom you would have been rich, you would have had my title, lived in my house? It is my misfortune to wrong you by withholding all this from you?"

"Do not ask me, pray do not ask me," cried the girl.

"But is it so? You may answer me. I shall not be offended. It will not influence me in the least in granting or withholding the favour you have asked."

Emmy winced at that word "favour." She shrank too, from any allusion to the real wrong she felt had been done her.

How was it possible that she should explain in words the position in which Kingston Meredith stood to her? And if she could have done so, would it not have seemed as if the wrong was on her part?

Blinded as she was by jealous feelings stirring in her mind, she still saw this vaguely and indefinitely. She was conscious that she had no right to nurse jealous or vindictive feelings towards the beautiful heiress, on account of Meredith's love for her, since that passion might have existed long, long ago.

Love does not reason. Strong passions assert themselves despotically. Like the lion in the jungle, they do not seek trodden paths; they make their own, crushing trampling down everything in their way. Emmy was naturally mild, timid, and scrupulously just. She would have shrunk from inflicting pain upon the humblest of God's creatures—shrunk with a nervous sensibility which would have brought down the ridicule of fiercer natures.

Now, she could not tell what possessed her, but she felt proud and ruthless towards this fair woman. She was angry with her, unjust towards her. Her charms, her graces of manner, all her advantages were wrenched to Emmy. And the strange part of the matter was that Emmy knew she was blind, unreasoning, headstrong; knew that she did the beautiful heiress an injustice, and yet in unnatural wilfulness persisted in the course she had taken.

So, when Lady Blanche repeated the question she had asked, as to whether Emmy charged her with any wrong except such as she might unwittingly have offered from filling the position she did, Emmy would not answer, but buried her head in the cushions of the sofa on which she sat, and began to shed scalding tears.

"Don't ask me!" she burst out: "I can't tell you. I am poor and wretched, and don't know what I say or do half the time. It's my fault more than yours. I own it, but I can't help it. I shall go mad!"

"But, my child," interposed the Lady Blanche in astonishment, "if I have wronged you and it is in my power to make you any reparation I will do so, readily."

"No!" cried Emmy, "no; it is impossible!"

"Indeed! Have I wronged you beyond redress?"

"Yes; but I've no right to complain. I don't complain. I shall be better soon, and then you will give me the order, and I will go. You think me childish, and I am; I own it, but I can't help it. I would have shown this weakness to any one sooner than to you. Pity give me the order!"

The Lady Blanche was astonished. She could not understand this burst of feeling, and this obvious animosity. Ignorant of the cause, she could only ascribe what she witnessed to the teachings of Daniel Kingston. She guessed that he had instilled into this girl's heart deadly hatred of all the St. Omer race, and read in this outburst towards herself only the natural expression of that feeling.

Then, in her noble and generous nature, Blanche resolved, if possible, to overcome this feeling to some extent, and rising and approaching the sofa, she put her hands tenderly on Emmy's shoulders.

"I think you are deceived in me," she said.

"No; but no matter."

"Indeed, I think you are. You have been taught to regard me as your enemy; but I would willingly show you that you are mistaken. The earl, my father, is naturally incensed against the man who took advantage of a false rumour to break into his house and claim his titles and his property. He can hardly regard him with favour, and his character demands that he should resent such a step. I cannot, therefore, ask him for your father's liberty. But I am sure his animosity does not extend to you. He could not look in your face, so like my own, that I seem to be looking at my second self, without loving you. And if you let me, I will ask any favour of him on your behalf, that may be of the slightest service to you. I am sure he will grant it, for my sake."

Such words, uttered in tones of pure friendliness, ought to have won Emmy's heart, but they did not.

She was thinking all the while how that bewitching voice rang in Meredith's ears, and envying that choice of words and that ladylike tone which she knew must possess a charm for him, and to which she could make no pretensions.

So she only answered coldly.

"Thank you," she said. "I can take no favour from you or the earl but the one I have been compelled to ask."

Lady Blanche drew back indignantly.

"You are a strange person," she said; "you decline my friendly offers?"

"Yes."

"And you will not tell me why?"

"No, it is a secret locked in my own breast."

"Well, some day you may need a confidant. You may need sympathy and advice. If so, remember you

have a friend at Redruth House who will always gladly see you and serve you in any way."

The girl answered with sobs. Her heart was too full to speak. She feared, lest if she did so, she should be obliged to admit her folly in loving Meredith, and her unfounded jealousy of Lady Blanche.

"Papa is absent," said her ladyship. "I will give you a note to the man Tonga; it will answer every purpose. The earl can have no desire that you should be absent from your sick father's side. I will take the responsibility upon myself."

She took a gold pen, the handle of which was a shaft of malachite, topped with a coronet of gold, set with rubies and diamonds, and dipping it into a crystal stand, half-filled with magenta ink, wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, cream-coloured, thick as a card, and surmounted with the St. Omer arms.

Folding this paper, she gave it to the poor trembling girl, who, wiping her red eyes with a corner of her shawl, rose from the sofa to receive it.

"Take this," said her ladyship, "and remember what I have said to you."

"I shall never forget it," was the answer, and Emmy Kingston moved towards the door. She had nearly reached it when, moved by a sudden impulse, she turned back, and in a humbler tone than she had yet spoken in, said:

"Don't—please don't think me ungrateful—I'm not. I thank you very much for this. But I'm distracted. I don't know what I say or think sometimes, and if I seem obstinate and cold to you or others, it's for a reason I can never tell you, and you will never know."

That terrible cough seized and shook the fragile girl as she finished, and she only waved her hand, and tottered from the apartment and from the house.

So the interview between the rivals ended.

But for a long time the Lady Blanche stood with her hand upon the table in the reception-room, musing over what she had just heard.

"Strange," she reflected, "this girl so near my own age and so like me in every feature that I could pass for her but for the difference in our dress. She must be related to us; if so, it is natural that she should regard with animosity the more fortunate branches of the family. But does that account for her singular bearing towards me? Hardly, I think. The feeling she showed was personal to myself, and what could be that singular reason for it, which she could not tell me and I am never to know? There is some mystery here. How can I fathom it?"

In the midst of her reverie the curtain of the reception-room was roughly lifted, and the Lady Blanche, looking up with a start, encountered the fierce eyes of Mark Allardyce.

"What's this they tell me?" he exclaimed; "you've had a nice visitor!"

"Only the poor girl whose father is in the lock-up," replied Blanche, timidly.

"Oh, I know! I know all about it!" stormed Mark. "It's a pretty thing if you're to keep dinner waiting while you give audience to tramps and vagabonds! What did she want?"

"Why, Mark, only an order to see her father."

"And that she can't have!"

"Can't?"

"Can't. Don't I speak plain English? Can't!"

"But surely the earl would not object?"

"Wouldn't he? Ask him. And if he's dolt and idiot enough not to, I should. I know what I'm about. I'm going to trample out this folly about claimants to the earldom; and since this beggar's fortunately ill, why, our policy is to let him die without the chance of inoculating others with his cursed notions. Do you understand now why the earl won't give his permission?"

And why Tonga has his orders to question the genuineness of any other magistrate's signature 'till the man's gone?"

"Oh, Mark!" said the Lady Blanche, tremulously, "I'm much afraid I've done wrong. I've given the order."

"What?"

"I wrote a little note to Tonga; and she has taken it."

"You did!" shouted Mark, seizing the girl's arm fiercely. It was the arm on which Lotty had left her mark, and she shrank with pain under his hand.

"What, in the name of Fortune, made you interfere? You may have spoiled all, ruined all, by this atrocious folly. I could bruise you to a mummy, idiot!"

He threw her off.

As he did so, the Earl of St. Omer, returning from his morning ride, entered the room.

"Mark!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"It means," cried Mark, savagely, "that you're all alike in this precious family. All dast and idiotic. Here have I been two days keeping everybody from that fool Kingston's cell, and now, just at the last moment, when a few hours will end all, Blanche here has been writing to Tonga, Heaven knows what! Why, the whole parish may hear the man's dying words."

The earl was deadly pale, and he trembled as he had done on that morning at the breakfast-table, when

Mark mentioned the circumstance of the earl's midnight visit to the prisoner's cell.

Blanche shuddered as she saw the look.

"I'm afraid I've done very wrongly," she said, addressing the earl.

"You've played the fool, and might have ruined all," blurted out Mark. "I suppose I must go and put matters right!"

"Mark," said the earl, with peculiar significance, "take care."

The fellow turned back, grinned a malicious grin, and with a confident "all right" quitted the room.

CHAPTER XLII.

DYING IN PRISON.

This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
 Year good or ill, your infamy or fame,
 And all the colour of your life depends
 On this important now. *Spanish Friar.*

With light footsteps, which hardly left their print upon the grass, Emmy Kingston flew through the park, and made her way towards the wretched building in which her father was confined, and where, according to report, he was dying.

As she quitted the park, and emerged into the road leading to the village, she perceived some one in the distance—for in that deserted village road every form was visible—walking slowly and thoughtfully in the direction in which she herself was proceeding.

Strange, almost magical, is the power of love in the heart.

It imparts powers of fascination and gives a mysterious brightness to the faculties—results which attend none of the feebler passions. Emmy Kingston experienced this power at that moment.

Though the figure was moving along in the hazy distance her heart gave a great leap. She recognized, almost without seeing, that it was the man to whom her heart was irrevocably but hopelessly given, who preceded her.

Her first impulse was to hasten after him, but a sense of propriety restrained her. She would not, for the world, have done anything which would have lowered herself in his estimation. Still, she did quicken her steps a little—just a little; and as good fortune would have it, Kingston presently loitered under the shade of a great elm-tree, and she saw that he stopped to read something he had taken from his bosom, and which, from its fluttering in the wind she knew was a letter.

"He is reading a letter—from her," she thought.

Then all the glowing joy and rapturous tumult of the moment fled. Her heart sank within her. She only dragged herself languidly along.

It was, indeed, Blanche's last letter over which the man had pored, drinking in a strange delight from the very characters of the handwriting, though every word was familiar to him as his own name.

The letter was put away, but he still loitered on, slowly and thoughtfully, when the girl overtook him.

"Emmy!" he said, "what brings you here? You are not well?"

"Not very well," she answered; "not very strong."

"And what have you been doing this way? This is the road from Redruth?"

"Yes; I have been there."

"There?"

"I couldn't bear it any longer to be away from father's side; so I forgot my pride and went up to the House, and saw—"

She hesitated. It was a pain to her to pronounce the earl's daughter's name.

"Who?"

"The Lady Blanche."

The words were out—spoken with asperity, and the face of the speaker flushed crimson.

"You have seen her?"

Kingston Meredith was scarcely less agitated.

"Yes."

"And she received you kindly? She would do so."

'Tis not in her nature to do otherwise. She is so good, so gentle."

"She gave me what I asked," said Emmy, abruptly.

"And readily? I knew she would give it readily if you would see her." So the foolish lover rambled on.

"The tenants all love her for that. They go to her in their little troubles and tell her the simple tale, and she listens and is interested, and does all she can for them. If you had asked her twenty times the favour she would have granted it; I know she would."

"But I would not have taken it!"

"No!"

"I have degraded myself enough in taking this—from her."

"Emmy!"

"I have, I tell you. I could bite off my tongue for having asked this. But I could not help it. Oh, yes, she was good enough, and patronizing enough, and wanted to load me with favours—me! but I refused them all. It was something to say 'no' to her. It did my heart good."

You would not have recognized in the woman who

stood under the rustling elms, her face just visible in the slanting sunshine over the tall hedge-row, the meek, gentle, long-suffering daughter of Daniel Kingston. The fierce passions of her mind swallowed up all her milder qualities. Kingston Meredith gazed at her with astonishment.

He had the clue to the change which had come over the girl; but he could not understand the intensity of the jealous feeling which he witnessed.

"Come, Emmy," he said, anxious not to prolong this painful scene, "come along. We will talk of this another day. At present, every moment is of value. Your father is very ill."

That recalled her to herself.

Love for her father was the natural expression of her mind, and yielding to the desire to see him, and happy in Meredith's society, she moved on briskly by his side, and thus they arrived together at the lock-up. Now, Mr. Constable Tonge was not a great scholar, though he did not like it known. He could manage print—in fact, rather prided himself on reading the paper at the Redruth of an evening—skipping the long words, which are seldom of any consequence—but writing bothered him. He had the same confused foggy notion of the characters that one has of French after "six lessons at one guinea." So when he received the Lady Blanche's letter he hastily glanced at it, saw her signature, which he could make out, skipped most of the writing, which was Greek to him, and having ascertained from Meredith that it was an order to visit the prisoner, he innocently enough let both applicants in together.

It was a close, small room, whitewashed, and with a window high up and barred.

Daniel Kingston lay on a narrow bedstead covered with a quilt.

What a wreck he was!

The long deep lines in his face had almost disappeared, he was so deplorably thin. His face was of an unwholesome white, spotted here and there as with the plague. All the wild maniacal fire had died out of his eyes. He only lay on his pillow, his head hanging back, and his chin upturned like a corpse.

"Oh! he is dead!" was Emmy's heart-breaking exclamation, as she rushed towards him and seized his hand.

It was warm, faintly warm, but clammy.

That exclamation, perhaps the familiar sound of the voice, had roused the sick man, and his eyes rolled slowly to the side on which his daughter knelt.

For a time his lips moved, but he could not speak. With a long bony finger, each joint of which seemed ready to drop from the rest, he pointed to a little bottle upon a table by his side. Meredith grasped it, and following the directions upon a label, poured out a few drops into some cold water, and held the patient's head while he drank it.

The effect was reviving.

Presently the patient was able to speak in a low murmur.

"It is so cruel!" he muttered, "so cruel to keep my child from me in all this dreadful pain. And these long, long nights! Ah! Emmy, my darling, have you come at last? Do I dream again?"

"No, father, I am here!" she sobbed.

"Thank God!" he feebly muttered; then lifting his right hand with difficulty, he placed it on the sunny head of his child. "I am dying, Emmy," he said.

"No! don't say it! don't say it!" she cried out.

"Yes! I am dying. No one can bear these tortures and live. A few hours, and I have prayed God to shorten them in my pain, in my great agony. Can you hear me, Emmy?"

"Yes, father."

"Ah! who is this?"

He had rolled his head back upon the pillow, and for the first time saw Kingston Meredith standing by the bedside.

"It is Mr. Meredith, father," said Emmy; "you recollect?"

He made a hasty movement of his hand, implying that he did not.

"Kingston Meredith," said the young man; "you may recollect my Christian name, as it is like your own."

A ray of light seemed to shine in through the clouds which darkened the mind of the sick man.

"If I could remember," he said, "surely that was the name. Did I not tell you something up there—up at Redruth?"

"You did."

"Yes. Let me think. I have a secret—you know that? All knew that. And in my agony I thought I would let some one share it, for Emmy's sake. You have seen her, my poor child, here?"

"Yes."

"Well, well, as I was saying, this secret must not die with me. I couldn't sleep in my grave with it. I shouldn't find peace there. I should haunt Redruth. Oh, 'tis very awful to think that a man may not rest in his grave! And I said to myself, Emmy must know

of this; and I will tell it to—oh, what name? what name?"

Meredith, pitying the man from the bottom of his heart, yet listened deeply and earnestly to these incoherent words. He had thought little of the statement made to him at Redruth House. He had only set it down as the raving of a maniac; but there was something in the recurrence to the topic by this man on his death-bed which strongly impressed him.

He repeated his name.

"That was it. I thought, I will tell this to him. He's a Kingston, I will put him in my place. What I've failed to work out he may be able to, for himself and Emmy—yes for Emmy."

His hand was still upon her head. The long, lithe fingers played convulsively among the silken locks. The poor child, utterly overcome, could only weep.

"Whatever you may entrust to me," said Meredith, "I promise to keep faithfully, and as a man of honour."

"Not enough," gasped the dying man, "I said—long ago when I could think, before these pains had sent me mad—I said, Providence flings this man across my path. I will trust him, I will confide my secret to him and he shall see my child, my darling Emmy, righted when I am in my grave."

He spoke fast but thickly.

A brighter light came into his dead eyes, and a flush braided his cheek, the flush of fever.

After speaking thus much it was evident that he relapsed into a dreamy state. His ideas became confused; reason had left him, overcome by physical weakness and pain.

They waited.

Presently he recovered, as if by a miracle, the thread of his distracted thoughts. Then striving to rise and to support himself on one arm, in which he failed from weakness, he resumed:

"Where was I? Ah, I recollect now. I would entrust my secret, and my daughter to his care, I thought; but not till he had given me a promise more solemn than mere words, that he would be true to the trust. Give me your Bible, Emmy."

"My Bible, father!"

"Yes—quick, quick!"

"Oh, father dear, have you forgotten? I haven't it!"

"You've lost it!" he shrieked, in a shrill voice.

"No: it is not lost. It was left behind us in our flight from London."

"Left! That left?"

The idea seemed to inspire him with the utmost horror.

"Yes—you remember! Oh, don't—don't look at me like that, father! Is it so very dreadful?"

His eyes glared, and the foam gathered round his lips as he answered:

"Better have lost all—a thousand times more than all! But it must be found: it must be found!"

The man raised himself up and waved his withered arms frantically in the air, as he spoke. "You're free, Emmy. They will let you out. You must go for it—to London, girl! to London! Beg your way there and back; but go—go!"

He dropped senseless on the hard pillow.

The overwrought feelings of the moment had prostrated him. For a time the two looking on, horror-stricken, feared that he had ceased to breathe; but, to their great joy, a little water revived him, and when some half-hour had elapsed, he again opened his eyes, slowly, but with more calmness than he had hitherto displayed.

Emmy knelt, grasping one throbbing hand, and Kingston Meredith did not remove his eyes from the face of the man marked down for death.

Often as life is ebbing fast the faces of the dying undergo singular changes. They seem to lose the aspect which the round of daily life has stamped upon them, and exhibit features and resemblances unexpected even by those in constant intercourse with them. So, in this instance, as Kingston Meredith gazed upon the pallid features of the unhappy man before him, he was struck by the change they had undergone. The rough, almost vulgar, face of the poor coffee-house waiter had passed away. The stamp which years of rough usage had set upon the man had vanished. And in place of it the young man beheld an expression so like that of the Earl of St. Omer that he could scarcely believe his eyes.

They might have been brothers.

Even the traces of birth which distinguished the earl so greatly were there. It was a gentleman's face that looked up from the straw pillow and asserted its alliance with a noble race.

When Daniel Kingston spoke again, he had apparently forgotten the fact of the Bible which had moved him so strongly.

Calm and subdued, he took Emmy's hand, and looking into her face, said:

"I am going, darling. All pain has passed away; but I feel so strange, so strange! I never felt this way before. It's dying, my darling, dying. Don't cry! God knows I haven't done my duty by you so well

that you should be sorry for my loss. I've been selfish and cowardly, where I ought to have been bold for your sake. I ought, it is my bitter memory night and day; but all is past and over. I trust in Heaven that it will be kind to my—my orphan child!"

For some minutes his lips moved as if in prayer.

Then he strove to raise his head, as if eager to know if they were alone; but the films of death were coming into his eyes, and he could only feel with his wasted fingers the sunny locks of his child.

There was profound silence in the cell, broken only by the sobbing of poor Emmy and of Meredith—yes, in that moment he sobbed as if his heart would break.

The silence was long, very long.

But death had not yet done its work.

And the mind of the poor victim seemed to gather strength and clearness in those few last moments. It was then that, toying with the sunny, silken locks, he murmured:

"You did not think that we should part so soon, darling?"

"No, oh, no!" she gasped.

He paused, thinking.

"I have something to say, darling, which will pain you to hear; and I have wished that I might pass away and leave it unsaid. But I cannot—I dare not. If I should take this secret with me, it would worry me in my grave. I must breathe it to you in your ear!"

She bent over him. Her long tresses fell for a moment about his face, then, with a face white with horror, she started back.

"Poisoned!" she exclaimed, repeating what he had said.

Kingston Meredith heard the exclamation, and, forgetting all else in the excitement of that statement, he abruptly addressed the dying man.

"Do you suspect no one?" he said.

"I do."

These words were quite coherent.

"Not the earl?" asked Meredith, with an eagerness which he could not restrain.

Something the dying man uttered.

His lips distinctly shaped themselves into a word, but in the act of speaking it, his head fell back, and they heard the death-rattles in his throat.

Emmy knew that the last moment was come, and without a murmur, sank upon her knees, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed, her face rigid.

Kingston Meredith dared not disturb the sanctity of the death-chamber, or of the orphan's grief, by the utterance of a single word.

(To be continued.)

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC.—The Assaye and Kirham sailing vessels have been shipping from the works of Messrs. Henley, North Woolwich, 560 miles of the Indian submarine electro-telegraphic cable manufactured by that firm. Sir Charles Bright and Mr. Latimer Clark, the engineers superintending the manufacture of the cable, have a staff of electricians at Woolwich to test each portion of the work as it progresses. The cable is coiled in large iron water-tight tanks—three on board each ship—and which will be kept full of water throughout the voyage to Bombay. The Tweed and Cospatrik are being fitted out at the premises of Messrs. Wigram, of Poplar, under the superintendence of Captain Dixey, for the reception of 550 miles of the cable; and the *Charonte*, a screw-steamer, of 600 tons, is being prepared by the same firm for permanent employment on the line; and she will take out all requisites for repairing it hereafter, should any accident arise from ships' anchors, &c. The total length of the cable taken out will amount to 1,250 miles, weighing upwards of 5,900 tons. The operation of laying it down the entire line will be under the chief superintendence of Lieutenant-Colonel P. Stewart, Royal Engineers, and it is confidently hoped that the work will be completed in February next, and that by March, 1864, London and Calcutta will be in direct telegraphic communication.

HOW MILLINERS LIVE.—It is not to be expected of young people engaged in houses of business of any description, no matter whether dress-makers, or linen-drappers, or whatever kind of occupation, that they should look for "dainties" or "luxuries" at the meal-table; but if the proprietors engage to board and lodge them as a part of their remuneration for their daily services, they are in duty bound to provide them with proper food, good, though plain, and of a wholesome and digestible kind. I, and of course those engaged with me, have been expected to exist, for many months together, upon the following diet:—For breakfast, at six o'clock, to which ten minutes were allowed, what I should call a "decoction" of tea (for want of a more applicable term), or, as many of them at table expressed themselves, "water adulterated and tea spoiled," with bread, absolutely dry, and indifferent butter. At eleven, a small piece of bread was brought to each as luncheon. At that hour the young people would often ask my permission, as "first hand," to send for a glass of beer;

but this was strictly prohibited by the principals, as they insisted that it caused a drowsiness, and so retarded the work. At one we dined, which repast consisted of a hot joint twice in the week—yet very often of anything but a wholesome kind—and cold meat the remaining five days, with simply a potato. To this meal twenty minutes were allowed, inclusive of washing hands, then work again till the five o'clock summons to tea, which was but a repetition of the "breakfast." Supper at nine, which consisted of bread, dry cheese, and a glass of beer. This meal, however, I generally used to evade, by patting on my bonnet immediately the supper-bell rang, and seeking some refreshment in a confectioner's close by, being in and at work again in ten minutes, the time allowed for supper.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By Miss E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LII.

A STEP HIGHER.

He will not wait for chances,
For luck he does not look;
In faith his spirit glances
At Providence, God's book;
And there discerning truly
That right is might at length,
He dares go forward duly
In quietness and strength,
Unflinching and unfeared,
The flatterer of none,
And in god courage wearing
The honours he has won.

M. F. Tupper.

ISHMAEL took an early opportunity of speaking to the judge of his projects. One day, when they had got through the morning's work and were seated in the library together, enjoying a desultory chat before it was time to go to court, Ishmael said:

"Judge Merlin, I am about to make an application to be admitted to practise at the bar."

"The judge looked up in surprise.
"Why, Ishmael, you have not graduated at any law-school! You have not even had one term of instruction at any such school."

"True; but I have read law very diligently for the last three years, and with what memory and understanding I possess, I have profited by my reading."

"But that is not like a regular course of study at a law-school."

"Perhaps not, sir; but in addition to my reading, I have had considerable experience while acting as your clerk."

"So you have; and you have profited by that experience, and I must acknowledge that you have acquitted yourself unusually well, and been of very great service to me; but still, law-office business and law-book knowledge are not everything; there is more required to make a good lawyer."

"I know there is, sir; very much more, and I have taken steps to acquire it. For nearly two years I have regularly attended the sessions of the courts, and in that time have learned something of the practice of law," persisted Ishmael.

"All very well, so far as it goes, young man; but it would have been better if you had graduated at some first-class law-school," insisted the old-fashioned, conservative judge.

"Excuse me, sir; if I venture to differ with you, so far as to say, that I do not think a degree absolutely necessary to success; or indeed of much consequence one way or the other," modestly replied Ishmael.

The judge opened his eyes to their widest extent.
"What reason have you for such an opinion as that, Ishmael?" he inquired.

"Observation, sir. In my attendance at the courts, I have observed some gentlemen of the legal profession who were graduates of distinguished law-schools, but yet made very poor barristers, and I have noticed others who have never seen the inside of a law-school, and yet who made very able barristers."

"But with all this you must admit that the great majority of distinguished lawyers have been graduates of first-class law-schools?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I admit that. I admit also the very great advantages of these schools as *facilities*, but I contend that they cannot ensure success to any law-student who has not talent, industry, perseverance, and a taste for the profession; and that to one who has all these elements of success, a diploma from the schools is not necessary. I think it is the same in every branch of human usefulness. Look at the science of war. Remember the French revolutionary times. Were the great generals of that epoch graduates of any military academy? No, they came from the plough, the workshop, and the counting-house. No doubt it would have been highly advantageous to them had they been graduates of some first-class military academy; I only say it was found not to be absolutely necessary to their

success as great generals. I do not wish to be so irreverent as to disparage schools and colleges, sir; I only wish to be so just as to exalt talent, industry, and perseverance to their proper level," said Ishmael, warily.

"Special pleading, my boy," said the judge.

Ishmael blushed, laughed, and replied:
"Yes, sir, I acknowledge that it is a very special pleading. I have made up my mind to be a candidate for admission to the bar; and having done so, I would like to get your approbation."

"What do you want with my approbation, boy? With or without it, you will get on."

"But more pleasantly with it, sir," smiled Ishmael.
"Very well! very well! take it then! Go on! I wish you success! But what is the use of telling you to go on, when you will go on anyhow, in spite of fate? Or why should I wish you success, when I know you will command it? Ah, Ishmael, you can do without me, but how shall I ever be able to do without you?" inquired the judge, with an odd expression between a smile and a sigh.

"My friend and patron, I must be admitted to practise at the bar; but I will not upon that account leave your service while I can be of use to you," said Ishmael, with earnestness; for next to adoring Claudia, he loved best for her sake to honour her father.

"That's a good lad! Be sure you keep your promise," said the judge, smiling, and laying his head caressingly on Ishmael's head. And as it was time for the judge to go to court, he rose and departed, leaving Ishmael to write out a number of legal documents.

Ishmael lost no time in carrying his resolution into effect. He passed a very successful examination, and was duly admitted to practise in the courts of law.

A few evenings after this, as Ishmael was still busy in the little library, trying to finish a certain task before the last beams of the sun had faded away, he received, with a fee of £50, a brief of the following case. A Mr. Walsh, an old acquaintance of Judge Merlin's, had, for some time past, been separated from his wife, but he had recently sought to be reconciled to her, to which she had such an aversion, that she still resolved to live apart from him. Failing in his desire, he next tried to get possession of three little girls which she had borne him; but in this he also failed, as she had then removed to some place of seclusion, which it had baffled all his efforts to discover. He then had a writ of *habeas corpus* served upon Mrs. Walsh, ordering her produce the children in court. This suit was to be contested, and as Judge Merlin, from his private acquaintance with Walsh, knew all the particulars of the case, and as he was very desirous to see Ishmael successful in whatever he undertook, he strongly advised him to accept the brief, as it might be the precursor of his fortune.

"But what has separated this Walsh from his family?" inquired Ishmael of Mr. Merlin.

"Oh, I don't know, he had a wandering turn of mind, and loved to travel a great deal; he has been all over the civilized and uncivilized world, too, I believe," replied the judge.

"And what did she do in the meantime?" inquired Ishmael.

"She?—Oh, she kept a little day-school."

"What was that necessary?"

"I suppose so, else she would not have kept it."

"But did he not contribute to the support of the family?"

"I—don't know; I fear not."

"There was nothing against the wife's character?"

"Not a breath. How should there be, when she keeps a respectable school? And when he himself wishes, in getting possession of the children, only to compel her through her love for them to come to him."

"Seeing the kid in its mother's milk, or something quite as cruel," murmured Ishmael to himself; and then said aloud:

"I am very grateful to you, Judge Merlin, for your kind interest in my welfare."

"Not at all, my lad! for I owe you much, Ishmael. You have been an invaluable assistant to me, doing a great deal more for me than the letter of your duty required."

"I do not think so, sir; but I am very glad to have your approbation."

"Thank you, boy! but now, Ishmael, to business! You cannot do better than to take this brief. It is the very neatest little case that ever a lawyer had; all the plain law on your side! a dash of the sentimental, too, in the injured father's affection for the children that have been torn from him, the injured husband for the wife that repudiates him! Now you are good at law, but you are great at sentiment, Ishmael, and between having law on your side and sentiment at your tongue's end, you will be sure to succeed and come off with flying colours! And success in the first case is of the utmost importance to a young lawyer. It is, in fact, the making of his fortune. You will have a shower of briefs follow this success."

"I do not know that I shall take the brief, sir," said Ishmael, thoughtfully.

"Not take the brief? Are you mad? Who ever heard of a young lawyer refusing to take such a brief as that?—accompanied by such a retaining fee as that?—the brief, the neatest and safest little case that ever came before a court! the retaining fee £50!—and no doubt he will hand you double that sum when you get your decision!—for whatever his fortune has been in times past, he is rich now, this Walsh!" said the judge, vehemently.

"Who is the counsel for the other side?" asked Ishmael, reflectively.

"Ha, ha, ha! *there's* where the shoe pinches, is it? *there's* where the pony halts? *that's* what's the matter? You are afraid of encountering some of the great guns of the law, are you? Don't be alarmed. The school-mistress is too poor to pay for distinguished legal talent. She may get some briefless pettifogger to appear for her; a man set up for you to knock down. Your case is just what the first case of a young lawyer should be, plain sailing, law distinctly on your side, dash of sentiment, domestic affections, and all that, and certain success at the end. Your victory will be as easy as it will be complete."

"Poor thing," murmured Ishmael: "too poor to employ talent for the defence of her possession of her own children;"

"Come, my lad, pocket your fee and take your brief," said the judge.

"I would rather not, sir. I do not like to appear against a woman—a mother defending her right in her own children. It appears to me to be cruel to wish to deprive her of them," said the gentle-spirited young lawyer.

"Cruel! it is merciful rather. No one wishes really to deprive her of them, but to give them to their father, that she may be drawn through her love for them to live with him."

"No woman should be so coerced, sir; no man should wish her to be."

"But, I tell you, it is for her good to be re-united to her husband."

"Her own heart, taught by her own instincts and experiences, is the best judge of that."

"Ishmael, don't be Quixotic; if you do, you will never succeed in the legal profession. In this case the law is on the father's side, and you should be on the law's."

"The law is the minister of justice, and shall never, in my hands, become the accomplice of injustice! The law may be on the father's side, but that remains to be proved, when both sides shall be heard; but it appears to me that justice and mercy are on the mother's side."

"That remains to be proved. Come, boy, don't be so mad as to refuse this golden opening to fame and fortune! Pocket your fee and take up your brief."

"I thank you from the depths of my heart, for your great goodness, and beg you will pardon me for what I am about to say. I cannot touch either fee or brief. The case is a case of cruelty, sir, and I cannot make my *debit* in a court of law against a poor woman—a poor mother—to tear from her the babes she is clasping to her bosom."

"Ishmael, if those are the sentiments and principles under which you mean to act, you will never attain the fame to which your talents might otherwise lead you—never!"

"No—never," said Ishmael, fervently: "never, if to reach it I have to step on a woman's heart—a mother's heart. No, by the sacred grave of my own dear mother, I never will." And the face of Norah's son glowed with an earnest, fervent, holy love.

"Be a poet, Ishmael; you will never be a lawyer." "Never, if to be a lawyer I have to cease to be a man! But it is as God wills."

"My young friend," said the judge, "consult your pillow. I always do, when I can, before making any important decision. Think over the matter well, my lad, and defer your final decision about the brief until you see Walsh to-morrow."

"You are very, very kind to me, sir. I will follow your advice, as far as I may do so," replied Ishmael.

That night, lying upon his bed, Ishmael's soul was assailed with temptation. He knew that in accepting the brief offered to him in such flattering terms he should, in the first place, very much please his friend, Judge Merlin, who, though he did not give his young assistant anything like a fair salary for his services, yet took almost a fatherly interest in his welfare; he knew also, in the second place, that he might—nay, would—open his way to a speedy success and brilliant professional career, which would, in a reasonable space of time, place him in a position even to aspire to the hand of Claudia Merlin! Oh, most beautiful of temptations that! To refuse the brief, he knew, would be to displease Judge Merlin, and to defer his own professional success for an indefinite length of time!

All night long Ishmael struggled with the tempter. In the morning he arose from his sleepless pillow unfreshed and fevered. He bathed his burning forehead, made his morning toilet, and sat down to read a portion

of the Scripture, as was his morning custom, before beginning the business of the day. The portion selected this morning was the fourth chapter of Matthew, describing the fast and the temptation of our Saviour. Ishmael had read this portion of Scripture many times before, but never with such deep interest as now, when it seemed to answer so well his own spirit's need.

"Yes,"—he said to himself, reflecting on the passage which records the temptation of our Saviour—"I suppose it must be so. The servant is not greater than his Master. He was tempted in the opening of His ministry; and every follower of Him must be tempted in like manner in the beginning of his life. I, also, here, in the commencement of my professional career, am subjected to a great temptation, that must decide, once for all, whether I will serve God or Satan! I, too, have had a long, long fast—a fast from all the pleasant things of this world, and I am an hungered—ah, very much hungered for some joys! I, too, am offered success and honour and glory, if I will but fall down and worship Satan in the form of the golden fee and the cruel bribe held out to me! But I will not! Oh, Heaven helping me, I will be true to my highest convictions of duty! Yes—come weal or come woe, I will be true to God! I will be a faithful steward of the talents He has entrusted to me!"

With this resolution in his heart, Ishmael went down into the library, and commenced his usual morning's work of answering letters and writing out law documents. He found an unusual number of letters to write, and they occupied him until the breakfast-bell rang.

After breakfast Ishmael returned to the library and resumed his work, and was busily engaged in engrossing a deed of conveyance, when the door opened, and a tall, dark-haired, handsome, and rather prepossessing-looking man, of about fifty years of age, entered. It was Mr. Walsh, who, after introducing himself, began to explain his business, first asking if he had received his retaining fee.

"Yes; you will find both the fee and the brief there on the table beside you, untouched," answered Ishmael, gravely.

"Ah—you have not had time yet to look at the brief? No matter; we can go over it together," said Mr. Walsh, taking up the document in question, and beginning to unfold it.

"I beg you will excuse me, sir; I would rather not look at the brief, as I cannot take the case," said Ishmael.

"You cannot take the case? Why, I understood that your time was not quite filled up; that you were not overwhelmed with cases, and that you could very well find time to conduct mine. Can you not do so?"

"It is not a question of time or the pressure of business. In fact, sir, I have been but very recently admitted to the bar, and have not yet been favoured with a single case; I am as yet a briefless lawyer."

"Not briefless if you take my brief, for I have heard your talents spoken of in the highest terms, and I know that a young barrister always bestows great care upon his first case," said Mr. Walsh, pleasantly.

"Pray excuse me, sir; but I decline the case."

"Upon what ground?"

"Upon the ground of principle, sir. I can not array myself against a mother, who is defending her right to the possession of her own babes," said Ishmael, gravely.

"Oh, I see—chivalric! Well, that is very becoming in a young man. But, bless you, my dear sir, you are mistaken in your premises! I do not really wish to part the mother and children. If you will give me your attention, I will explain—" began the would-be client.

"I beg that you will not, sir; excuse me, I pray you; but as I really cannot take the case, I ought not to hear your statement."

"Oh, nonsense, my young friend! I know what is the matter with you; but when you have heard my statement, you will accept my brief," said Walsh, pleasantly, for, according to a well-known principle in human nature, he grew anxious to secure the services of the young barrister just in proportion to the difficulty of getting them.

And so, notwithstanding the courteous remonstrances of Ishmael, he commenced and told his story.

It was the story of one so intensely egotistical as to be quite unconscious of his feeling; for ever thinking of himself—for ever oblivious of others, except as they ministered to his self-interest; filled up to the lips with the feeling of his rights and privileges; but entirely empty of any notion of his duties and responsibilities. With him it was always "I," "mine," "me;" never "we," "ours," "us."

Ishmael listened under protest to this story that was forced upon his unwilling ears. At its end, when the narrator was waiting to see what impression he had made upon his young hearer, and what comment the latter would make, Ishmael arose, took the brief from the table, and putting it into the hands of Mr. Walsh, said, with great calmness and dignity:

"Take your brief, sir; nothing on earth could induce me to touch it!"

"What! not after the full explanation I have given you?" exclaimed the man, in naive surprise.

"If I had entertained a single doubt about the propriety of refusing your brief before hearing your explanation, that doubt would have been set at rest after hearing it," said the young barrister, sternly.

"What do you mean, sir?" questioned the other, bristling up.

"I mean that the case, even by your own plausible showing, is one of the greatest cruelty and injustice," replied Ishmael, firmly.

"Cruelty and injustice!" exclaimed Mr. Walsh, in even more astonishment than anger. "Why, what the deuce do you mean by that? The woman is my own wife; the children are my own children! And I have a lawful right to the possession of them. I wonder what the deuce you mean by cruelty and injustice!"

"By your own account, you left your wife nine years ago without provocation, and without making the slightest provision for herself and her children; you totally neglected them from that time to this; leaving her to struggle alone and unaided through all the privations and perils of such an unnatural position; during all these years she has worked for the support and education of her children; and now at last, when it suits you to live with her again, you come back, and finding that you have irretrievably lost her confidence and estranged her affections, you would call in the aid of the law to tear her children from her arms, and coerce her, through her love for them, to become your slave and victim again! Sir, sir, I am amazed that any man of—I will not say honour or honesty, but common sense and prudence—should dare to think of throwing such a case as that into court," said Ishmael, earnestly.

"What do you mean by that, sir? Your language is inadmissible sir! The law is on my side, however!"

"If the law were on your side, the law ought to be re-modelled without delay; but if you venture to go to trial with such a case as this, you will find that the law is not on your side! You have forfeited all right to interfere with Mrs. Walsh, or her children; and I would earnestly advise you to avoid meeting her in court."

"Your language is insulting, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Walsh, with excitement.

"It is quite useless to prolong this interview, sir; I have an engagement at ten o'clock, and must wish you good morning," said Ishmael, rising and ringing the bell, and then drawing on his gloves.

Jim answered the summons, and entered the room.

"Attend this gentleman to the front door," said Ishmael, taking up his own hat, as if to follow the visitor from the room.

"Mr. Worth, you have insulted me, sir!" exclaimed Walsh, excitedly, as he arose and snatched up his money and his brief.

"I hope I am incapable of insulting any man, sir. You forced upon me a statement that I was unwilling to receive; you asked my opinion upon it and I gave it to you," replied Ishmael.

"I will have satisfaction, sir!" exclaimed Walsh, clapping his hat upon his head and marching to the door.

"Any satisfaction that I can conscientiously afford you, shall be heartily at your service, Mr. Walsh," said Ishmael, raising his hat and bowing courteously at the retreating figure of the angry visitor.

When he was quite gone, Ishmael took up his parcels of letters and documents and went out.

As Ishmael walked on towards his business he thought over the dark story he had just heard. He knew very well that, according to the custom of human nature, the man, however truthful in intention, had put the story in his fairest light; and yet how dark, with sin on one side and sorrow on the other, it looked! And if it looked so dark from his fair showing, how much darker it must look from the other point of view. A deep pity for the woman took possession of his heart; an earnest wish to help her inspired his mind. He thought of his own young mother whom he had never seen, yet always loved. And he resolved to assist this poor mother, who had no money to pay counsel to defend her children, because it took every farthing she could earn to feed and clothe them.

"Yes, the cause of the oppressed is the cause of God! And I will offer the fruits of my professional labours to Him," said Nora's son to himself.

Ishmael was not one to wait for "a favourable opportunity." Few opportunities ever came to him except in the shape of temptations, which he resisted. He made his opportunities, and now he turned his steps towards where the poor mother kept her little day-school, as he had learned the direction from Mr. Walsh. After some inquiries, he succeeded in finding the school-house—a little white building, with a front and back door and four windows, two on each side, in a little yard at the corner of the street. Ishmael opened

the gate and rapped at the door. It was opened by a little girl, who civilly invited him to enter. Ishmael entered and took the whole scene in at a glance.

A little school of about a dozen small girls, of the middle class in society, seated on forms ranged in exact order on each side the narrow aisle that led up to the teacher's desk. Seated behind that desk was a little, thin, dark-haired woman, dressed in a black alpaca and white collar and cuffs. At the entrance of Ishmael, she glanced up with large, seared-looking black eyes that seemed to fear in every stranger to see an enemy or a peril. As Ishmael advanced towards her those wild eyes grew wilder with terror, her cheeks blanched to a deadly whiteness and she clasped her hands and trembled.

"Poor hunted hare! she fears even in me a foe!" thought Ishmael, as he walked up to the desk. She arose and leaned over the desk, looking at him eagerly and inquiringly with those frightened eyes.

And now for the first time Ishmael felt a sense of embarrassment. A generous, youthful impulse to help the oppressed had hurried him to her presence; but what should he say to her? how apologize for his unsolicited visit? how venture, unauthorized, to interfere with her business?

He bowed and laid his card before her.

She snatched it up and read it eagerly—

ISHMAEL WORTH,

Attorney-at-Law.

"Ah! you—I have been expecting this. You come from my—I mean Mr. Walsh?" she inquired, palpitating with panic.

"No, madam," said Ishmael, in a sweet, and reassuring tone, for compassion had restored confidence to him. "No, madam, I am not the counsel of Mr. Walsh."

"You—you come from court, then? Perhaps you are going to have the writ with which I have been threatened served upon me? You need not! I won't give up my children! they are my own! I won't for twenty writs!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"But, madam," began Ishmael, soothingly.

"Hush! I know what you are going to say; you needn't say it! You are going to tell me that a writ of *habeas corpus* is the most powerful engine the law can bring to bear upon me! that to resist it would be flagrant contempt of court subjecting me to fine and imprisonment! I do not care! I do not care! I have contempt, a very profound contempt, for any court, or any law, that would try to wrest from a Christian mother the children that she has borne, fed, clothed, and educated all herself, and give them to a man who has totally neglected them all their lives. Nature is hard enough upon woman, the Lord knows! giving her a weaker frame and a heavier burden than is allotted to man! but the law is harder still! taking from her the sacred rights with which nature in compensation has invested her! But I will not yield mine! There! Do your worst! Serve your writ! I will resist it! I will not give up my own children! I will not bring them into court! I will not tell you where they are! They are in a place of safety, thank God! and as for me—fine, imprisonment, torture, as much as you like, you will find me a rock!" she exclaimed, with her eyes flashing, and her little dark figure bristling with terror and resistance, for all the world like a poor frightened kitten spluttering defiance at a big dog!

Ishmael did not interrupt her; he let her go on with her wild talk; he had been too long used to poor Hannah's excitable nerves not to have learned patience with women.

"Yes, you will find me a rock—rock!" she repeated; and to prove how much of a rock she was, the poor creature dropped her head upon the desk, burst into tears, and sobbed hysterically.

Ishmael's experience taught him to let her sob on until her fit of passion had exhausted itself.

Meanwhile, one or two of the most sensitive little girls, seeing their teacher weep, fell to crying for company; others whispered among themselves; and others, again, looked belligerent.

"Go, tell him to go away, Mary," said one little one.

"I don't like to; you go, Ellen," said another.

"I'm afraid."

"Oh! you frightened things; I'll go myself," said a third; and, rising, this little one came to the rescue, and, standing up firmly before the intruder, said:

"What do you come here for, making our teacher cry? Go home, this minute; if you don't, I'll run right across the street and fetch my father from the shop to you! he's as big as you are!"

Ishmael turned his beautiful eyes upon this little champion of six summers, and smiling upon her, said, gently:

"I did not come here to make anybody cry, my dear; I came to do your teacher a service."

The child met his glance with a searching look, such as only children can give, and turned and went back and reported to her companions.

"He's good; he won't hurt anybody."

Mrs. Walsh having sobbed herself into quietness, wiped her eyes, looked up and said:

"Well, sir, why don't you proceed with your business? Why don't you serve your writ?"

"My dear madam, it is not my business to serve writs. And if it was I have none to serve," said Ishmael, very gently.

She looked at him in doubt.

"You have mistaken my errand here, madam. I am not retained on the other side; I have nothing whatever to do with the other side. I have heard your story; my sympathies are with you; and I have come here to offer you my professional services," said Ishmael, gravely.

She looked at him earnestly, as if she would read his soul. The woman of thirty was not so quick at reading character as the little child of six had been.

"Have you counsel?" inquired Ishmael.

"Counsel? No! Where should I get it?"

"Will you accept me as your counsel? I came here to offer you my services."

"I tell you that I have no means, sir."

"I do not want any remuneration in your case; I wish to serve you, for your own sake and for God's; something we must do for God's sake and for our fellow-creatures. I wish to be your counsel in the approaching trial. I think, with the favour of Divine Providence, I can bring your case to a successful issue and secure you in the peaceful possession of your children."

"Do you think so? Oh! do you think so?" she inquired, eagerly, warmly.

"I really do! I think so, even from the showing of the other side, who, of course, put the fairest face upon their own cause."

"And will you? Oh, will you?"

"With the help of Heaven, I will!"

"Oh, surely Heaven has sent you to my aid."

At this moment the little school-clock struck out sharply the hour of noon.

"It is the children's recess," said the teacher. "Lay aside your books, dears, and leave the room quietly and in good order."

The children took their hoods and cloaks from the pegs on which they hung, and went out, one by one—each child turning to make her little curtsy, before passing the door. Thus all went out but two little sisters, who, living at a distance, had brought their luncheon, which they now took to the open front door, where they sat on the steps in the pleasant winter sunshine to eat.

The teacher turned to her young visitor.

"Will you sit down? And oh! will you pardon me for the rude reception I gave you?"

"Pray do not think of it! It was so natural that I have not given it a thought," said Ishmael, gently.

"It is not my disposition to do so; but I have suffered so much; I have been grieved nearly to desperation!"

"I see that, madam; you are excessively nervous."

"Nervous! why women have been driven to madness and death, with less cause than I have had."

"Do not think of your troubles in that manner, madam; do not excite yourself, compose yourself, rather. Believe me, it is of the utmost importance to your success, that you should exhibit coolness and self-possession."

"Oh, but I have had so much sorrow for so many years!"

"Then, in the very nature of things, your sorrows must soon be over! Nothing lasts long in this world. But you have had a recent bereavement," said Ishmael, gently, and glancing at her black dress; for he thought it was better that she should think of her chastening from the hands of God, rather than her wrongs from those of men. But, to his surprise, the woman smiled faintly, as she also glanced at her dress, and replied:

"Oh, no! I have lost no friend by death since the decease of my parents many years ago, far back in my childhood. No, I am not wearing mourning for any one. I wear this black alpaca because it is cheap and decent and protective."

"Protective?"

"Ah, yes! no one knows how protective the black dress is to a woman better than I do! There are few who would venture to treat with levity or disrespect a quiet woman in a black dress. And so I, who have no father, brother, or husband to protect me, take a shelter under a black alpaca. It repels dirt, too, as well as disrespect. It is clean as well as safe, and that is a great desideratum to a poor school-mistress," she said, smiling, with an almost child-like candour.

"I am glad to see you smile again; and now, shall we go to business?" said Ishmael.

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"I must ask you to be perfectly candid with me; it is necessary."

"Oh, yes, I know it is, and I will be so; for I can trust you now."

"Tell me, then, as clearly, as fully, and as calmly as you can, the circumstances of your case."

"I will try to do so," said the woman.

It is useless to repeat her story here. It was only the same old story—of the young girl of fortune marrying a spendthrift, who dissipated her property, estranged her friends, alienated her affections, and then left her penniless, to struggle alone with all the ills of poverty to bring up her three little girls. By her own unaided efforts she had fed, clothed and educated her three children for the last nine years. And now he had come back and wanted her to live with him again. But she had not only ceased to love him but began to dread him, lest he should get into debt and make away with the little personal property she had gathered by years of labour, frugality, and self-denial.

"He says that he is wealthy, how is that?" questioned Ishmael.

A spasm of pain passed over her sensitive face.

"I did not like to tell you, although I promised to be candid with you; but ah! I cannot benefit by his wealth; I could not conscientiously appropriate one penny; and even if I could do so, I could not trust in its continuance, the money is ill-gotten and evanescent, it is the money of a gambler, who is a prince one hour and a pauper the next."

Then seeing Ishmael shrink back in painful surprise, she added:

"To do him justice, Mr. Worth, that is his only vice; it has ruined my little family; it has brought us to the very verge of beggary; it must not be permitted to do so again, I must defend my little home and little girls against the spoiler."

"Certainly," said Ishmael, whose time was growing short; "give me a pen and ink, I will take down minutes of the statement that you have made me, and then read it to you, to see that it is correct."

She placed stationery before him on one of the school desks, and he sat down and went to work.

"You have witnesses to support your statement?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, scores of them, if wanted."

"Give me the names of the most important, and the facts they can swear to."

Mrs. Walsh complied, and he took them down. When he had finished and read over the brief to her, and received her assurance that it was correct, he arose to take his leave.

"But will not all those witnesses cost a great deal of money? And will not there be other heavy expenses, apart from the services of counsel that you are so good as to give me?" she inquired anxiously.

"Not for you," replied Ishmael, in a soothing voice, as he shook hands with her, and with the promise to see her again at the same hour the next day, took his leave.

He smiled upon the little sisters as he passed them in the door-way, and then left the school-house, and hurried on towards home.

"Well," said Judge Merlin, who was waiting for him in the library, "have you decided? Are you counsel for the plaintiff in the great suit of Walsh versus Walsh?"

"No," answered Ishmael, "I am retained for the defendant. I have just had a consultation with my client."

"Great Jove!" exclaimed the judge, in unbounded astonishment. "It was raving madness in you to refuse the plaintiff's brief; but to accept the defendant's—"

"I did not only accept it! I went and asked for it," said Ishmael, smiling.

"Mad! mad! You will lose your first case; and that will throw back your success for years!"

"I hope not, sir! 'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,'" smiled Ishmael.

At the luncheon-table that day the judge told the story of Ishmael's Quixotism, as he called it, in refusing the brief and the thumping fee of the plaintiff, who had the law all on his side; and whom his counsel would be sure to bring through victoriously; and taking in hand the cause of the defendant, who had no money to pay her counsel, no law on her side, and who was bound to be defeated.

"But she has justice and mercy on her side; and it shall go hard but I prove the law on her side, too."

"A forlorn hope, Ishmael! a forlorn hope!" said Mr. Middleton.

"Forlorn hopes are always led by heroes, papa," said Beatrice.

"And fools!" blurted out Judge Merlin.

Ishmael did not take offence, he knew all that was said was well meant; the judge talked to him with the plainness of a parent; and Ishmael rather enjoyed being affectionately scolded by Claudia's father.

Miss Merlin now looked up, and condescended to say:

"I am very sorry, Ishmael, that you refused the rich client; he might have been the making of you."

"The making of Ishmael! With the blessing of Heaven, he will make himself! I am very glad he refused the oppressor's gold!" exclaimed Beatrice, before Ishmael could reply.

When Beatrice ceased speaking, he said:

"I am very sorry, Miss Merlin, to oppose your senti-

ments in any instance; but in this I could do no otherwise."

"It is simply a question of right or wrong. If the man's cause was bad, Ishmael was right to refuse his brief; if the woman's cause was good, he was right to take her brief," said Mrs. Middleton, as they all arose from the table.

That evening Ishmael found himself by chance alone in the drawing-room with Beatrice.

He was standing before the front window, gazing sadly into vacancy. The carriage, containing Miss Merlin, Lord Vincent, and Mrs. Middleton as *chaperone*, had just rolled away from the door. They were going to a dinner-party. And Ishmael was gazing sadly after them, when Beatrice came up to his side and spoke:

"I am very glad, Ishmael, that you have taken sides with the poor mother; it was well done!"

"Thank you, dear Beatrice. I hope it was well done; I do not regret doing it; but they say that I have ruined my prospects for many years to come," replied the young man.

"Do not believe it, Ishmael! Have more faith in the triumph of right against overwhelming odds. I like the lines you quoted: 'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.' The poets teach us a great deal, Ishmael. Only to-day I happened to be reading in Scott—in one of his novels, by the way, this was, however—of the deadly encounter in the lists between the Champion of Wrong, the terrible knight Brian de Bois Gilbert, and the Champion of Right, the gentle knight Ivanhoe. Do you remember, Ishmael, how Ivanhoe arose from his bed of illness, pale, feeble, reeling, scarcely able to bear the weight of his armour, or to sit his horse, much less encounter such a thunderbolt of war as Bois Gilbert? There seemed not a hope in the world for Ivanhoe. Yet in the first encounter of the knights, it was the terrible Bois Gilbert that rolled in the dust! Might is not right; but right is might, Ishmael."

"I know it dear Beatrice! thank you, thank you for making me feel it also!" said Ishmael, fervently.

"The alternative presented to you last night and this morning was sent as a trial, Ishmael! such a trial, as I think every man must encounter once in his life, as a decisive test of his spirit. Even our Saviour was tempted, offered all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, if he would fall down and worship Satan. But he rebuked the tempter and the devil fled from him."

"And angels came and ministered to him," said Ishmael, in a voice of ineffable tenderness, as the tears filled his eyes and he approached his arms towards Beatrice. His impulse was to draw her to his bosom and press a kiss on her brow—as a brother's embrace of a loved sister; but Ishmael's nature was as refined and delicate as it was fervent and earnest; and he abstained from this caress. He said instead:

"You are my guardian angel, Beatrice! I have felt it long, little sister! you never fail in a crisis!"

"And while I live, I never will, Ishmael! You will not need man's help, for you will help yourself, but what woman may do to aid and comfort, that will I do for you, my brother."

"What a heavenly spirit is yours, Beatrice!" said Ishmael, fervently.

"And now let us talk of business, please," said practical little Beatrice, who never indulged in sentiment long. "That poor mother! You give her your services gratuitously, of course?"

"Certainly," said Ishmael.

"But, apart from her counsel's fee, will she not have other expenses to meet in conducting this suit?"

"Yes."

"How will she meet them?"

"Beatrice, dear, I have saved a little money; I mean to use it in her service."

"What!" exclaimed the young girl; "do you mean to give her your professional aid, and pay all her expenses besides?"

"Yes," said Ishmael, "as far as the money will go. I do this, dear Beatrice, as a 'thank-offering' to the Lord for all the success He has given me up to this time. When I think of the days of my childhood, in that poor hill cottage, and compare them to these days, I am deeply impressed by the mercy he has shown me; and I think that I can never do enough to show my gratitude. I consider it the right and proper thing to offer the first-fruits of my professional life to Him, through his suffering children."

"You are right, Ishmael, for God has blessed your earnest efforts as, indeed, he would bless those of any one so conscientious and persevering as yourself; but, Ishmael, will you have enough money to carry on the suit?"

"I hope so, Beatrice. I do not know."

"Here then, Ishmael, take this little roll of notes; use it for the woman," she said, putting in his hand a small parcel.

Ishmael hesitated a moment, but Beatrice hastened to reassure him by saying:

"You may as well take it, Ishmael; I assure you I

I can very well spare it, or twice as much; papa makes me a much larger allowance than one of my simple tastes can spend; and I should like," she added, smiling, "to go partners with you in this enterprise."

"I thank you, dear Beatrice, and I will take your generous donation, and use it, if necessary. It may not be necessary," said Ishmael.

"And now I must leave you, Ishmael, and go to little Lu, she is not well this evening." And the little Madonna-like maiden glided like a spirit from the room.

The next morning, Ishmael went to see his client. He showed her the absolute necessity of submission to the writ of *habere corpus*; he promised to use his utmost skill in her case; urged her to trust the result with her Heavenly Father, and encouraged her to hope for success.

Even as he spoke a bailiff entered, and served the writ that ordered her to bring the children into court on the fifth of the ensuing month.

She followed Ishmael's advice; she promised to obey the order, adding:

"It will be on Wednesday in Easter week. That will be fortunate, as the school will have a holiday, and I shall be able to attend without neglecting the work that brings us bread."

"Are the children far away? Can you get them without inconvenience in so short a time?" inquired Ishmael.

"Oh, yes; they are in the country with a good, honest couple named Gray, who were here on the Christmas holidays, and boarded with my aunt, who keeps the Farmers' Rest, near the Centre Market. My aunt recommended them to me, and when I saw the man, I felt as if I could have trusted uncounted gold with him—he looked so true! He and his wife took my three little girls home with them, and would not take a farthing of pay; and they have kept my secret religiously."

"They have, indeed," said Ishmael, in astonishment, "for they are my near relatives and never even told me!"

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S PHASES.

In a gloomy court, shut out from the regal sunlight that God provides for the poor "without money and without price," stands a dilapidated tenant-house. On a hard bed in one of its upper chambers, lies a fair young girl. Rich masses of dark hair rest unbound, upon the pillow, and two white hands are clasped nervously about her head. The eyes are closed, but tears crash through the blue-veined lids. From an inner room an aged woman enters softly, but the girl hears her.

"Where is Ally, nurse?"

"In the court-yard, Miss Gertrude."

The young girl raised herself upon her elbow.

"Oh nurse, he must not be there! My mother's precious Ally must not play with these rude boys. Oh mother, mother!"

"There is no one there, but Widow Lee's little lame boy. He is a good boy, and poor Ally was stifling in this hot room."

The girl sank wearily back, moaning as though in pain.

"Are you sick, dear?"

"Only sick at heart, nurse. The ache aches on." Bring me my large mantle and thick veil. I will try at Vinton's again for work."

"Dear child, it will be night before you get back. Don't go."

"I must go. I have not a penny left."

"Never mind. I have the four shillings the kind gentleman gave to Ally in the park last week, and we still have some flour."

"Nurse, you must never again let my little brother accept a charity! My cheek burns at the thought of it. Remember who we are; notwithstanding our poverty, we must treasure our own self-respect."

Sleep, the never-failing friend of the wretched creaked over Gertrude's tired eyes; for a little while she had found rest. Nurse stole softly out to the court-yard and wooed little Ally in to a quiet undressing by the promise of a fairy-story.

"Once upon a time" was commenced, and still Gertrude slept on. When it came to the end, "and so the Princess lived happily all the rest of her life," nurse found that Ally, too, had drifted off into the pleasant fragrant dreamland.

Next day, Ally was very sick, and the next and the next. He had a kind of low fever that wore upon him; but they were too poor to call a doctor, unless nurse's remedies failed.

"I want an orange, sister Gertrude," moaned the sick child. "My mouth burns so."

"Are there any pennies left, nurse?"

"Not one. I bought Ally's milk with the last one."

Gertrude looked at the little feverish lips, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Sister will go out and see if she can get her pet an orange."

Gertrude flung on her hat and mantle and went out into the street. She went sorrowing along, wondering if in all that busy throng there was one so wretched as she. Did any one's heart ache and throb against their breast as though it would burst through the frail body, seemingly throbbing and moaning like Sterne's starling: "I can't get out! I can't get out?" Was there in all the city a single girl whose little only brother lay at home with parched and fevered lips, pining for an orange? There were thousands of oranges rotting daily, and yet her darling could not have a single one. Poor Gertrude! The burden is heavy; it chafes the slender shoulders terribly—albeit it seems so light.

She stopped before a stand laden with tempting-looking oranges. Oh, if she had but one from the rich store to carry to Ally! The thought of how refreshing it would taste, and the longing to possess one, grew upon her. In fancy, she saw Ally bury his crimson lips in the cooling, juicy fruit; saw his wan face lighting up with smiles. The more she looked, the more she longed for one; just one small orange of all that store. A young man stopped, and purchased six of the finest. The fruit-vender went across the pavement to a neighbour for change, and the young gentleman drew a paper from his pocket, and looked over the news. His back was toward Gertrude. Quick as thought, she lifted an orange, and put it into her pocket; then as quickly unfastened a lace collar from about her throat, and wedging it in between two of the woman's oranges, walked rapidly away. She fancied herself unseen, but out of the corner of his eye the young gentleman had been watching her. The two women stood haggling over a battered sixpence, which gave the stranger a chance to slip the collar out, and examine it. It was of fine lace, a little worn, but worth the woman's whole stock of oranges. He quickly replaced it, the whole transaction taking less time than it has taken us to write it; and receiving his change, walked rapidly in the direction the young girl had taken. His heart was touched. It was a whole romance, acted out in the space of a few moments.

That beautiful, agitated girl—the costly collar bartered for a simple orange! There was pride in the act, for he well knew the fruit-seller would have gladly given many oranges for that dainty collar.

At the corner of the next street, he caught sight of the slender, black-robed figure. He quickened his step; he scarcely knew wherefore. She soon entered a courtyard, and disappeared within a dingy tenement-house. The place seemed almost deserted, and without really intending it, he followed after her. The fast darkening hall enabled him to steal up the rickety stairs unseen. He heard the tired footsteps toiling wearily ahead of him. At the top of the last flight, he heard a child's voice say:

"Oh Sister Gertrude! I am so glad you have come home. Did you get Ally an orange?"

The young adventurer's heart throbbed. The door must be right at the top of the stairs. He must peep round, and see, at all events. He did so. The room was uncarpeted, save a square of faded tapestry carpet, under a cradle that stood in the middle of the floor. The girl knelt beside the cradle, and laid her flushed cheek beside the white one of the sick boy.

"What would Ally give sister for an orange?"

The little hands clasped hers nervously.

"Ally has plenty of kisses, that is all."

She put the coveted fruit into the small hands, kissing him many times.

"Quick, sister! make a little hole."

She opened it at the top, and watched to see him drink the cooling juice.

"It's so nice, sister. Did you get any more?"

"No darling. Sister had hard work to get that one."

With these words the proud girl flung herself upon the floor, and wept bitterly, murmuring to herself:

"I did not steal it. The collar was a fine one, the last relic of better days. I don't know how I came to put it on this morning."

The boy thought she was crying because he had asked for more, and it troubled him.

"Don't cry, sister. Here, lay the orange away now. I have had enough for this time. It is such a great large one, it will do for two days. It's well you didn't bring more, sister; they might have spoiled."

Sweet, artless little comforter, his words only made "sister's" tears flow faster.

Mr. Edwards—for such was the stranger's name—was much affected. He stole softly down the dark stairs, almost cursing poverty. That night he told the incident to a friend, whose chambers he shared. He described the beautiful girl, and the touching scenes of the sick child's cradle. His voice had a tremor in it, and his friend's eyes were dim with something very like tears.

Next evening, the two friends stood in a gentlemen's outfitters. They were just about to leave, when Mr. Edwards was startled to see enter, the same black-robed figure that he had met the day before, and ask in tremulous tones for work.

As the sweet voice reached Paul Varien's ear, he started violently, and stepping forward quickly caught the lady's arm.

"Gertrude Preston! I cannot be mistaken in that voice."

She uttered but the word "Paul," and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms.

"Call a cab quick, George."

Luckily, there was a stand at the corner, and the cab was there almost immediately. Paul Varien bent over the trembling girl.

"Come, darling, we will leave this place."

"You have forgotten your shirts, miss," said the astonished clerk.

"The lady will not need them now, sir."

It was Paul Varien's voice, and he bent lower over the graceful, drooping form, and gently led her to the cab.

It seemed like a dream to Gertrude when she found herself seated in that cushioned cab with Paul Varien's arm around her waist, and his loving tones in her ear, in place of toiling wearily home under her heavy load. In the days of her prosperity she had been betrothed to Paul Varien; but during a year's absence, her father's affairs had become inextricably embarrassed. He eventually failed, and before her lover's return, died, leaving his children in abject poverty. Gertrude and her faithful old nurse removed to a distant part, and hid themselves and their poverty among strangers. She had heard of her lover's return, but was too proud to let him know her address. She considered him free from his engagement to her, and left a letter for him to that effect. After the mortifying publicity of her father's failure, and her own great poverty, she would not hold him bound, though her heart should break.

Darling! why did you keep yourself hidden so long? But it is all over, now. If you still love me, ere another sun-setting you shall be my wife."

"Paul, it cannot be. You do not know all. I am reduced to great poverty, and have nurse and Ally to support. I cannot."

"I will make them my care, Gertrude; only say you love me still."

"Ah, Paul! you know that full well."

"Then Gertrude, it is settled. My mother is dead. I have now no one to please but myself. I have never loved any other woman but you, darling. Will you not make my life's happiness?"

"Come into my home, Paul, before you renew your offer."

Paul followed her up the dark stairs, and entered the cheerless room. He shuddered at the dreariness of his darling's home, but it only made him the more anxious to remove her from it.

"We will be married to-morrow, Gertrude, and you can prepare for it afterwards. Be all ready to leave this place at nine o'clock to-morrow. Nurse, give your furniture to some deserving person; for henceforth you will live in my house."

Their good-nights were spoken at the top of the dark stairs, Paul Varien wended his way homeward, the happiest of men.

His friend was waiting anxiously for him.

"Varien, do you know, the lady you met to-day was the lady of my last night's story?"

"Good God! Is it so bad as that? My poor darling!"

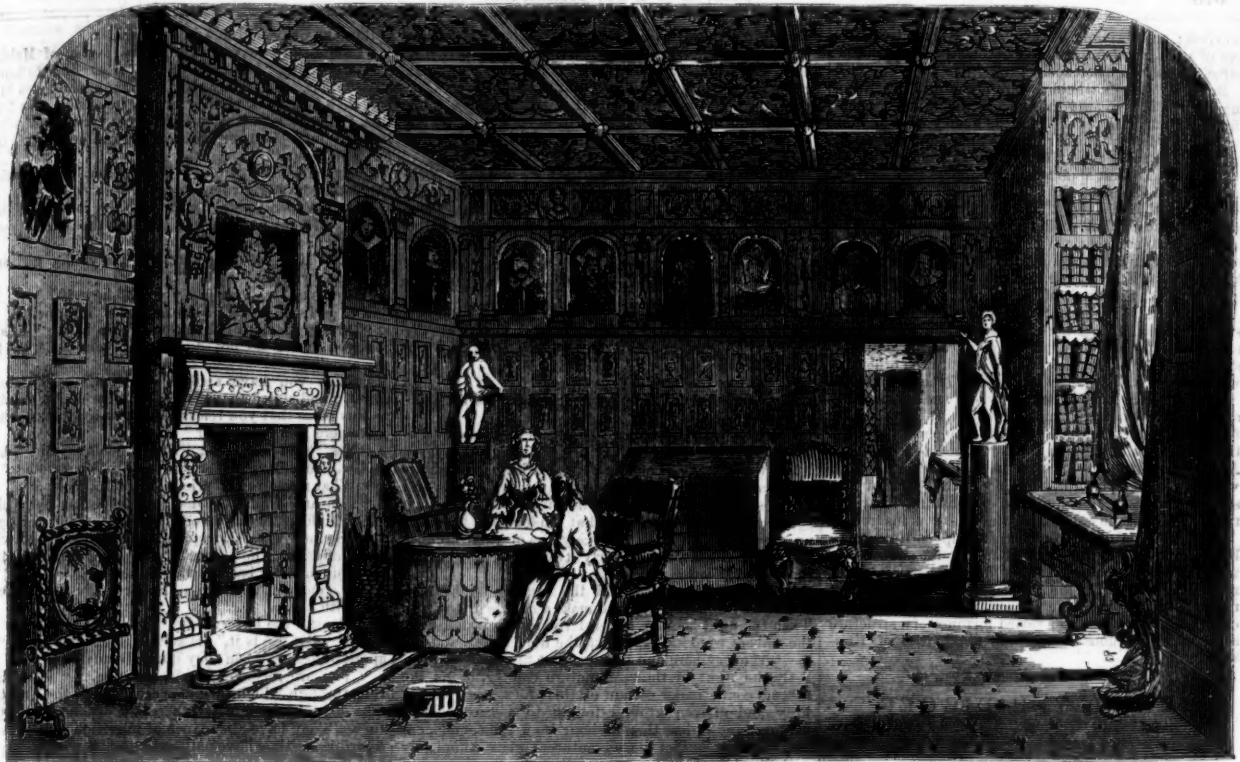
And the strong man wept like a child. Then he told his friend of his betrothal to Gertrude, of their after-sorrow, and that on the next day they were to be married. Mr. Edwards rejoiced for his friend, and for the beautiful girl in whom he was so much interested.

Gertrude's few household chattels were given to the mother of the little lame boy; and at exactly ten o'clock on the next day, there was a quiet wedding, and Gertrude, passed, by a few magic words, out of the shadow into the sunlight.

A GRAND hall for the Inner Temple is in contemplation. They have got the ground, and that is something, but will find how quickly cash goes in bricks and mortar, quite rivaling the rapidity of law in emptying the purse. Lincoln's Inn cost over £150,000, and the savings of a good many years had to be dipped into to pay the bill.

LORD CLYDE'S LOVE.—And so Colin Campbell, once upon a time, fell in love; and the lady fair was a young widow. She had been married six weeks to a naval officer, when he fell at St. Martinique, and she found consolation in a double pension, that secured her an independence; but, as years rolled by, Lieutenant Campbell met her, and sank captive at her feet. But how was he to marry? He was too poor, and the moment his affianced resigned herself to him, she must resign her pension too. So they discussed the matter, and postponed the day of marriage; but that day never came. Before Colin Campbell was in a position to marry, death had claimed his affianced, and he went to his grave a bachelor. But the lady's relatives ever claimed him as their own, and one of her nephews followed the body to the tomb.

ONE Princess at Cambridge resident and du whose military were co boy reg the Ju the En tion. A sc fished that tin being, course followi is a ren air of and the produce Ia th possess which which As som mansion find the lar care or to p circum should to raise grade. the pur man, by for this shown countin employ salary member quently but not this lo scored d with a On c Wolley good for Campde



[THE LIBRARY—CAMPDEN HOUSE.]

CAMPDEN HOUSE.—II.

ONE incident connected with the residence of Anne, Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen of England, at Campden House, is worthy of note. The princess's residence here extended over a period of five years, and during that time, her son, the Duke of Gloucester, whose puerile amusements and pursuits were all of a military character, formed a regiment of boys, who were constantly on duty at Campden House. The duke's boy regiment created as much sensation in its day, as the Juvenile Imperial Guard with which the son of the Emperor now amuses himself and the French nation.

A scarce little work—a sort of pocket-book—published in 1796, mentions Campden House as being, at that time, the property of Stephen Pitt, a minor, but as being, at the time, an eminent boarding-school. In the course of the description, the writer mentions the following singular fact. "In the gardens of this house is a remarkable caper-tree, which has endured the open air of this climate for the greatest part of a century, and though not within the reach of any artificial heat, produces fruit every year."

In the year 1847, Campden House came into the possession of Mr. Wolley, the plaintiff in the case which has revived its fame, and upon the results of which it will probably rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes. As something of romance has attached itself to the old mansion from the first, one is hardly surprised to find that its new possessor was a gentleman of a singular career. It is no disgrace to a man to be born poor, or to pass years of his life under the cloud of adverse circumstances. It is rather to his honour that he should have had the tact, perseverance, and ingenuity to raise himself out of his low estate into one of higher grade. Mr. Wolley emphatically did so. He answered the purposes of the parties to this trial to give to the man, by inference, the character of an adventurer, and for this purpose, several facts were raked up. It was shown that Mr. Wolley was, in his youth, in a counting-house in Regent Street; that he was once employed by M. Ouvrard, the French financier, at a salary of £50 a year only; that he was afterwards a member of a provincial company of actors, and subsequently lived at Ruggell's Hotel—it was suggested, but not proved—in the capacity of a waiter. From this lowly level, the fortunate individual, in 1847, soared into a fortune. He married a lady named Coape, with a fortune of £85,000, at the very least.

On coming into possession of this enormous sum, Mr. Wolley seems to have proved himself worthy of the good fortune which had dawned upon him. He took Campden House, and made it his hobby; decorating

and furnishing it with a lavish disregard of cost, and apparently with the sole object of rendering it equally famous with Strawberry Hill and other show places of similar description.

The building, it will be seen, was admirably adapted to this purpose. Ample in dimensions, quaint and antique in style, every room in it admitted of being "illuminated," so to speak, for it was in the spirit of a man setting about the pictorial illustration of a favourite author that Mr. Wolley set himself to work.

Campden House consisted of a central hall, and a large corridor, leading from the principal entrance to the back of the house. In the centre of the building was a circular staircase. The library and dining-room, both large and handsome apartments, were on the ground-floor. The chief feature of the first-floor was the superb ballroom, 100 feet in length, well known from this fact, among others, that every panel in it—and the walls were panelled in the old style—was fitted with a rare or costly picture. In the superb entertainments given at Campden House by Mr. Wolley, this room was always a source of unbounded admiration. In addition to it there was a fine drawing-room and a music-room. The upper floor was devoted to bedrooms, known by their colours: as the blue-room, the green-room, and so forth.

The style of these rooms was uniform in one respect, that is to say, they all reminded one of the olden times. The walls were covered with carvings and pictures, armour filled up the niches, curiosities that would have awakened the envy of Wardour Street, lurked in every nook and corner. Mr. Wolley was an inveterate collector. He went everywhere, and routed out "old curiosities" from all parts of the world to enrich this wonderful house. As illustrating the man's ardour, we have it on record that, on one occasion, being desirous to purchase some rare carved work in an old house in Essex, the owner of which would not allow it to be removed, he actually purchased the estate on which the house stood—gave £2,000 for it, we believe, and then the carving was taken out and placed among the treasures of Campden House. The enthusiasm of "collection" has rarely, if ever, exceeded this.

At length Campden House was so attractive, and contained so many rare and curious objects, that it was considered the proper thing to be familiar with by all persons having any pretensions to taste, and persons of distinction came far and near to see it. Of late years the taste of the Prince Consort for exhibitions made it the fashion for going into raptures over this kind of thing—not that the majority of the idle and blasé cared anything or know anything about art or antiquities—that didn't matter. They thronged to Campden House, and more particularly so when Mr. Wolley not only

gave them antiquities and collections, but the most delightful balls and amateur theatricals! The latter were the "specialty" of Campden House. Its occupier actually built a theatre at the back of it, reached by the corridor from the front entrance, at a cost of from £3,000 to £4,000. It was a charming place, and the aristocratic audiences sometimes assembled made it famous throughout the fashionable world. The aristocracy not only witnessed the performances, but took part in them. Lord Raynham condescended to do so, among others, and the fame of the Irish jig danced by Lady Anne Sherson will go down to posterity. The young "swells" swore she was equal to Marie Wilton, and for all we know to the contrary, their verdict might have been correct.

The value of Campden House and its contents became at length very considerable. Mr. Wolley appears to have spent all his wife's fortune upon it, and even to have exceeded his resources, relying upon those of his wife's sister. Poor Mrs. Wolley herself had no longer a voice in the matter. It is worthy of mention, as among the romances of Campden House, that this poor lady, while residing at Tonbridge Castle, was one morning found drowned in the Medway, which runs through the grounds. It was supposed that she had gone to feed the swans, had lost her balance, and so met with a fearful death, which no doubt threw a gloom over Campden House in the estimation of its owner. But he nevertheless, continued his work of enriching and beautifying it, until the place became so valuable that he was enabled to effect insurances upon it, and upon the property it contained, to the amount of £29,000.

Fortunately for him this prudent course was taken, for on the morning of Sunday, March 23, 1862, Campden House was discovered to be in flames, and in two hours it was burned to the ground! Of the origin of the fire nothing is, probably nothing ever will be, known. Mr. Wolley's own account is that he retired to rest about twelve o'clock on the Saturday night. Before going to bed he went with his man, Crozier, down the stairs to see the gas turned off, and the house closed. Having gone to bed, he was aroused by a noise as if something heavy had fallen. He opened his door and found the house on fire, and was nearly suffocated by the smoke. Eventually, himself and the other inmates were enabled to effect their escape in safety; and from the grounds Mr. Wolley beheld the "hobby" of his life consumed to ashes.

One can scarcely imagine that any occupant of Campden House since its erection, could ever have experienced two more dread or appalling events than those which this gentleman was doomed to suffer. The awfully sudden death of his wife, was one of those tragic incidents which a man scarcely ever thoroughly

survives; and certainly next to it must have been the loss of a place which must have become almost part and parcel of his own existence.

But Mr. Wolley's troubles were not at an end. Having insured his property in the enormous sums mentioned, he naturally applied for the money due to him under his policies, in order that he might rebuild, and, probably, to some extent, revive the ancient glories of his house. To that application, the offices in which he had insured—the Sun, the Hand-in-Hand and the Atlas—returned the same reply. They refused to pay over the sums demanded. Mr. Wolley at once proceeded to take legal steps to compel them to recognise his claim. He brought a trial-action against the Sun office for £4,000, knowing that if he gained that cause it would settle the question as to the whole of his demand.

Upon this, the defendants put upon the record two startling pleas. By one of them, the plaintiff was alleged to have made a fraudulent claim as to the property alleged to have been destroyed; and by the other, he was charged with having wilfully caused the fire himself.

The questions thus opened up were of the most serious and startling character; and one is hardly surprised to find that for five successive days the case occupied the attention of Mr. Baron Bramwell, and a special jury. At the close of that protracted inquiry the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, thus acquitting him of the serious charges against him, and establishing his right to the £29,000, the amount to which he was insured.

With this trial the chronicles of Campden House may be said to close. It has engaged an amount of attention unparalleled in cases of this description, and will render the memory of the old place famous to the latest times. And as we have shown, it forms a not unfit climax to the strange and varied fortunes of a structure so long conspicuous among the notabilities of Kensington.

THE SILVER DIGGER.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH A JEALOUS WOMAN PROVES THAT HER HEART IS TRUE.

On the night on which Maldonado accomplished his terrible revenge, the Senors Torre and Conrad Mion were seated on a huge log to which their legs were chained.

Even the fierce spirit of revenge which actuated the robber-chief would not allow him to conceive the idea of a lengthened confinement of his prisoners in their original condition. Chained to that post, standing day and night, they would soon have died, and their death in so peaceful a manner was the last thing he would have desired.

They were therefore released from their standing position, a heavy beam was riveted to the rock, and to this they were chained.

What had passed without they imperfectly knew. They had heard the sound of skirmishing—the shouts of men—the cries of the wounded—the yells of the victors—the fierce defiance of the vanquished.

But who were the parties engaged, they were unable to tell.

The man who brought them in their food would reply to no questions. He was forbidden, he said, by Maldonado.

What had actually taken place may briefly be told.

The adventurers under the command of Captain Limarez had come up the pass at night, and discovered the camp fires of men whom they could scarcely regard as enemies.

Had Limarez been in command of a troop of men passing through a hostile country, he would certainly have been more careful how he approached a spot where watch-fires indicated the presence of a large band.

But the country was at peace, at least that portion of it—Santa Anna was elsewhere—the Indians were rarely, if ever, seen in these mountainous regions, and he was therefore, not without justice, convinced that those he saw smoking and drinking round the fires were nothing more nor less than trappers or travelling merchants, or gold-seekers like themselves.

They were soon undeceived. Maldonado had, as I have said in a former part of my narrative, been informed of the approach of the adventurers.

His dispositions were soon made. He directed some of his men to remain peacefully by the fires.

The others he divided into two parties—one party remained concealed at the extremity of the hill where the ravine led out upon the slope, the others ran hastily along the edge of the precipitous rocks, and placed themselves behind the approaching band.

Thus Limarez and his troops were between two fires. At a signal from the chief, those behind the adventurers opened fire.

The suddenness of the attack threw the new comers into considerable confusion.

Not expecting to be the victims of an outrage of this kind they had their guns slung carelessly at their backs, and it was some time before they could face about and properly reply to the deadly assault of their enemies.

Even when they resumed their good order, their position was one of hopeless peril.

From before and from behind poured in deadly volleys of missiles from unseen enemies.

All they could make out was the flash and the report, and then the terrible result. Now and then the light of the instantaneously extinguished flame enabled them to catch a glimpse of a dark head peering over the rocks, but the glimpse was far too brief to be of any material use.

It was not long before the second band of robbers opened fire.

Then there was a panic.

The riderless horses of fallen men dashed over the wounded and plunged into the wavering ranks of the adventurers.

It was like the Turkish massacre.

The assailant could do nothing—the assailants were all-powerful.

Limarez was a brave man, he was here, there, everywhere.

But the courage of one man availed little in such an emergency as this. It was useless to give orders, and it was so dark, moreover, that nothing could be seen.

The robbers, as it was, fired at random, but they had no positive resistance. Scarcely one of their number had been killed, while nearly twenty of the adventurers had fallen.

At length Limarez rallied the courage of his men sufficiently to induce them to make a charge up the hill. Then the fight became general round the watch-fires, the embers were kicked about the horses' feet, and the dry turf every here and there caught fire.

By the light of these miniature conflagrations the robbers could make certain of their foes, who, on this hilly and uneven ground fought to a great disadvantage, and in less than an hour from the commencement of the conflict the adventurers were completely routed. All their baggage fell into the hands of Maldonado's troop, and nearly thirty horses.

The exact locality of the robber-chief was perfectly unknown to the authorities at this time, but it was very wisely imagined by Maldonado that the fugitive adventurers would lose no time in bringing the military in large force to his retreat in the mountains.

The men themselves, therefore, were despatched to a spot, about four miles distant, with instructions to form a place of abode for himself and Rosenha, and their three captives.

It was in this new habitation that we find Senor and Captain Conrad Mion, at twelve o'clock on the night on which Maldonado had buried Viva and her friends beneath the ruins of the castle.

Their place of confinement was not now, as formerly, divided from the apartments occupied by Maldonado and Rosenha by a thin partition only. They resided in quite a different portion of the large wooden hut, and since the day of their removal they had seen neither the robber-chief nor his mistress.

"How long is this to last, I wonder," said Conrad Mion to Senor Torre. "I cannot conceive the reason of this endless torture!"

The old man shook his head.

"I understand it all," he replied; "they have not yet discovered Viva. It is by torturing us that he hopes to overcome her love for you."

He had scarcely pronounced the words when a light step was heard behind them, and in another moment Rosenha stood by his side.

It was not with very gentle looks that she was welcomed.

The prisoners only expected from her appearance the announcement of some new torture, or some fresh misfortune to those near and dear to them.

Senor Torre hated all womankind with the exception of his own family, and greeted the new comer, therefore, with a scowl of mistrust. Conrad Mion, on the other hand, angled well from the manner in which she closed the door behind her, the stealthy step with which she crossed the room, and the furtive glances which she ever and anon cast towards the entrance.

"What is it, senora?" said he; "are we to regard you as a messenger from our greatest enemy?"

She approached him and sat down upon the beam to which they were chained.

"No, senor," she said; "I do not come as a messenger from Maldonado. I come to save you."

Senor Torre laughed incredulously. "We can scarcely be expected to believe the senora," he said, "when we know you to be the greatest friend of the one we hate the most."

"You do not know my motive," she said; "for the service that I am about to render you. I render it for my own sake, not from friendship to you."

Conrad Mion smiled.

"You are at least sincere," he said. "Your sincerity induces me to trust you. Tell me, what is the service that you are about to render us?"

Rosenha answered in a hushed voice:

"I am about to save you from the power of Maldonado," she said, "because I do not wish him to bring Viva hither. She is my rival, although she loves him not, therefore it is purely for my own sake that I do this. There is a key which gives you admission into the outer chamber, whence you can escape into the large enclosure."

She then leant down, and with a small key, which she took from her girdle, unlocked their fetters.

The two men sprang up from the ground with the alacrity of captives who had not had the use of their limbs for more than a week.

Conrad Mion seized the hand of the young girl and pressed it warmly.

"How shall we ever repay you?" he said.

The girl smiled with some degrees of bitterness.

"Do not attempt to thank me," she said. "I have told you that I do not do this for your sake, but for my own."

"Since you have spoken of Viva," said Conrad Mion, "and stated that it was from fear of her coming to this place that you released us, you can perhaps tell me where I can find her?"

"Yes," said Rosenha; "she is where you left her, and will remain there for ever unless you save her."

"What mean you?" cried Conrad, in alarm.

"I mean," said Rosenha, shuddering as she spoke, "that Maldonado has accomplished a terrible revenge! The Senora Viva, Enriquez, and your mother, with two smugglers who assisted them, have been buried in the iron chamber beneath the castle!"

For a moment Conrad and Senor Torre were speechless with alarm.

At length the latter spoke.

"Of what use is it," he said, in a hoarse voice, "to speak of rescue when they must already be dead?"

"You are mistaken," said Rosenha. "There is a tube through which the outer air reaches the chamber. The death of the inmates, therefore, depends only upon time. They have abundance of provision to last them a fortnight; they have only exhausted a week's supply, and if you go to them now you can succeed in saving them."

Conrad, for a moment, entertained the suspicion that the girl might after all be deceiving them, and might be only luring them into some snare.

He eyed her fixedly.

"And what," he said, "can be Maldonado's object in burying alive a girl whom he pretends to love?"

Rosenha's face flushed crimson.

"Love her?" she exclaimed: "he hates her since she has wisely scorned and despised his offers, but with this new scheme he hopes to compel her submission to his will."

"Let us go," said Senor Torre.

"Stay," said Rosenha, as she seized him by the arm.

"There is one favour I would ask. For your own sake you would wish, doubtless, to place Viva as far as possible beyond the reach of Maldonado. You are aware that he will leave no stone unturned to discover the place of her abode. For my sake, take her where she will be beyond his power; for I confess that, although he professes to be so fond of me, I fear the power of a young and handsome woman like the Senora Viva."

"Fear not," said Senor Torre: "when once my daughter is saved from that accursed I will take care that she shall not again be within a hundred miles from him. We intend to go to Spain."

Rosenha now led them to the door which conducted them into the outer chamber.

From this they issued into the enclosure or palisades which the robbers had formed round the dwelling of their chief.

No one was visible, and Rosenha, without difficulty, ushered them across the large courtyard and through the gate which led into the forest.

When they went through the gateway Rosenha accompanied them.

As soon as they were under the shadow of the trees she stopped.

"And now, Senor Torre," she said; "now that I have saved you, I will ask you to do me a favour."

"What is it?" asked Senor Torre.

"There is in our hut, at the present moment, a young girl named Beatrice, who is the betrothed of the contrabandista who has assisted the Senora Viva."

"And pray what is his object in bringing hither a third lady; he cannot pretend to be in love with three?"

"He expects an immense ransom for her," replied Rosenha. "The contrabandista is possessed of enormous wealth, and will grudge nothing."

"Then what is it you desire us to do?" said Conrad.

"I desire to save her, also," said Rosenha, and I wish you to take her with you. She is now within the hut. Maldonado is asleep, and will suspect nothing. Stay a moment and I will bring her to you. Do you accede to my proposal?"

"Yes," said Senor Torre, "we can scarcely refuse you a favour when you have saved our lives. But do

not delay; each moment he may awake and discover us."

Rosenha, without a word, fled away, and they could see her light form as she darted through the gateway and closed it rapidly behind her.

They had not long to wait; in about ten minutes Rosenha returned, leading by the hand a young girl of some seventeen summers, who appeared utterly bewildered by the strange introduction to two men she had never seen before.

A few words from Rosenha placed her in possession of the circumstances, and she gratefully acceded to the wishes of the robber's mistress.

"Adieu," she said as she grasped Rosenha's hand, "adieu! I have known little of you; you have chosen a rough and thorny path; but yet you have a good heart. Be happy, as far as you can be; and receive my most fervent thanks."

So saying, she embraced her with demonstrations of joy and gratitude.

"Come," said Torre, "we had better depart. I dislike this neighbourhood."

"Farewell!" said Rosenha, "for my sake depart, and do not betray him."

The two men were silent.

Beatrice lingered.

"And you, Rosenha," she said, "when he discovers we have all escaped, what will he say to you?"

Rosenha laughed.

"He will never suspect me," she said, "and if he does, he fears me, and loves me too much to do more than upbraid me."

They were now prepared to go, but fresh thoughts seemed constantly recurring to stay their progress.

Conrad Mion turned hastily to Rosenha, saying:

"Where is Diego? Poor fellow! I cannot go without him."

Rosenha smiled.

"Ah!" she said, "we had all forgotten him. However, he is safe. I let him out two hours ago; and he is now awaiting you at the other extremity of the forest. He will remain there, at the fork-road, just by the cross."

She then waved her hand, and departed, tripping away into the robber's cave as merrily as she might have done had she been entering a palace.

"That is a strange being," said Conrad Mion, as they plunged and waded through the dense brushwood, "a very strange being."

"Yes," returned Senor Torre, "she is a jealous woman, but her heart is in the right place."

CHAPTER XL

VIVA AND HER FRIENDS.

We left Viva and her protectors in a position of peril so overwhelming that at first they found it impossible to realize it to themselves.

Buried alive!

The words themselves are enough to chill the bravest heart—to send a cold, aching feeling of dread and dismay through the strongest frame.

Buried alive!

The busy world above you—thousands with their cares, their hopes, their troubles, their joys.

Buried alive!

With the full vigour of life and youth within you, and the means of a short subsistence at hand.

Buried alive!

While yet life and hope were young—while there was so much to live for, to hope for, to pray for.

The five inmates of the iron chamber remained silent for some time. Their dread was too great to admit of words.

At length the Senora Mion cried with sudden joy:

"Oh! Signor Giacomo, why do we despair? If he has closed to us the door by which we entered, he has not closed the secret entrance by which you came."

Giacomo shook his head in great sorrow.

"Alas! senora," he said; "alas! that secret door leads but to the same spot. We are enclosed everywhere."

"And yet the air is not oppressive."

"No, senora; had we means of living here we might live out the natural term of life. In yonder corner is an iron tube which lets in the outer air. We cannot be suffocated—we may starve."

Viva shuddered.

"You do not disguise our danger, senor," she said, "you do not endeavour to give us hope."

He smiled mournfully.

"It is best to look danger in the face," he said; "it would be of no avail to conceal from you the fact that we are buried alive. That some have been rescued from such a fate we know; it remains to be seen whether we shall be equally successful."

"And what is our best chance of escape?" said the Senora Mion, with much firmness of manner.

"We had better remain quiet until the morning; and try to take some rest. Then we will open yonder door, and bring the earth into this room. We may thus be able to travel through the mass."

The calm, collected manner of the contrabandista went far towards quieting the minds of the three women.

The Senora Mion took his hand and said:

"Senor, we owe everything to you. Your calm courage is more to us than all in such a position as this. Many, many thanks for myself and friends."

The three ladies then retired to the extremity of the room and lay down on the broad couches.

The contrabandista lit a cigarette and watched.

In the morning they found him smoking and reading.

"I must apologise for smoking, ladies," he said, smilingly; "but my cigar has been my only companion."

"Have you not rested, then?" asked Viva, in surprise.

"No; while you have slept I have watched. I could not trust my servant: he is too fond of his pillow, and might have slumbered while danger was abroad."

Viva smiled.

"You speak hopefully indeed," she said; "for my own part I cannot conceive that there is any safety for us anywhere."

"You are quite mistaken, senora," replied Giacomo, gaily. "We will breakfast down in the bowels of the earth, but we will sup under the blue canopy of heaven."

Carlos had meanwhile bestirred himself, and already there appeared on the table a goodly supply of fruits and wine and white bread.

"We must get out of this soon," said the servant, drily, "if it be only for the sake of obtaining a fresh supply of bread. If we stop here many days, it will be as hard as a stone."

This quaint speech restored a kind of good-humour to the party, and they sat down to breakfast in far better spirits than they would have believed possible under such circumstances.

Nevertheless, there was no delay over the meal, and at eight o'clock precisely the contrabandista drew the bolts of the door, and let into the room a complete avalanche of earth.

"Stay," cried Carlos, "stay, senor. I have an idea."

"Good," said Giacomo; "let us have it, by all means."

"I must ask you a question, senor. Do you intend bringing all that earth into this room?"

"Yes."

Carlos shook his head.

"What is the matter?" asked Giacomo, smiling.

"If you do that, you will soon fill the room, and find yourself overwhelmed with earth without doing any good."

"True—true."

"I do not suppose for a moment," continued Carlos, "that Maldonado has omitted to think of the probability of our acting as you suggest. If he has thought of it, no doubt he has taken measures of precaution and has made a mound at the summit of the steps over the trap-door, so that when once the room was filled, we should be suffocated."

"What, then, do you propose?" said Giacomo.

"That we should clear away as much as possible of the earth which is nearest the door, placing two of the chains in such a position as to support the mass above. We can then tunnel a passage through the earth on the other side, large enough to enable you and myself to creep to the surface of the earth."

Viva uttered an exclamation of surprise and alarm.

"What," she cried, "will you leave us alone in this place?"

"No, senora," said Giacomo, "I assure you we will not desert you. You have already had distinct proofs that I would not betray my trust. My courage was proof against the assaults of this villain even when he attacked me through the medium of my great love for Beatrice."

"Yes—yes," returned the Senora Mion, "we do trust you."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," said the contrabandista, "since it is absolutely necessary we should act as my servant suggests. I understand fully what he means. He wishes us to clear away the earth from the top instead of from the bottom, and thus ensure our safety. I applaud your discretion, Carlos."

The two immediately set to work.

In two hours the light of day once more appeared, and in another half-hour Carlos and his master stood on terra-firma.

An immense heap rose over the trap-door.

"There," cried Carlos, in a voice between annoyance and triumph, "did I not speak truly?"

"Yes, indeed," said the contrabandista, "and we have a difficult task before us."

"Would it not be better for the women to creep up through the tunnel we have made?"

"No—no; that they could never do. Their dress is different to ours, and would impede their action. Let us face the work and not despair."

Then, after a few words of cheering hope to those below, the two men began their work.

They had not been engaged upon their laborious

task long, when they heard a rustling in the trees beyond them, just at the extremity of the forest.

Their ears were practised—they could detect the slightest murmur even afar off: and guessing that some one was approaching, they abstained from work and watched.

In a few moments they perceived emerging from the forest three men; but neither of them was known to the contrabandista or his follower.

"Halt, friends!" cried the contrabandista, keeping on his guard.

The party halted.

"We are friends," said one of them; "our names are Torre, Mion, and Diego."

"Welcome—thrice welcome," exclaimed the smuggler; "ah! who is that form I see behind you! By Heavens, it is Beatrice!"

In another moment he had sprung forward, and was clasped to the breast of his betrothed.

The three men gazed at them in astonishment.

"Who can this be?" said Senor Torre.

"It is he of whom she has spoken," said Conrad Mion, "the contrabandista to whom she is betrothed."

The smuggler now advanced, holding the young girl by the hand.

"I hear from Beatrice," he said, "that it is to you she owes her safety. Rejoice that you have aided the friend of one who has aided your friends. Beneath this mound of earth are buried those you love best. Aid me in rescuing them."

Conrad Mion grasped his hand, and silently the five men set to work.

In less than an hour the earth was cleared away: they rushed down the steps, and the two lovers were clasped to each other's heart.

"And now," said Senor Torre, "What shall we do?"

"We had better leave this as soon as possible," returned the contrabandista. "Maldonado knows of our retreat here, and we are therefore far from being safe. Let us go to Nuova Spenza. In the town we shall certainly find security."

This plan was received by all as being the most feasible, and no time was lost in taking their way to the town.

CHAPTER XLI

IN WHICH THE STORM GATHERS.

It was late in the evening, some three days after the arrival of our friends at Nuova Spenza, that a man entered the town alone, walking with an uncertain gait and distracted air, as if he were a complete stranger, and ignorant of the locality.

He appeared about fifty years of age, stout, strong-built, with grizzled locks hanging over his ample shoulders—a ragged cloak, which once had been handsome, thrown across him, and a wide sombrero, torn here and there, shading his head.

His face was so concealed by his rough locks and his shaggy beard that very little of it could be distinguished.

But the attentive observer could see a pair of large, darkly-rolling eyes—a wide, sarcastic mouth—an aquiline nose—a broad and expressive forehead.

He stopped by the market-place.

"What cheer, friend!" he said to a donkey-driver, who stood leaning over the back of his beast, with his face upturned towards the glowing, burning sky.

The man addressed turned abruptly, and eyed the stranger.

The examination appeared satisfactory, for he roused himself, and said:

"I do not exactly comprehend you, friend. As for myself, matters are very bad. Work is very scarce."

The stranger smiled.

"Work, such as yours, I do not like," he said. "I do not speak of work."

"Of what then?"

"I mean what news—what is stirring—what new expedition is starting? I am a mountain guide, and am in search of employment."

The man shook his head.

"Well," he said, "there certainly is an expedition on foot, but whether that would be in your line I can't say."

"What is that?"

"A military expedition."

"A military expedition, eh? Why, what for?"

"Against the mountain-robbers—the band commanded by that terrible fellow, Maldonado."

The stranger laughed loudly.

"Maldonado!" he cried; "why, he is a complete bugbear. Have they not got rid of him yet?"

"Got rid of him! No—indeed. He's not so easily got rid of. He seems to have nine lives—he has been killed twice to my certain knowledge."

"And yet he still lives?"

"Yes—lives to be a terror to all."

"Well—well," said stranger, somewhat impatiently, "granted that Maldonado lives after having been twice killed—where are the head-quarters of the military expedition?"

"At the barracks on the other side of the market-place."

The mountain guide put his hand into a capacious leathern pocket, and drew out two silver pieces.

"There, friend," he said, "take these."

The man stared.

"Silver pieces!" he cried.

"Yes, why not?"

"You seek employment?"

The man laughed.

"Yes, I never wait until there is no shot left in the locker. Adieu, friend; and many thanks for your information."

He then doffed his sombrero, bowed gracefully, and withdrew.

"A strange fellow," muttered the man; "this ragged guide, who gives away silver pieces. Well, never mind, the money's good, wherever it came from."

Meanwhile, the mountain guide pursued his way through the market-place, glancing with apparent amusement at the varied groups around him, and whistling a merry tune as he went.

On approaching the extremity of the market he heard the sound of drums.

"Ah!" he murmured, "I am now approaching our martial array, I suppose."

He had not gone many steps before he reached the door of the barracks.

Here he was stopped by a sentry.

"What is it you require, *mio amigo*," said the soldier, with true Spanish courtesy.

"I desire to see your leader."

"He is busy—what is it you desire to communicate to him?"

"I am a mountain guide."

"Yes—I thought so," said the soldier, glancing down him with a look in which amusement was slightly blended with commiseration.

"Well, never mind your thoughts, friend," continued the stranger. "I hear that an expedition is being fitted out against Maldonado, and as I am well acquainted with every nook and cranny in the mountains, I want to be appointed guide to the troop."

The sentry thought a moment.

"Good!" he said; "I will let him know of your presence."

Then he called another soldier, and after giving him hurried instructions, dismissed him.

In a few minutes he returned.

"Captain Armanza will see the stranger," said he "let him follow me."

The guide immediately stepped forward.

"I am here," he said.

"Come then with me," said the soldier.

He led the way into a room, where Captain Armanza, a young and intrepid leader, sat with four others in consultation.

The captain glanced with an eye of scrutiny, at the stranger.

"You are a mountain guide?" he said, inquiringly.

"I am."

"You have experience?"

"Yes—great experience."

"You are ready to start directly?"

"Yes."

"You will not at the last moment leave us in the lurch?"

The stranger drew himself proudly.

"Why should you suspect me?" he asked.

"Because guides are not proverbially brave. You might leave us the very moment we came upon the robber's haunts."

"That is a matter to be decided in the future," said the guide.

"It is: but I warn you that treachery or cowardice will be rewarded by death."

"When do you start?" asked the guide, without noticing the captain's last words.

"To-morrow, at daybreak."

"Good; I will be here."

At five o'clock the next morning the expedition left Nuova Spenza, with drums beating and colours flying.

With them went Señor Torre, Captain Conrad Mion, Giacomo, and Carlos; and they were led by the mountain guide.

But who was this stranger?

(To be continued.)

OUR Australian cousins, at least those of Melbourne, are preparing to do honour to the memory of Shakespeare. The Age of that city says—"The clay model of a colossal statue of Shakespeare has been executed by Mr. Charles Summers, and on the 23rd instant a party of gentlemen were admitted to a private view. Great satisfaction was expressed at the result of the artist's labour, and it is proposed to erect the statue in bronze in front of the Public Library."

GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ISLES.—Sir Roderick Murchison believes, first, that the eastern shores of Great Britain, where Cæsar landed, have not changed their relation to the sea-level since that period;

secondly, from finding remains and bones of the same species of extinct mammalia in the gravel of Britain and the continent, that, it is proved that, at a comparatively recent period, our islands were united with France; and, thirdly, from the skeletons of the great Irish elk, which are found in the bottom of the bogs in Ireland, and also in the Isle of Man and in Cheshire, that when that creature lived, these three islands must have been united.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Pretate," "Minnigay," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

I know not

What events harsh fortune casts upon my face:

But in my bosom shall she never come,

To make my heart her vassal.

Shakespeare.

LADY MORETOWN had not been many weeks an inmate of her new abode, before she discovered the nature of the influence which Mademoiselle Athalie possessed over the heart of her husband; and her pure and gentle nature received one of those shocks which dissipate the dreams of youth and turn the heart to stone.

Ignorant alike of the world, and the advantage which the discovery gave her over the earl, she could only brood in silence over her wrongs—she was impotent to redress them. Not even to her uncle did she impart the bitter, mortifying truth, that the man to whom she had so blindly confided her destiny had offered her the keenest insult which woman can receive. At times she asked herself if the events of the last month were not a hideous dream—was she really married? Had her destiny, so wretched as a daughter, been rendered doubly so by changing it for the name of wife?

The hesitation and confusion of the old servant, James, when she questioned him in the park respecting the residence of the Frenchwoman at the abbey, was fearfully explained.

Still there was a degree of degradation to which even the bruised spirit of Alice would not submit; it was that of becoming the associate of Athalie, who, since her arrival, had been in the habit of dining daily at the same table with the Earl of Moretown and herself. It was not without a severe effort that she resolved to brave the cold satirical opposition of her husband; but virtue gave her strength, and she did resolve it. An experienced woman of the world, with friends of her own sex, would have seized the occasion to obtain a separation from the heartless speculator who had wooed her fortune—not her heart and person.

The *maitre d' hotel* attended as usual in the breakfast-room, to receive orders for the day.

"Oh, anything," said his master; "we dine *en famille*—the countess, mademoiselle, and myself."

"Mademoiselle Athalie?" repeated Alice, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, of course!" answered her husband; "whom else should I mean?"

The heart of the poor deluded victim sank at the haughty tone and stare of cold surprise which accompanied the words. On any other point his wife would have submitted; but virtue was stronger than timidity and meekness.

"In that case," said the countess, addressing the domestic, with quivering lips, "I shall dine in my own room!"

The man bowed respectfully.

"As you please!" said her husband, carelessly.

"And you will serve me there on every occasion when Mademoiselle Athalie dines with my lord!"

"Certainly, my lady!"

"Leave the room, sir!" exclaimed the earl, unable any longer to control his passion, and not wishing to provoke a scene before his servant. "What is the meaning of this folly—this caprice, madam?" he added, as soon as they were alone; "am I to be continually mortified before my household by your strange manners and still stranger conduct?"

"My lord," answered his wife, with modest dignity, "my manners are those of the station in which I was born, and from which I never sought to elevate myself—that reproach at least might have been spared me! If you have ceased to respect me, I can still respect myself! In all that a wife should show submission to her husband, you have found me humble and unresisting; but I will not degrade myself or you by descending to the level of that bold, bad woman!"

"Of Mademoiselle Athalie?" exclaimed the peer, crimson with rage.

"Of your—of—"

She could not complete the sentence—her heart was full of womanly shame and sorrow—broken by blighted hopes and insulted faith.

"I guess what you would have said, madam!" observed his lordship, bitterly; "and ought not to feel surprised. Vulgar suspicions are the necessary results of a vulgar mind! But mark me! I do not choose to be made ridiculous by them—the laughing-stock of my

servants—the jest of my friends! So long as we remain at Moretown Abbey, mademoiselle—who has been more than a mother to my child—shall dine at table with us!"

"With you, my lord, if you please!" replied Alice, firmly—for her indignation began to get the better of her timidity—"but not with me!"

"With you!" said the earl, savagely grasping her by the wrist.

The outraged wife turned deadly pale, and a slight exclamation of pain escaped her. The titled ruffian, ashamed of the outrage he had committed, released his hold.

"Alice," he said, "this folly will drive me mad! Is it worthy of you to listen to the tattle of servants; to cast a reproach upon a helpless girl, whose heart is purity itself?"

His wife shook her head incredulously.

"I swear it to you, by my honour—my—"

"Hold!" almost shrieked the unhappy wife. "Do not show me too plainly the degraded thing I have made the master of my destiny. Leave me one stay—even though it be to hope against hope and trust against conviction! Force me not to despise the father of my child, ere yet its innocent eyes have opened on the world!"

This was the first intimation his lordship had received that Alice was likely to become a mother; and, although the intelligence was anything but pleasing—for his ambition and affection were centred in the little viscount—he had sufficient manhood left still further to regret the unmanly violence of which he had just been guilty; and, with something like the tenderness of his former manner, to implore her pardon for his passion.

This was a condescension so much greater than his dupe and victim expected from him, that she easily accorded it; but on the subject of the Frenchwoman she remained firm. No persuasion, nor even the threats to which he ultimately had recourse, could move her, and he left the room, half-mad with anger and disappointment.

Alice kept her resolution, and dined in her own room whilst Mademoiselle Athalie took her place, as usual, at table with the earl. In the evening, his lordship drove her out in a pony phaeton in the park. During the ride they encountered the countess on foot—for her husband had purposely made choice of the carriage she preferred. The Frenchwoman passed her with a supercilious smile—her worthless companion scarcely deigning to notice her.

Although the Earl of Moretown was prepared to outrage the feelings of his wife, and brave, if necessary, public opinion, still he was keenly alive to his personal interests. He well knew that if Alice were to sue for a divorce, the law would compel him to refund the greater portion of her fortune, by way of settlement, but it was no easy matter to persuade the unprincipled woman who held him in her chains to consent to the humiliation of no longer appearing at his table. She threatened, as usual, to leave him; and the heartless man of the world could only persuade her to remain by setting on her a handsome annuity out of the wealth he had so suddenly acquired. On this condition she yielded, although with an ill grace; and, under pretence of indisposition, kept her own rooms, never suffering the child—whose mind and disposition she was systematically perverting—to quit her sight for an instant so that his father, when he wished to see the viscount was obliged to visit him in the apartment of the governess.

"Well madam!" observed the earl, the first time that he and his injured wife met at table, "you have carried your point! The angel of purity and innocence you have slandered will no longer appear in your presence. I often wonder," he added, "if nature has endowed you with a heart!"

"One large enough, my lord," replied Alice, mournfully, "to pardon even my enemies! I can submit to much—for my life has been one of trials and suffering—but I cannot act the hypocrite. If I cannot obtain my husband's love, at least he shall not despise me. The time will come when you will be more just to your honour and to my character!"

With these brief words the subject was permitted to drop between them. On every other point Lady Moretown continued the same submissive, quiet person—saw her husband drive out every evening with the governess and her pupil—who generally occupied a seat in the same carriage, to give a colour to the arrangement—without a murmur or a reproach. She had preserved her own self-respect, and that was all the unhappy Alice had ventured to struggle for.

Her object was to reclaim, if possible, not separate from him. In her ignorance of the world, she was probably unaware of her power to do so.

The time at last arrived when the earl was to resume his political intrigues for power in London. In other words, Parliament was about to meet, and Lord Moretown—though unable to achieve the object of his ambition—had it at least within his power to embarrass the new ministry, who had trifled with his expectations, and ultimately disappointed them.

Before leaving the abbey, Alice once more met the children whose singular beauty had, on her first encounter, attracted her attention. Without knowing why, she felt strangely interested in their favour, and she resolved to visit the lady at the holm, whose retired habits and secluded life she had heard of from Mrs. Marling, her own housekeeper.

With this intention she walked through the park the morning preceding her departure, and reached the ancient mansion of the Grahams—which, as we before stated, was inclosed with a high wall on every side. It was some time before she was admitted.

When ushered into the drawing-room, which was furnished with a luxury equal to her own, the lady of the mansion—a tall, stately person, about fifty years of age—rose to receive her, with that high-bred grace and self-possession which completely awed the simple parvenue.

"I must apologise, Lady Moretown," she said, "not only for the stupidity of my servants in hesitating to admit you, but for my own apparent want of courtesy in not making the first visit upon your arrival in the north. The fact is," she added, with a faint smile, "I am an invalid and a widow: retirement, therefore, suits both my feelings and position."

Although Alice was woefully ignorant of what *Mdlle. Athalie* would term *usage du monde*, she possessed that tact and intuitive delicacy which could discover a reproach—no matter how veiled—and she answered by observing, that she feared she had intruded upon both.

This self-accusation was met by a polite denial.

The two children—remembering their reencounters with the visitor—ran to her with all the natural confidence of their age, and took her by the hand. They still retained that wild gracefulness of manner which, on their first meeting, had attracted the attention of Lady Moretown; but beneath the severe eye of Mrs. Graham it was more subdued.

Jane looked frankly into the pale face of the stranger and her dark, eloquent eyes seemed to ask permission to love her; while the timid Mary nestled closely to her side, like some bird that had found a resting-place.

"These beautiful girls must be my excuse," resumed Lady Moretown; "we have twice met accidentally in our walks, and one object of my visit was to request that you will permit them to use the park as freely as your own grounds, and, on my return to the abbey, to visit me."

The old lady merely bowed; by so doing, she neither accepted nor declined the flattering offer.

"You must be very happy with such companions!" added her visitor. "It is a delightful task to have two such minds to train—to possess their love—their confidence; to watch the budding promise of their intellect and beauty! There are many in the world would envy you."

"Children," observed Mrs. Graham, "seldom feel grateful to those who control and guide them. Their love is more frequently bestowed upon a stranger than on those whom the ties of blood and gratitude should render dear to them! Not that I have much right to complain of my grandchildren."

Alice soon afterwards took her leave. The two girls asked and obtained permission to accompany her through the grounds. The same sour-looking female who had the charge of them when she first met them joined them on the lawn, and walked closely by their side—so as effectually to prevent any conversation without her hearing it.

"And so," said the countess, addressing the child she still held by the hand, "your name is Mary?"

"Yes!" was the whispered response.

"And yours, Jane?" she added, turning to the sister.

"That's what they call me now," replied the bolder of the two.

The woman, coloured slightly, and observed, in a reproving tone, "that, as Miss Jane was now growing a great girl, it was time she should forget the pet name of the nursery."

There was something in the manner of the speaker far more than in the words, which attracted the attention of Alice. She mentally remarked, that she had never seen a more forbidding countenance.

"And are you very fond of dancing?" continued Lady Moretown, with a smile—for she remembered the fantastic exhibition in the green lane, and the pleasure she had taken in witnessing it.

"Yes!" eagerly exclaimed both the children; "we love it dearly; but they won't let us dance now."

Again the woman interposed, and added, by way of commentary, "that it had been pronounced by the physician prejudicial to their health."

All this appeared strange and unnatural to their visitor, who felt a desire to have the children alone with her, to question them: not from any selfish curiosity, but from the interest she had so unconsciously taken in their welfare. She felt that there was some mystery attached to them, and she was anxious to divine it.

By this time they had reached the old-fashioned lodge

at the extremity of the grounds surrounding the holm, and Alice took her leave of them. Mary kissed her upon the cheek, and fixed her eyes upon her with a lingering, regretful expression, as she whispered—

"When shall we see you again?"

"Soon—very soon, my love!" answered the lady.

"Do come again!" exclaimed Jane, boldly; "although you look pale and unhappy, I am sure you are very kind; much kinder than those who—"

"Miss Jane," interrupted the woman, angrily, "how can you detain her ladyship with your idle prattle?"

The child drew back with a look of sulky defiance. It was evident that neither she nor her sister had any great love for the person who had charge of them.

Alice, in her walk home, could not avoid reflecting on the constrained, uneasy manner of the sisters, and the harsh, forbidding tone in which Mrs. Williams had spoken to them. It was evident that they were unhappy; and yet the wealth and lady-like bearing of Mrs. Graham forbade her to suspect for an instant that there could be any improper motive in such conduct.

"Poor things!" she mentally said; "why should I feel surprised? Their childhood is happiness compared to the recollection of mine! My poor father was not the only being in the world who repelled and chilled the sympathies of youth!"

At an early hour the following morning, the earl and countess started for London. The only pleasure the unhappy wife anticipated from her return to the metropolis, was in again meeting with her uncle. As for her husband, the sad conviction had become daily more and more impressed upon her heart, that he was past reclaiming.

Love, even in her gentle nature, had gradually yielded up his crown and heated throne to contempt.

Scorn, perhaps, after all, is the best panacea for a wounded heart. The woman that despises her wronger, is half-cured of her love for him already.

Three days after her departure, Mademoiselle Athalie and the young viscount set out for London. On their arrival they took up their abode at a cottage *ornée* in the neighbourhood of Kensington, where Lord Moretown, under pretence of visiting his son, saw the artful woman who had obtained such a despotic influence over him daily.

"Would she were dead," frequently muttered the Frenchwoman to herself, "what a brilliant destiny would await me! Countess—Countess of Moretown! *Nous verrons.*"

Nous verrons implied much from the lips of Mademoiselle Athalie.

CHAPTER XX.

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are. The want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears down. *Shakespeare.*

ALTHOUGH the Earl of Moretown cared little for the feelings of Alice, he had still some respect for the opinion of the world, and chose that his wife should be presented at court and mingle in society; for no other reason than that she was his wife.

Rumour had already been busy on the subject of his marriage. Her brazen tongue had painted the new countess as a coarse, vulgar woman, inflated with the vanity of newly-acquired rank, and the wealth she had inherited from the old miser, her father; her husband was secretly annoyed at this, and he determined, by her presentation at the drawing-room, and introduction to the circle in which he moved, to give the lie to such humiliating calumnies: calumnies which affected his pride far more than they would have pained the victim of them, had she been aware of their existence.

"For, after all," he observed, in a conversation with Mademoiselle Athalie upon the subject, "Alice is not so very *outrée!*"

The Frenchwoman replied merely by a supercilious smile.

From the house of the governess, the earl drove to the residence of his married sister, the Duchess of Ayrteun, whose arrival he had read in the morning paper.

Her grace was absent on a tour at the time of his marriage, and therefore had not yet been introduced to Alice. She was a proud, dashing, intriguing woman of the world, like her brother, passionately fond of political influence and patronage. The aim of her life had been to achieve the Garter for her husband—an easy, good-natured man, who submitted to her influence in many points from mere want of energy—not of understanding.

"So, Godfrey," exclaimed the Duchess of Ayrteun, as Lord Moretown entered the superb boudoir of his sister, "you are married again!"

The earl shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, I suppose it could not be avoided! *Par parenthèse*," she added, "the premier used you very shabbily—I hear your wife is a strange creature—older than yourself by ten years?"

"You are mistaken," replied her brother; "Lady Moretown is at least twenty years my junior! There

is no disguising *our ages*, Caroline, thanks to that prying fellow, De Brett!"

"Well!" observed her grace, not choosing to notice the allusion regarding age; "it is not so bad as I expected! Of course, I believe you, although Lady Roxby assured me that it was a fact! By-the-bye," she added, with a slight expression of curiosity, "what was her fortune?"

"Impossible yet to name the exact sum—the old man left his affairs in such confusion; but report has greatly exaggerated it!"

"Enough to clear the estates?"

"Yes—barely—that is to say, if things turn out as we expect! But no matter for her fortune, Caroline," he added, in a coaxing tone; "you must do me a favour."

"Anything in reason, brother!" answered his sister, gravely.

"I want you to present Alice at the approaching drawing-room," continued the earl. "Nay, never pout, you will have no occasion to blush for your *protégée*; though far from beautiful, she is ladylike in appearance, and, under your tuition, might become graceful. It is a mere matter of form, and—"

"A matter of form, Godfrey!" interrupted the duchess; "you know the world too well to utter such an absurdity, without being aware that it is one! Presume I have I not daughters of my own? The ridicule would fall upon them as well as on myself. Personally, I should care little for the sneers of our circle, but I have no right to expose my children to it! Of course," she added, "in a conciliatory tone, I can have no objection to visit her, and receive her sometimes *en famille!*"

"See her before you decide," answered the earl; "I pledge my word she will not disgrace you!"

"I am not sure that I shall attend the drawing-room!" observed the lady, in a tone which indicated that all solicitation merely on the subject would be useless. "You remember the three magnificent emeralds," she added, "which I inherited from our grandmother?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have been compelled to part with them!"

"Sold?" said her brother carelessly.

"No—pledged," continued his sister, "to a horrid trader in the City! I dared not ask Ayrteun for money, and, being pressed for a debt of honour, I received five thousand pounds upon them. Unless I redeem them within four days, they will be lost. Is it not provoking?"

"Very!" replied her visitor, coolly—for he did not choose to take the hint—five thousand pounds was too large a sum to pay, even for the gratification of his pride; for he perceived that was the price at which the duchess estimated the service he had vainly called to solicit.

And so the affectionate brother and scheming sister parted.

About a week after the interview between the Earl of Moretown and his sister, Alice called in Lombard Street, to visit her uncle and Goliah. The latter—it being the first occasion on which his former mistress had honoured the establishment of the wealthy goldsmith with her presence—felt a child-like pride in displaying before her all that was rich and rare in the way of jewels and plate which it contained. There were diamonds which might have adorned the crown of Solomon—so matchless was their lustre—and pearls fit for an Indian queen; but the unique article of the collection was a necklace of brilliants, composed of single stones, with three superb emeralds pendent from the centre.

"Beautiful," observed Alice, with a smile, as the young man placed it in every possible light to display the brilliancy of the gems; "and I have no doubt that it is exceedingly valuable?"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" observed Goliah, with a grin.

"And to whom does it belong?" inquired Lady Moretown.

"Can't tell—master would never let me know. The necklace, I heard one of the workmen say, he has had by him for many years, the emeralds have only been added within three days. The East India Company wished to purchase it, as a present to the Queen of Oude; but Mr. Brindley refused to part with it. He can afford to keep it, for he is rich—so rich, Miss Alice—I beg pardon," he added, correcting himself, and blushing deeply, "Lady Moretown!"

"Call me Alice," replied the lady, with a smile; "I like that name best."

The deep sigh which accompanied the observation proved to him that her new rank had not made her happy.

Her uncle, who had been occupied with a party of ladies in the show-room, now made his appearance. One of them—an elegant, dashing woman—he addressed by the title of her grace.

"And so," said the lady, "you refuse to oblige me?"

The goldsmith, who had turned to salute his niece,

answered shortly, but with urbanity, "that the time had already been twice prolonged at her request, and that he should already be a loser by the transaction."

"Nonsense!" replied his customer: "who ever lost by confiding in the word of the Duchess of Ayrton?"

Alice started at the name. She knew it to be that of her sister-in-law, whom she had never yet been introduced to. Mechanically she let fall her veil, and busied herself with examining the jewels, which were still spread before her on the counter.

Her grace drew near with one of her friends, to examine them.

"Magnificent!" she exclaimed, pointing out a wreath of brilliants to her companion. "For the approaching drawing-room, I suppose, Mr. Brindley?"

The goldsmith bowed in the affirmative, at the same time closing the *devis* in which the necklace with the emerald was deposited. She had not yet noticed them.

"And for whom?"

"That, your grace, is a secret!"

"For some *parvenue*, I suppose?" observed the haughty woman, carelessly.

"Do you go to the drawing-room?" inquired one of the ladies, who was with her.

"Well, I suppose I must!" replied the duchess: "although I positively told my brother that I should not! He wanted me to present his new wife, whom he married for her fortune! I hear she is wretchedly vulgar! The idea of my acting the *chaperone* to the old miser's daughter!" she added, with a shrug; "had enough to be compelled to notice and receive her in private!"

The party soon afterwards took their leave, to the great relief of Alice, upon whose heart every word had fallen with terrible distinctness.

Her uncle, seeing her agitation, took her by the hand and led her into his private room; closing the door, he said—

"You shall not be indebted to that unfeeling woman, my love, for the courtesy she thinks so highly of; I will find a party to present you!"

"You, uncle?"

"Yes! Your great-aunt, Lady Digby, is still living—a woman of irreproachable character and ample fortune—it is not many days since she expressed an interest in you, and a wish to make your acquaintance!"

"Lady Digby!" repeated Alice; "it is the first time I ever heard her name!"

"True—true!" continued her relative; "your father and she were never friends—their natures were so opposite. Although I care but little for the pride of birth myself," he continued, "it may be some consolation for you to know that your father's family is as ancient and honourable as that of the Duchess of Ayrton, who affected to despise you! The Ardens came in with the Conquest; he was the last male representative of the race!"

"I had rather he had resembled you," observed his niece, kissing him affectionately on the cheek, "than inherited from him the blood of the Plantagenets!"

These few simple words, uttered with the accents of truth, were more gratifying to the wealthy trader than the most elaborate protestations could have been, for they carried conviction with them.

"Alice," he said, "you have a kind, good heart, and that is better than either wealth or rank, not that money is to be despised!"

"Indeed! do you say so—who are so generous—who care so little for the pleasure it procures!"

"For some of them!" interrupted her uncle, correcting her; "now, one pleasure which I anticipate from the possession of mine, is the mortification which it will enable me to inflict on the heartless sister of the man who calls you wife!"

"Believe me, I did not feel her insult!" observed Lady Moretown; "my agitation arose from a far different source!"

"I know—I know!" exclaimed Mr. Brindley; "come, he added, "if you are not afraid of being seen in the carriage of a tradesman, I will take you at once to Lady Digby, and arrange for the presentation. By-the-bye, Alice," he continued, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "what jewels have you?"

"None!"

"Not the Moretown diamonds?"

"I have not even seen them!"

"So much the better!" answered her relative; "you will not need them! I will supply you. Sooner or later they must have been yours, and the present is the most fitting occasion. Her heart," he added, "shall drop gall!"

"Whose heart?"

"Nothing—nothing—a mere slip of the tongue!"

It was evident that the goldsmith did not choose to enter into any further explanation of his intentions; and, the carriage being ready, he started with his niece to the residence of the Dowager Lady Digby, the widow of the last baronet of that ancient name. His marriage not having been blessed with issue, the title became extinct with his death.

They found the old lady—who had already reached her seventieth year—occupying a handsome mansion in St. James's-square. Everything bore the appearance not only of wealth, but the impress of stateliness, in her establishment. The visitors were received on their arrival by several footmen in rich liveries, in the hall, and the name of the Countess of Moretown and Mr. Brindley were passed from mouth to mouth, till a grey-headed domestic, in full dress, announced them to his mistress in the drawing-room.

Never had Alice been more struck than by the appearance of the aged relative whom she met for the first time. Although so very far advanced in life, she bore her years gracefully—the figure of the venerable lady was still erect, and her carriage, as she advanced to meet them, leaning on her gold-headed cane, might have excited the envy of many a youthful belle. Her costume was suited to her years—a dress of plain black velvet, fitting tightly to her figure, with a collar of rich lace, fastened at the throat with a diamond brooch. Lady Digby wore her own hair, which was white as snow, turned over her forehead in the now exploded fashion of a roll. Her features still showed traces of former beauty.

"And so they have named you Alice, child!" exclaimed her grand-aunt, as she gazed long and anxiously upon the features of her visitor. "Alice is my name; it must have been your mother's thought," she added, "for your father hated me!"

"I trust not!" replied Lady Moretown; "for I am sure you could never have given him cause!"

"Cause or not," repeated the old lady, striking her cane upon the carpet; "I repeat it—he hated me! No had a heart of earth—sordid, cold, and—Well, well!" she added, checking herself—for she saw how deeply Alice was pained by her words—"he was your father, and you are right, if possible, to respect his memory! Perhaps he was kind to you?"

"At least," replied the countess, meekly, "he was my father!"

These few words impressed her aged relative—of whose existence, till that morning, she had never heard—with a favourable opinion of her heart and understanding. Taking her by the hand, she led her to a seat upon the sofa, where she had been sitting, and entered into a long and interesting conversation with Alice respecting her mother.

"She was too good for my nephew," she observed, "and I disapproved of the match more for the sake of her own happiness than any inequality of birth; at least," she added, "I think so—for at my age all earthly distinctions have long lost their value."

"In that case, I fear," observed the goldsmith, "the favour I came to solicit on behalf of my niece will meet with a refusal."

"A favour!" repeated Lady Digby, with a look of surprise. "This visit, then, is not the affectionate duty of a child paid to an aged woman upon the verge of the grave. Perhaps I was foolish to expect it. Well," she added, in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "let me hear the nature of the service which the Countess of Moretown requires at my hands."

"You called me Alice just now," observed her grand-niece.

"And now I call you Countess of Moretown," replied her grand-aunt, sharply, "for I know the world, and the coin which passes current in it."

Mr. Brindley explained, in a few brief words, the unpleasant position in which his niece was placed by the refusal of the Duchess of Ayrton to present her—the insolent observations which that haughty woman had made to her fashionable friends in his shop that very morning—and pointed out the honour it would be, if Lady Digby, who had formerly been so well known in the fashionable world, would for once emerge from her long retirement, and be her *chaperone* at the approaching drawing-room.

As the old lady listened to the plain-spoken trader, a slight flush suffused her wrinkled cheeks—perhaps it was of anger—perhaps at the idea of once more appearing at the scene of her former triumphs; for she had been the *belle* of the youthful court of George III., and a great favourite with his queen.

"This is no favour," she replied; "you have a right to ask it, and I will not refuse you. Forgive me, Alice. There, you see, I call you by that name again. Age is naturally suspicious. In the pilgrimage of seventy years one sees so much baseness in the world, that the heart becomes hardened."

Lady Moretown kissed her hand.

"When is the drawing-room?" continued the speaker.

"Thursday week."

"Short time for preparation!" continued Lady Digby, with a smile, "but it will suffice. I remember the time when it would have taken me a month's consideration to decide upon my dress. A few hours will be sufficient. Of course you have the Moretown jewels?"

The goldsmith replied that his niece had not yet even seen them.

"Then you shall wear mine!" was the reply of her grand-aunt.

Here Mr. Brindley interposed; he stated that he had always intended to present his niece with some mark of his affection on her marriage, and that the approaching drawing-room appeared the most fitting occasion.

"Fear not, Lady Digby," he said, in conclusion; "the goldsmith's niece shall not disgrace you."

When Alice returned home, after having promised to visit her singular old relative again, her husband informed her that he had arranged with Lady Burridge, the widow of the late eminent physician, to present her; and added, that he would see that she had fitting jewels on the occasion.

"With your permission, my lord," answered Alice, "I shall wear my own!"

"Your own?" repeated the peer, with a look of surprise.

"Those which my kind uncle has promised to give me; and since the Duchess of Ayrton declines presenting me, I have accepted the offer of my grand-aunt, Lady Digby, who has promised, despite her great age, to accompany me."

"A grand-niece of Lady Digby!" muttered her husband, as he left the room, after assenting to the proposed arrangements, which relieved him of a disagreeable embarrassment. "After all, Alice is not such a *parvenue* as I supposed."

CHAPTER XXI

I wandered through the gorgeous room,
Mid silken robe and waving plume:
I passed by many a gartered knee—
The antique sign, the lighter part
Of England's high-born salivary—
Less nobler than the patriot's heart.
And there were bright and living rays,
Darting from woman's love-lit eyes,
Which far outshone the diamond's blaze—
Than India's gem a richer prize.

The "State Ball," by the Author.

A DRAWING-ROOM at the English court is one of those events which those who have witnessed seldom forget. To the poet, the painter, and even the mere observer of the world, it is inexpressibly interesting: not so much, perhaps, for the historic names, as for the remarkable personages and the galaxy of beauty assembled there.

It is no ordinary sight to encounter, in the re-unions of the matronage of England, the wives, the daughters, and mothers of men who have wielded the destinies of their country in the cabinet and senate, or borne its meteor flag in regions where Rome's eagles never flew.

Painters may rave of the Madonnen-like loveliness of Italian women—poets fall in ecstasies at the flashing eyes and sunny beauty of the daughters of Andalusia; and yet how few would select one of them to be the mother of their children—intrust them with their name.

The reserve—which foreigners call *gaucherie*—in Englishwomen, is perhaps one of the most estimable of their qualities. It is the modest veil to their own beauty, the safeguard of their husbands' honour.

The natural affections of an Englishwoman are centred in her home. As Shakespeare says, she does not

Wear her heart upon her sleeve, for daws to peck at.

It is that which gives the word "home" in England a different meaning from that of any other country or language. Like comfort, it is untranslatable.

The drawing-room at which Lady Moretown was about to make her first appearance in the fashionable world, was one of those few at which his Majesty George IV. presided after his accession to the throne. Time had destroyed the personal graces of which he had been so proud. His Majesty had grown old and corpulent, and entertained a morbid dislike of appearing in public, not only to the annoyance of the aristocracy, but the injury of the trade of the metropolis.

The portly monarch, duly wigged and painted, as fresh from the hands of the tailor and his valet as he appears at Madame Tussaud's, was seated in the throne-room—for the ceremony was too fatiguing for him to stand—surrounded by his ministers, great officers of state, and the two royal dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge.

His sister, the Princess Augusta, was standing on the left of the throne, chatting with Chateaubriand, the ambassador of France—the poet and historian of the house of Bourbon—the last *preux chevalier* of Europe.

"The Duchess of Ayrton, please your majesty!" said the lord-in-waiting, as the sister of Lord Moretown, rustling in lace and feathers, bent in the presence of royalty.

"Glad to see you, duchess!" said the king, with that courtly familiarity which he used to those who had been of his set when regent; "you look divinely!"

Her grace bowed and passed on—it not being etiquette to reply on such occasions, unless a direct question is asked—and began paying her respects to the princess, with whom she remained in conversation.

"The Countess of Moretown!" again said the nobleman whose duty it was to announce the visitors to his majesty; "presented by her grand-aunt, Lady Digby."

"By whom?" demanded the monarch.

"Lady Digby, sire."

The king, who in his early days had greatly admired the stately dowager, half-rose from his chair to receive her. Her venerable appearance merited the homage. With great good taste, the robe she had selected was of dark velvet, the train falling over a dress of matchless texture, which displayed itself to advantage, from the petticoat being of cloth of gold. She wore but few jewels, and those of the simplest fashion.

Alice, on the contrary, was adorned with a profusion of diamonds. Her uncle, the wealthy goldsmith, had nobly kept his promise. Not only the wreath she had so much admired, but the diamond necklace, with the three emerald pendants, were inclosed in the *écritoire* he had presented to her.

"Lady Digby," said his majesty, extending his hand, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure! We are delighted at once more seeing at our court the friend of my revered mother!"

"And my grand-niece!" replied the aged woman, after kissing the hand extended, "for whom I entrust your majesty's benevolent reception."

"Her own merits must insure that!" observed George IV., with that courtly grace in which few persons excelled him; "my friend Moretown is a happy man!"

Poor Alice blushed and coloured deeply. From the king, Lady Digby turned to pay her respects to the Princess Augusta, who still remained chatting with the Duchess of Ayrton.

"What magnificent diamonds!" whispered her royal highness to her grace, as the ladies approached; "as I live, your beautiful emeralds, duchess. How very kind of you to give them to her!"

The haughty woman turned pale with envy and vexation. Upon the neck of her sister-in-law—who certainly never appeared to so much advantage—for the excitement of the scene had lent a lustre to her eye and a colour to her cheek, she recognized the three gems she had so valued.

"Ah, Lady Digby!" exclaimed the good-humoured princess, "how delighted we are to see you and your niece at court!"

"My grand-niece, your royal highness!" added the lady, correcting her; and then Alice a second time made her curtsy in the presence of royalty.

The daughter of the gossip-loving Queen Charlotte had inherited much of her mother's curiosity, as well as that natural share which falls to the portion of her sex. She saw with surprise that the Duchess of Ayrton and the countess did not appear to recognize each other—a circumstance which, coupled with the emeralds, convinced her there was some mystery.

"Your wish to *chaperone* your grand-niece, Lady Digby," she observed, "explains the unexpected pleasure we have received."

"My duty, rather!" answered the dowager, with a smile. "Alice is the last descendant of my race—she has been country-bred—lived till her marriage in retirement. Knowing her timidity, I could not intrust her to a stranger!"

"A stranger!" repeated the princess; "surely you would not term the Duchess of Ayrton a stranger?"

Although this was very naturally expressed, there was a design in it to provoke the explanation which her royal highness felt a desire to learn.

"My grand-niece!" replied Lady Digby, drawing herself up to her full height, "has not the honour of knowing the lady your highness has just named!"

With a stately curtsy, the old dowager withdrew from the circle, accompanied by Alice, whose rôle had been confined to that of an automaton at the drawing-room, for she had not uttered a single word.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Princess Augusta, as they disappeared from the *salon*-room; "how very singular! Not know her, duchess! and yet give your sister-in-law these beautiful emeralds! How generous!"

The appearance of Lady Moretown at the drawing-room created quite a sensation. The world found out that it had been deceived on two points respecting her. She was neither vulgar—as has been reported—nor plain; it was disabused, also, of another error; the grand-niece of Lady Digby, whom many still remembered as a leader of *ton*, could not be a *parvenue*.

The good-natured laughed; the envious felt mortified at the discovery of the absurdity of the rumours they had given ear to. Amongst the latter was the Duchess of Ayrton; her pride had been humbled. She had been mortified where she was most sensitive; and she was one of those women who seldom forget and never forgive.

Her anger was still further increased by a paragraph which appeared in the *Morning Post*, describing the dresses of the ladies who had attended the late drawing-room.

After an elaborate description of Lady Moretown's dress—which we confess we are not sufficiently versed in the mystery of female toilette to follow—it made mention of her jewels.

"The lovely bride wore upon the occasion the superb *parure* of diamonds which the East India Company lately wished to purchase as a present for the Queen of

Oude; by way of pendants, her ladyship had attached to the necklace three matchless emeralds, formerly the property of a duchess well known in the fashionable world."

That paragraph, which was the act of Goliath, made Alice an enemy for life. Her sister-in-law never forgave it.

As to the emeralds, she determined to have them back again, cost what it would; she felt that she could never make her appearance at court again without them.

But how to obtain them. That was the point.

As Alice was returning from the drawing-room, in the carriage of her relative, she encountered Mademoiselle Athalie and the young viscount, in an open phaeton. The urchin no sooner beheld his mother-in-law, whom he had been systematically trained to hate, than he shook his little fist at her, with an expression of rage so marked, that it attracted the attention of Lady Digby.

"Who is that child?" demanded her relative, struck by so singular a manifestation.

"The son of Lord Moretown," answered her grand-niece.

"And the woman who is with him?"

"His governess," replied Alice, blushing deeply.

"She seems a very vulgar person," observed the old lady, "her looks are almost insulting. Is your husband aware," she added, "of the little respect which she displays in her manner towards his wife?"

"Yes," faltered the unhappy wife.

"Poor Alice," observed Lady Digby, after a pause; "I am not so old but I can feel for your disappointment. A curse appears to follow the inheritance of my nephew's wealth; it was ignobly acquired, and has not proved a blessing to his child. Remember," she added, in a yet kinder tone, "that whilst I live, you have at least one friend to advise and console you. Would that we had met before your ill-assorted marriage. Lord Moretown is—"

"My husband, aunt!" interrupted her grand-niece.

Lady Digby gave a short, dissatisfied cough, and, throwing herself back in her carriage, remained silent till they reached home. She was too much fatigued by the unusual exertion she had made to express all that she felt and suspected; but she pondered it over in her mind, and resolved to take certain steps in consequence.

What those steps were did not appear till death had stilled the pulses of her benevolent heart, for she was a woman of few words, and, with the exception of Mr. Brindley, who managed her affairs, had no confidant. Like most persons who have lived long in the world, she trusted but few with her intentions.

"Do not bring your husband to visit me, Alice," she said, as she kissed the pale cheek of her grand-niece, when they separated. "The tongue of age is apt to betray the feelings of the heart. I have lived so long apart from the world, that I have forgotten the use of its mask. I could not control my indignation. I already despise, and little more would make me hate him."

(To be continued.)

MINNIE'S STEPFATHER.

ONLY fifteen—and tasting the bitterness of heart-break already!

The long shadows of sunset were creeping slowly across the velvet lawn of Madame Chantalle's "French boarding-school;" the honeysuckles hung low over the broad flight of marble steps that led up to the pillared portico, but only one young girl was sitting there, her head bowed on her hands, and an open letter lying carelessly beside her. The merry voices of the young maidens in the schoolrooms, or down under the branching linden trees, had no attractions for Minnie Lee—she was all alone, sobbing out her first great grief!

Only fifteen, a wild, impulsive little thing, with curls like clustering gold and blue, translucent eyes, you would have thought life only a sunny dream to her—and yet her girl-heart was sore enough that lovely summer evening.

"Why, Minnie, what's the matter?"

And at the same instant an arm was thrown caressingly around her, and her face was gently lifted from its resting-place among the crushed honeysuckle blossoms on the balustrade.

The new comer was a tall, handsome man of about thirty-five, with bright, dark eyes and features of unusual beauty and regularity. Minnie seemed to recognize him as a tried friend, for she threw herself sobbing on his breast.

"What is it, pet? Is madame too rigid about the French exercises, or have you broken an ink-bottle over your pink silk dress? Come, I must have a key to this mystery of tears."

"Oh, Uncle Frank, I am so miserable!"

"And why, pray?"

"Because—because," sobbed Minnie, feeling me-

chanically for the epistle she had thrown aside, "I have a letter from mamma, and—"

"Well, and what?"

"She has married again!" wailed Minnie, once more hiding her face on her uncle's shoulder. "And, Uncle Frank, I will die sooner than submit to the despotic rule of a stepfather?"

"Halloa!" said Uncle Frank, "isn't that rather a boarding-school view of the affair, Miss Minnie?"

"I don't care!" sobbed the girl. "I don't see what right she had to marry again, after she has been a widow for ten years!"

"The right, love, that every one has, to be as happy as possible, and to make others happy. Remember, Minnie, that mamma is young and lovely, and I am sure I need not tell you how sweet and good she is."

"I know it," said Minnie, "but I don't want a cross, ugly old stepfather."

"But I've reason to think he is neither cross nor ugly. Did mamma tell you who she had married?"

"No," pouted Minnie, "and I don't want to know."

"Minnie, my child!"

Minnie threw her arms around her uncle's neck, and silenced his remonstrances with a shower of kisses and tears.

"Well, here's a nice young rebel!" said Uncle Frank, despairingly. "What am I going to do, I'd like to know?"

"Darling Uncle Frank, I'll tell you what to do," coaxed Minnie. "Take me home to your house, and let me be your little girl."

"Then don't quite strangle me, and I'll take the matter into consideration," said Colonel Lee.

"Come, mademoiselle," said the French attendant, imperatively, "I am to put on your white muslin dress, with the blue sash, and to arrange your hair in curls, for monsieur and madame, your papa and mamma, are coming to take you home!"

"No, they are not—I mean I am not going with them. Uncle Frank has promised to take me to his house. And it's the prettiest place, Louise, with fountains and statues, and such beautiful rooms. But you may dress my hair as you like."

Louise had scarcely arranged the last curl to her liking, and tied the broad blue ribbon around Minnie's slender waist, when a footman tapped at the door, with a card in his hand.

"For Mademoiselle Lee," he said. "Madame Chantalle is receiving monsieur and madame in the drawing-room, and wishes mademoiselle's immediate attendance."

Minnie glanced at the card, in some curiosity as to the name of her new relative, but there was only one line pencilled upon it, in her mother's delicate handwriting.

"Papa and Mamma!"

"I will never call that man 'papa,' she ejaculated, as she walked out of the room, with the step of a young empress.

Madame Chantalle met her in the hall.

"Go, my dear, to your parents!" she said, graciously.

Minnie's lip curled, bitterly, but she made no answer. Scarcely had she crossed the drawing-room threshold, ere she was folded in the arms of her fair, smiling young mother.

"My darling—my own little Minnie! I have come to take you home once more!"

Minnie had glanced eagerly round the room, curious, yet dreading to behold the formidable stepfather, but Colonel Lee, leaning against the chimney-piece, was the only gentleman present.

"No, mamma," said Minnie, firmly, "Uncle Frank has promised to take me to his house."

"And I'll keep my promise," said Colonel Lee, laughing, "but I shall have to include your mamma in the party."

"And—and my stepfather?"

"And your stepfather, my dear!"

"Then I don't want to go," ejaculated Minnie, with a burst of tears.

"My dear," said Uncle Frank, "I hope you won't hate me very much when I tell you that I am your stepfather. It is a week to-day since Mrs. Arthur Lee became Mrs. Frank Lee."

"Mamma!" stammered Minnie, looking from one to the other, with a face that had grown wondrously bright, "is it really true?"

"It is really true, dearest. Will you not love your stepfather?"

"With all my heart!" and Minnie cried and laughed alternately on her uncle's breast. "Uncle Frank—no, I mean papa—why didn't you tell me?"

"One reason was that you wouldn't let me—the other, I believe was, that Emily wanted to give you a surprise, woman-fashion! But Minnie, am I to be a 'despot'?"

"Mamma, make him stop teasing me!" said Minnie, laughing. "O, how very, very glad I am!"

And so, in opposition to all the established edicts of novel-lore, Minnie Lee was suited with her stepfather

THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

LINEAMENTS OF LEANNESS.

WHEN the *Spectator* was first published in the form of a newspaper, it contained a variety of advertisements, of which the following is a specimen of the sort which have for their object the general welfare of mankind, so far as regards their health and looks. "An assured cure of leanness, which proceeds from a cause which few know, but easily removed by an unparalleled specific tincture, which fortifies the stomach, purifies the blood, takes off fretfulness in the mind, occasions rest and easy sleep, and as certainly disposes and causes the body to thrive and become plump and fleshy, if no manifest distemper afflicts the patient, as water will quench fire." This specific for leanness had a pleasant taste, and was sold at 3s. 6d. a bottle by a Mr. Payne, who kept a toy-shop.

It is, perhaps, a subject for regret that the ingenious discoverer of this nostrum did not make known to the world the ingredients of which it was composed, and, thereby, prove the sincere philanthropy by which he was actuated in administering to the health, happiness, and personal appearance of the lean and lank of his species. Had he done so, and had it been found that all he said of its virtues was true, can we doubt that, in this age of gratitude, liberality and art-development, he would have had a statue of marble erected to his memory, that his name would have been enrolled in the list of benefactors to his species, and that it would have gone down to an admiring and a grateful posterity for ages yet to come? But why, in advertising this "unparalleled" discovery, did he confine its sale to the obscurity of a toy-shop? Was it because of the modesty which is frequently said to be a characteristic of great merit? Why did he not blazon it forth, as he ought to have done, that it could be obtained throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in every chemist or apothecary's shop, from Cape Wrath to Cape Cornwall. In every city, town and village in these kingdoms, there exist men and women of such starved-looking proportions, that they would give all they are worth, and many of them much more, if they had it, for any specific that would bring them up in flesh, and show them to the world stouter than they are. To accomplish this they would put up with any inconvenience without a sigh. They would even abandon that gentility of form which the absolutely fat would rejoice in, rather than continue to bear a resemblance to the seven lean kine described in the Book of Genesis as coming "up out of the river ill-favoured and lean-fleshed." Long walks in hot days would cheerfully be endured rather than that they should seem only moving anatomies of skin and bone, entirely destitute of the usual external attractions of corporeal softness, colour and grace. Yet with all these facts staring him in the face, the discoverer of this "specific" limited its sale to a toy-shop! The reason for this, however, is obvious. He was a quick—a dishonest quack—but with too much modesty to proclaim widely an "unparalleled" He, therefore, naturally enough, preferred any channels but the acknowledged legitimate ones for the vending of his nostrum. It would not have suited his purpose to push it into the hands of the intelligent, but into those of the ignorant, whose credulity is always greater than their knowledge, and the length of whose purses is, perhaps, greater than both.

It is, unquestionably, the case that there are thousands upon thousands of people who deplore the extreme tenuity of their forms; but whilst this is certain, we have often remarked, that even the absolutely thin enjoy, on the whole, a larger amount of health than the absolutely fat. This may be accounted for from the fact of their being more capable of taking exercise suitable for the maintenance of all the corporal functions in a due state of balance, although this may not have much to do with their not increasing in adipose. Why many people will not take on flesh is because of a natural predisposition to leanness, which, we believe, is the only true explanation that can be given for their continuing, almost under any circumstances, in such a condition. Gormandizing, and even drinking strong potations to excess, do not enlarge the dimensions of such people, provided their lives are passed in active exercise. Nor does it matter whether they are omnivorous, or solely carnivorous, or graminivorous. They will still be the same; like Justice Shallow, they will continue the geniuses of famine. Illustrative of the power of a large dietary consumption having no effect in increasing the magnitude of a person, an instance is given by Hallé in the *Mémoires de l'Institut National*, of a young woman, who gradually became attenuated with-

out any particular complaint, or diminution of appetite. At the age of twenty-one, the emaciation commenced, and from that time proceeded progressively. She had no fever, no cough, no sweatings, no edematous (swelling) tumours whatever, and the excretions were natural. She died at the age of twenty-five, having been confined to her bed only fifteen hours, and in these was included her usual period of rest. On dissection, the only peculiarities discovered were the almost total want of fat, and the obliteration, in a great measure, of the lymphatic (watery) system. The lacteals (tubes for the conveyance of chyle) were invisible, and the glands were remarkably small. These, with other appearances, led Hallé to the conclusion that she had been afflicted with an atrophy, or in other words, a consumption of the flesh without any apparent cause, except what resulted from the successive obliteration of the lymphatic system. All thin persons, however, are not afflicted with disease; nay, many of them are in the enjoyment of perfect health, yet they consume largely, and do not get fat.

In the "Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and Art," we find it stated, on medical authority, that sudden emaciation and absorption of adipose, however, the effect of diseased organic structure, or acute disease, does not properly belong to, or characterize that opposite state, or antithesis, to corpulence, known by the term *leanness*, which is always attended by extreme tension and dryness of the cellular membrane, very frequently by weakness in the digestive powers, but not constantly; as we, sometimes, find thin or lean persons eat more in quantity than others. It is not eating alone, however, but digestion that imparts health and strength; yet digestion may be perfect, and assimilation of chyle into blood imperfect; for that the quantity of nourishment does not depend on the quantity of food, is evinced by the most voracious eaters being found among the leanest of mankind. This last clause is corroborative of what we have already observed.

That the lean are exposed as much as the fat to the ridicule of the world, we have had many opportunities of observing, and there are few who have looked into the back volumes of our facetious contemporary *Punch*, who will not recollect the contrast which the long and lank form of Lord Brougham, was wont to present to the capacious bulk of O'Connell, the Catholic Emancipator of Ireland. The Lord would seem to have undergone a process of subtraction from the massiveness which Nature had originally intended to confer upon his structure, whilst the Agitator had multiplied incontinently, and displayed an Atlantean breadth of shoulders similar to those which Milton describes to have been possessed by Beelzebub, and as

— fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies.

In considering such a subject as the Lineaments of Leanness, we naturally recall to mind the many sharp and, occasionally, humorous speeches which Shakespeare has put into the mouths of some of his characters, whilst either noticing or commenting upon them. The very names he has bestowed upon the apparently sapless forms to which his wonderful imagination gave a new creation and embodiment, are redolent of his genius. Shallow, Slender, Feeble, Shadow, and Starveling seem, in themselves, to express, with sufficient comprehensiveness, the physical conditions of the bodies that bore them. They were all lean men; Don Quixotes, so to speak, but woefully wanting in the fire, and mettle of that chivalrous knight-errant. Falstaff with his characteristic humour, calls Shallow a starved Justice, "I do remember him," he says, "at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper, of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; he was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible; he was the very genius of famine." And now is this view's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and there he broke his head for crowding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name, for you might have trussed him and all his apparel into an eelskin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he hand and heels.

The Shallows, however, were by no means confined to the days of Shakespeare, but are to be found in all ages, in all countries, and in every station of life. The benevolent Jonas Hanway belonged to them, and on one occasion was met by a man much intoxicated, and who approached him in so irregular a manner, that it might have been concluded that he had business on both sides of the way. Hanway stopped when he came up to him, to give him his choice; but the man stood as still as his drunkenness would permit, without attempting to pass on either side. "My friend," observed Hanway, "you seem as if you had drunk too much;" to which the man replied with great simplicity, "And you, my friend, seem to have ate too little." A popular divine, also entitled to be classed with Pharaoh's lean kine, was thus unceremoniously accosted by a vulgar

fellow: "I say, clergyman, you have much need to look after your soul." "Why?" asked the clergyman. "Because your body's not worth caring for."

Whatever, however, may be the occasional ridicule to which the over-lean are subjected, it cannot be denied that they, in general, possess in most situations, superior advantages to the over-fat. They can do more for themselves, get through more active work, require less sleep, and are much more free to enter into all the enjoyments of life. It has been demonstrated, however, by Dr. Chossat, in his "Experimental Researches on Inanition," that the obese, if exposed to starvation, will live longer than the lean. We have recently been favoured through the medium of *The Times* newspaper, with several letters upon French vivisections, or, in other words, physiologists who inflict torture upon sentient beings, in order to extend the bounds of surgical science. Chossat, who is, or was a French experimentalist, operated upon pigeons, turtle-doves, and other animals, inhumanly watching the daily effects of starvation upon them, until they were finally relieved from their sufferings by dropping off their legs into the arms of Death. Without particularly relating the painful incidents which marked the progress of these experiments, and evoking the execrations of our readers upon such a barbarous practice, we will content ourselves by stating that the fat lived longer than the thinner animals, inasmuch as they had more to consume or to live upon. As it is with the lower animals, so is it with human nature. When men have, accidentally or otherwise, been thrown into such situations as not to be able to obtain a sufficiency of food and water, it has been found that the fattest live the longest; but we are not aware that their lives, as a whole, in natural circumstances, are prolonged for a greater term of years, than those of the thinner portion of the community. This would, perhaps, form a curious subject of investigation, but as the constitutions which predispose to longevity have been made the subject of scientific observation by Dr. Chossat, it may interest our readers to know what these are, to enable them to define them, themselves, when they see them collected in such individuals as are, in the opinion of this doctor, designed to have a longer lease of life than is usually allotted to the generality of mankind.

"Such subjects" (those predisposed to longevity) "grow slowly and regularly; the head is small relatively to the body; the forehead rough, and covered with wrinkles; the neck neither long, nor thin, nor swelled out; the complexion, in youth, not too florid. They have, also, sound, closely set teeth, which are, sometimes, reproduced in advanced life; a broad and deep chest; round, full shoulders; a flat and contracted belly; strong, torse (i. e. protuberant) extremities covered with stiff hair; a rough skin; and the hair of the head harsh, bristly, and rather blond than black. Early greyness without baldness is, according to Bacon, a mark of longevity. The respiration is easy, full, regular, and scarcely observable; the voice strong; the pulse, slow, strong, and not easily altered in rhythm. The cutaneous secretion must be free, but not profuse; the renal secretion, small; the sleep refreshing; appetite and digestion good; the mind rather inclined to gaiety than seriousness, and not easily disturbed by emotions."

If all these conditions are necessary to the attainment of long life, where are they to be found united in one person? Let us, however, recur to lean people, and give them a recipe to increase their flesh, as remarkable for its simplicity as it would seem to be certain in its effect. When Captain Grant was on his journey to discover the source of the Nile, he entered the country of Rumaniker, an African sovereign, who was himself handsome, tall, and slender, and who rejoiced in the possession of five wives. These ladies were all queens, who, with his female relatives fed upon milk. The consequence of this dietary was that they became fattened to enormous sizes, and when seen in motion their excessive obesity obliged them to be supported on either side by a friend, the flesh of their arms hanging down in a flabby mass like the widest of fashionable sleeves. They were drilled from their infancy to suck at milk; and the milk-jug, even after it had been emptied.

Here, then, is certainly one of the simplest, and, probably, one of the most effective recipes that can be given for rescuing thin people from hungry looks, and as it would seem to be eminently productive of its end in a hot climate, we do not, at present, see why it should not be equally so in a temperate one.

ACCORDING to the celebrated dramatic reviewer Fiorentino, the French railways have exercised a purifying influence on the taste and judgment of the provincial people in France. Any mountebank, who had sufficient impudence, could formerly get up a company of comedians and singers without talent as a Parisian company. The railways have produced a revolution in theatricals; they have rendered the public far more enlightened. This is the real spirit of revolution wanted, and not disagreeable to Government.



[MR. MILDRED DISCOVERS HIS DAUGHTER WITH STAUNTON.]

THE THREE ROSES.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROSES OF GLENFALL.

Maggy.—Her waggish face, that speaks a soul jocose,
Seems 't have been cast i' the mould of fun and
glee;

And on the bridge of her well-arched nose,
Sits laughter-plumed and white-winged jollity.

Janet.—Who does not understand and love her,
With feeling thus o'erfraught?
Though silent as the sky above her,
Like that she kindles thought.

Alice.—Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard—for several virtues
I have liked several women—but she!—oh, she!—
So perfect and so peerless—is created
Of every creature's best!

Shakespeare.

The legend was finished—the clergyman arose—and stood up in the midst of the party, who surveyed the scene of the catastrophe.

"Yes," said Maggy Upham, "here sat the queen—discrowned and desolate—before her, from the mansion across the flood, blazed the lights and pealed the music that celebrated her false lover's gorgeous bridal! Here—even from hence, the despairing death-song waivered above the sounds of dance and song—and here her wild arms were tossed aloft as she took the fatal leap. I should very much like to see the fellow for whom I should break my neck, or my heart either!" she exclaimed, flashing a glance of defiance around upon the gentlemen of the party, as if she felt disposed to avenge upon the whole sex the crime of Zara's betrayer.

Janet stood a little apart—her eyes streaming with tears—her form half-supported by the encircling arm of her tutor.

"This story moves you!" he said.

"Oh, yes!—because it is true. What a picture of love, of wrong, of despair! Struck down from her glorious pride of place!—discrowned—betrayed—forsaken—alone!"

"But Mr. Burleigh has not told us—was no effort made to rescue her?"

"Oh, yes!—a hundred young men, the instant that she leaped, threw off their coats, ran down the hill, and plunged into the flood! In vain!—they risked their lives in vain! She never rose to the surface—she was never seen again!"

"And her betrayer?"

"A shadow fell upon his brow that never left it during the short period of his sojourn in this country. Before winter he took his bride to England, and he never again returned."

"The sun is growing oppressive, let us descend the mountain and return to the house."

The party turned their steps, and after a short and difficult walk through the rocky thicket, they reached the small open glade where they had left their horses. They mounted their steeds, and descended the circuitous path leading to the river. They found boats moored upon that side.

"Let us leave our horses to be led home by the grooms, and cross the river in the boats," said Captain Houghton.

"No, I thank you, sir," replied Margaret; "the river is too high and rough."

"I should not have given you credit for timidity, Margaret," observed Jessie Appleton.

"No, I am not timid! I can ride the wildest, and break the most vicious horse, but I can do nothing with the river, in its roused wrath!"

"Um-m-m," cooed Jessie, in assent.

"It may be my bad taste, but I have an especial objection to a helpless suffocation!" and cheering on her steed, Maggy bounded forward, leading the way.

Her party, upon second thought, followed her. They reached Oak Lodge in time to dress for dinner. Mrs. Redclyffe received them in the dining-room, with her usual courtesy.

At an early hour the visitors retired to their rooms, to dress for the evening.

There were about two hundred guests expected; and as the shades of evening fell, they began to arrive.

The whole front of the hall was one sheet of illumination—the extent of the lawn a grove of carriages. Numerous grooms, coachmen, and other servants and attendants of the visitors, filled up the passages. The great drawing-room was thrown open—a magnificent spectacle! The wall, relieved by large and costly paintings of old artists, as "The Feast of Tabernacles," "The Marriage at Cana," "David Dancing before the Ark of God," "The Prodigal Son's Festival," &c. These pictures were large as life, three on each side of the room, and garlanded with festoons of flowers. The spaces between them were filled up alternately with statues, holding immense wax-candles, and immense vases filled with flowers. The curtains at the windows, the sofa, ottoman, and chair-covers, were all of rich purple damask, fringed with gold. A gallery at the upper end of the room held the band. A chandelier, with a thousand pendant crystals, hanging from the ceiling, poured down a shower of various-coloured light, filling the room with radiance. At the appointed hour of reception, the doors were thrown open, and the band struck up a fine, inspiring strain of music. The drawing-room soon began to fill. It was whispered about that the

"Three Roses of Glenfall" were to be present. Two of them were seated side by side on one of the short sofas. A perfect contrast were those two beauties—Maggy, with her wicked black eyes, her clustering curls, in short, black ringlets around her broad, white brow, with her carnation bloom and finely arched lips, arrayed in a dress of blue satin, and frisking her saucy fan; and Janet, with her soft, dark-blue, tender eyes, and her long, golden ringlets drooping over her fair forehead and peach-blossomed cheeks, dressed in white silk, without a fan—she said that Maggy raised wind enough for them both. Near them stood the queen of the festival—the beauty and the heiress—Alice Redclyffe—receiving her company. She was supported on one side by her mother, on the other by her betrothed husband.

Her form was above the middle height, elegantly proportioned, and arrayed in a black lace robe, over white satin. The effect was singularly beautiful. She wore no ornament, except her own long, black, splendid hair, which fell in massive ringlets, far below her waist. Her forehead was high; her eyebrows black, slender, and arched; her eyelashes black, long, and thick; but her eyes—her dark, glorious eyes—so expressive of every passing emotion. She received her guests with grace and a half-abstracted air—as she raised her long eyelashes, the light slowly returned to her shadowy eyes, as though the spirit was called from a distance.

And her smile, it seemed half-holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more rare
Than our common jestings are.

There was something of reverence in the admiration she inspired. There was something of veneration even in the tone and manner of her dignified and gracious mother, as she addressed her. She did not dance, but when the solemn, half-martial, half dirge-like march of the minuet was played, then, at the earnest request of Captain Houghton, seconded by her mother, she gave him her hand for the stately dance. A suppressed murmur of admiration floated around the room as her queen-like form sailed on in the majestic measure. Captain Houghton also received his share of admiration from the ladies. At the termination of the graceful dance, he, with stately courtesy, conducted his partner back to her seat, bowed, and remained standing by her side.

Alice did not dance again, nor did her partner leave her side that evening, though from time to time his attention was distracted by the musical laughter or the merry looks of Maggy Upham.

Quadrilles followed the minuet, and Maggy bore off the palm in that lively measure:

Her feet beat witchcraft as she led the dance.

Waltzing succeeded, and Janet Mildred excelled in that charming dance. Many people were surprised that Janet waltzed—a young lady carefully reared as she had been by her grandmother—but she was entirely too pure-minded to think of any harm in waltzing.

It was late when the ball broke up. As the night was fine, most of the company returned home, but many remained all night; and for them a sumptuous breakfast was prepared in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Mildred arrived by dinner-time the next day, and remained until late in the evening. They invited the whole party assembled at Oak Lodge to a dinner and ball the next day at the Limes. This invitation was of course, generally accepted, and they returned home, leaving Miss Mildred, her tutor and her companion still at Oak Lodge.

After an unusually early breakfast the next morning, and before the dew was off the grass, they set out for the Limes in the following order—Mrs. and Miss Redclyffe, the Rev. James Burleigh and Captain Houghton occupied the family carriage. Jessie Appleton and Maggie followed on horse-back, and Janet and her teacher slowly brought up the rear. She was a graceful, but not a spirited, equestrian. Her horse was a perfect beauty. It was a thorough-bred Arabian which her father had purchased for her, very small, snow-white, exquisitely shaped, with an elegant head, delicate ears, and proudly arched neck, from which descended a flowing, silvery mane that nearly reached the ground. He was a beautiful creature.

"I observe you never ride with a whip, Janet," remarked the tutor, as he rode by her side.

"A whip! Oh! I am so sorry you said that. A whip for the proud, beautiful creature! when a mere word will stop him, or a cheer send him flying forward. Oh! it would break my heart if he was once degraded by a blow," replied Janet, caressing her favourite soothingly, as if to compensate him for the insinuation. They rode on, Jessie furtively watching them.

"The time is come," she said; and resolved to inform against them that very day.

The party arrived at the Limes about eleven o'clock. They entered the deeply-shaded paths that led by a circuitous route to the green gate of the grounds about the house. All stopped to admire the green lawn and trees, each standing alone, and its heavy, green mass of foliage; then cantered up to the door and dismounted. The occupants of the carriage had arrived some minutes before, and were in their rooms changing their dresses.

Mr. Mildred was on the steps waiting to receive them. He was a stout man, with a countenance expressive of good-humour, but like the lion in repose.

Reader, have you ever, in visiting a menagerie, observed that the fiercest wild-beasts are the most benevolent looking when quiet. See the leopard in repose with his beautifully striped coat, fur muffled paws, soft lips, and gentle, sleepy eyes—he is the very ideal of meekness, love and docility—but rouse him! and there is nothing in the universe more terribly sublime than his fury. It is so with the tiger, the same with the lion, and with all the larger animals. The most fertile and beautiful countries are the most subject to destructive storms. The most awful volcanoes rise from the midst of the most genial landscapes, and the regions most luxuriant with the bounties of Nature are the most frequently visited by earthquakes. The deepest seas are silent and beautiful, almost loving, and smiling in their repose; but when they are heard, navies shudder at their breath! Power in man, beast, earth, air, or water, is not always making a noise. Great power is centripetal. But to return.

Roland Mildred, with his fair face, stood smiling on the steps. Maggie Upham's horse galloped up the hill, she threw herself from the saddle and ran up-stairs, and stood there looking handsome and impudent with her straw hat on one side of her head, and her short curls in bright, black rings on each side of her white forehead, her face glowing with the exercise of the race, and the triumph of victory. Janet, Jessie, and the tutor were at her heels, however, and were dismounting at the very instant that Mr. Mildred, seizing both the hands of Maggie, said:

"Ha! my little Nimrod, is this you? Hearty and saucy as ever, I see!" and then he descended the steps, and his manner changed to the deepest tenderness as he folded Janet to his heart, and whispered:

"My darling, welcome home; your poor father feels so lonely and desolate when you stay away a night, my own darling, welcome home."

"Indeed I will never go away and leave you again, then, papa—that I will not—for home, after all, dear home, is the best place. I get tired of company and grand doings so soon!"

Jessie came up the steps leaning on the arm of the tutor.

"Jessie and Mr. Staunton, you are both welcome back—I am glad to see you."

The whole party retired to change their dress for dinner.

Roland Mildred followed with a crotchet in his head. There was a little vein of romance in his composition;

this sometimes led him to jump at conclusions not always correct. Jessie and Mr. Staunton happened to be conversing in a very confidential strain when they rode up together. When they dismounted, Janet, as has been seen, had run forward to meet her father, and Mr. Staunton had given his arm up the steps to Jessie, and they continued their confidential talk until Roland Mildred turned to them. Now he had noticed this, and imagined there was a love affair existing between the tutor and his companion. He liked this; it suited him—it seemed to him very proper and fitting. "Jessie is a frank, sincere, brave girl, and Staunton a most estimable youth. Poor things, I dare say, now they are looking forward to many, many years of waiting before they think they can marry, they are so destitute. But it shall not be so; I will be their providence. I will set him up in business, and they shall be married as soon as they please; for life is too short to be passed in waiting. But I must see mother first about it. And as the visitors were all in their private apartments, preparing for dinner, having an hour of relaxation from hospitable duties, he went to see his mother in her room up-stairs, and found the old lady deep in the perusal of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." Mrs. Mildred was a tall, thin-waisted old lady, with a long, pale, thin face, with a mild expression. She wore a black silk dress, with a white muslin inside handkerchief folded over her bosom, and a white muslin cap, beneath which her silver hair was parted over her brow. She looked so clean, pure, gentle, and dignified. It was the dignity of age and goodness rather than of pride, or even of wisdom. The old lady was now sixty-five, but she was as full of romance as her granddaughter of sixteen; yet it was the high-toned and elevating chivalry of romance akin to religion. And it is to be presumed that it was from her Roland Mildred derived the romantic alloy in the pure gold of his nature. I have before mentioned the perfect family harmony and unity that existed between the houses of the Limes and Oak Lodge. I will now inform you that the love and confidence between this mother and son were perfect.

"Good morning, dear mother; what have you got there?"

"A very interesting new novel, from the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe, my son. My grand-daughter, Alice, who never forgets me, brought it for me."

"Dear mother, I have found out a nice little romance in real life! Love is always a romance; eh? And when its happy consummation is almost hopeless, it is deeply interesting—is it not?"

"I hope you do not refer to either of my grand-daughters, Alice or Janet, my son?" said the old lady, her mild, blue eyes looking very solemnly over her spectacles.

"Janet! pooh! she is a baby, in love with milk and bread. As for Miss Redclyffe—for my life I never feel familiar enough with my niece to call her Alice—she is enamoured of an archangel in the seventh heaven, perhaps! No, I speak of Jessie and the tutor—they love each other, poor children, and they can never marry unless we help them."

"How help them?" inquired his mother, whom this news did not by any means startle, she having foreseen it. "How can we further the wishes of the poor young lovers?"

"Money makes the mule go!—there is scarcely an enterprise in this world that money will not forward; scarcely an evil in this world that money will not avert; scarcely a good on this earth, that money will not obtain."

"More the pity that we should be the slaves of lucre," said the old lady.

"Yet, God forgive my levity!" said her son, with one of his sudden changes from lightness to solemnity: "May God forgive my levity. There was one evil that money could not avert, cannot cure—the loss of my adored wife! and there is one good—the possession of my darling child!" said the father, with deep emotion.

Ah, Roland Mildred! money did not purchase your treasure, nor can the want of money deprive you of her. But the pride of birth, the pride of rank, the pride of wealth, the insolence of power, the selfishness of love, the vengeance of jealousy, these will banish your angel from you!

"Yes, you wrong your better nature, when you speak so lightly, my dear son. But what do you intend to do?"

"I intend to have an interview with Jessie this very day. I should rather break the subject to her than to Staunton; confound the fellow, there is a dark, dangerous majesty of manner about him that keeps off near approach. Now, Jessie is safe—she is a frank, sincere girl—too sincere, I sometimes think. And if, after all, I should possibly be mistaken in my notions, why, it is safer to betray the mistake to Jessie than to that solemn fellow. There is scarcely, however, a possibility of doubt. And what I mean to do, mother, is to set the young fellow up in any business he may select—that is, if I have your approval and co-operation, my dear mother."

"Certainly, my son, certainly. You have more;

you have my highest approbation; and you shall have my assistance also. Put my name down for a thousand pounds."

"Thank you, mother. Now I must see Jessie before dinner—and I have just time before we meet at table."

And Roland Mildred hurried out of the room. Jessie happened to be seeking him at the very time he went in search of her. They ran against each other in the passage.

"All met by moonlight, fair Titania," I mean, well met by sunlight, lovely Jessie! I was looking for you."

"And I for you, sir," replied Jessie, in a soft, solemn tone, as she rooded from his arms.

"Ah! is it so? Come into my study;" and opening an opposite door, he led her into a small room, and seating her in an arm-chair, took one himself, and leaned his elbow on the little table between them. "Well, lively one, what is it? Come, speak out! Be frank, like your own self;" said he, leaning on his elbow, with his bright blue eyes dancing with glee.

Jessie dropped her head, let drop her long eyelashes, and replied softly:

"Sir, it is a delicate—a very delicate subject—one most painful for me, especially, to enter upon." She paused in feigned embarrassment.

Roland Mildred jumped up, and rubbed his hands for joy and fun. "A delicate subject is it? Then, by the soul of my father, I know all about it!"

"You do, sir!" exclaimed Jessie, raising her long lashes, and fixing her fine eyes on him in surprise.

Jessie, with her keen perception, saw that he was on a false track, and resolved to make his very misapprehension serve her purpose, if possible.

"You do sir? You know this?"

I do—every hope and fear—every doubt and dread—every blush and palpitant. Oh, my dear, I have sailed in those torrid and tempestuous latitudes myself; and though now anchored in the harbour of age, I have not forgotten it."

"You surprise me, sir," said Jessie, not knowing what else to say.

"I do! Oh, ay! to be sure! certainly, exactly, precisely so! You impertinent young people think your elders know nothing of such matters. I dare say now, you think me a stern old fellow—one who would persecute a pair of poor human turtle-doves—a very badle to an amorous sigh—don't you? You would like to consider yourself a persecuted love-heroin, and me a horrible old guardian, or uncle, or father, or something such as we all read of in novels, and such as we hate intensely. I don't choose to play such a part. You shan't have that satisfaction."

Jessie turned extremely pale, as well she might. She thought it unquestionable that he had divined the whole policy of her diabolical machinations, and designed to frustrate them by an unexpected course. She remained perfectly silent, and covered with confusion. A moment's reflection, however, restored her confidence; she put a different interpretation upon the affair. He knew, she thought, of the love of Staunton and Janet, but not of her private designs.

"You see I know all about it. I know it all. He's got black hair, black eyes, black eyebrows—looks like the Black Prince, only much grander! He writes tragedies, plays dirges, paints pictures of the Crucifixion, and makes himself, in various other ways, useless and disagreeable; and all because he loves a nice girl, whom he never hopes to marry!" said Roland, looking waggishly at Jessie, and pinching her cheek.

Now, quick as lightning, Jessie understood that he supposed her to be the object of the tutor's passion, and she determined to use this to reveal, as by accident, rather than to betray by design, the love of Staunton and Janet. She affected to misapprehend him. She replied:

"Then, sir, you know of this?"

"I suspected it long, but I did not know it until this morning."

"Um-m-m," cooed Jessie, "then I am relieved, oh, so greatly relieved. Oh, sir! you cannot imagine what a terrible struggle I have had between my duty to you, and my love for Janet and her lover."

"Janet and—her lover! Who? What?—what do you mean?" exclaimed the enraged father, turning white, starting and trembling. "Who dares to dispute the heart of my daughter with me? Janet! I would not give her to a king! Reply to me—tell me instantly on your life! who is this lover of my daughter, that I may—"

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!" exclaimed the cowardly traitress, turning pale with alarm.

"Speak, I say!" thundered Roland, his face crimson, his veins nearly bursting with fury. "Speak, who is this lover, that I may kill him!"

"Oh, sir!—I beg—I pray—"

"Answer!" roared the squire, grasping her shoulder, and shaking her violently.

"It—it—it is—Mr. Staunton!" gasped Jessie, in the last extremity of terror at the storm she had raised.

"Staunton!" repeated the squire, turning pale, and sinking into his seat with a wondering air. "Staun-

ton! I am losing my reason—that is the only fact of which I am conscious!"

Jessie Appleton took this opportunity of slipping out of the room. She ran wildly up and down the galleries in search of Staunton! gliding swiftly and darting her head hither and thither like a terrified adder. In truth, she had not expected this typhoon of rage in the father; at most, she had calculated on his moderate displeasure, on his dismissal of Staunton from the house; and upon that circumstance, with her own machinations, ending in the elopement of Janet, whose place she wished to fill in her father's home and heart. She had resolved, also, before revealing anything, to bind the simple-minded man over to secrecy as to her agency in the revelation, so that she should not forfeit the friendship of Staunton and Janet, or lose her influence over them; for that was very important, was positively necessary to the success of her schemes. But now no promise of secrecy as to the informer had been obtained—his blind rage precluded the possibility of the thing—and now all was lost, unless she could see Staunton before he should meet him.

CHAPTER VI.

JESSIE APPLETON.

In face an angel, but in soul a cat—Wolcott.

JESSIE, as we have said, fled about the house like a scared cat, as she was, and finally found Staunton reading "The Lady of the Lake" to Janet. She sprang to his side—she seized his elbow.

"Come—come with me into one of the distant arbours. I must—I must have an interview with you immediately. Nay, Janet, stay where you are," and she drew Charles away, who followed her with an amazed air. When they reached the arbour—"All is lost!" she said; "all, all is lost! Oh, Staunton, forgive me!"

"I do not understand you, Miss Appleton."
"Forgive me! forgive me! That deep cunning man—that accomplished old schemer—God forgive me—Mr. Mildred."

"Mildred!—that soul of frankness and simplicity! I do not in the least comprehend you!"

"Mr. Mildred! that adept in falsehood and duplicity, of which I have been made the silly, wretched victim!" exclaimed Jessie, bitterly, wringing her hands with an air of very honest indignation.

"Be so good as to explain yourself, Miss Appleton."

"I will; and do you prepare to hear something atrocious. An hour ago he called me into his study, and with an air the most benevolent and frank in the world, gave me to understand that he knew of your love and approved your suit; nay, asserted in the most positive manner that he knew all about it; nay, as he said, he knew every hope and fear, every sigh, blush, and palpitation,—said that he was no persecutor of young lovers—no tyrannical father—nay, he smiled, chuckled, and rubbed his hands—said that you should not have the satisfaction of making him out such—and finally drew me on to admit that there was a love affair between you and Janet. It seems that all he wanted was the admission from me, for he no sooner got it than he flew into the most frightful fury I ever beheld in my life. He turned white; he shuddered; his eyes started from his head, and he foamed at the mouth. Then, when I implored mercy for you, for her, and for myself, he grew black in the face—his veins swelled—he pounced upon me, and shook the breath nearly out of my body!"

"Shook you, Jessie!" exclaimed the youth, with flashing eyes, springing to his feet.

"For Heaven's sake stop! He is your wife's father, or at least the father of one who will soon be your wife."

This was a deep stroke of art on the part of Jessie. At the electric words "Your wife," the young man grew pale, and reeled with excess of pleasure. "Wife!" What a magic word! Jessie left him to his ecstasy; she would not have said a word to break it, as she valued the reversion of the Limes to herself; only, when he was slowly recovering, she said affectionately:

"Yes, Charles, for you must marry her. Listen, her father, as soon as he can find you, will be brute enough—not to mince the matter—to kick you out of doors! Now, if any false sense of honour prevents you from taking Janet with you, she will perish here in her desolation. I know it. I am in her confidence. I am her bosom friend. She sleeps every night in my arms—her head upon my bosom, this bosom is often wet with her tears as she murmurs in her slumber of you! If, from any false sense of probity, you fail to take her with you—nay, if you listen to her own pleading in behalf of her filial duty, for she is capable of self-immolation, you leave her to a certain death. Believe it! Do not listen a moment to her pleadings of her father and her duty—her duty is to you—you are her master—you know it!—fate and nature have made you such. You must use your authority to save her—you must not leave the premises without taking her with you! I will assist you! I am willing to be sacrificed for my friends,

as I have already suffered violence for them this morning."

She spoke with her eloquent, glorious eyes glowing into his. He mused, not quietly—oh, no. Quick flushes swept his face and left it pale with passion; he did not reply. The temptress continued, with her soft and pleading, or her high, authoritative and inspiring tones:—

"She loves you tenderly; she loves her father, grandmother, friends; but the affection she feels for her father, grandmother, and all her friends put together and multiplied a million-fold, would not equal the love she bears to you! Is this love natural? Is it right? Is it heaven-inspired? You know it is! Does it give you a claim to her? Does it constitute a Divine marriage of itself? You know it does! 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!' Do you think these divine words refer to the church ritual by which hands are united so often without hearts? The law that keeps suns in their centres and planets in their spheres, should govern the souls on earth—attraction. You are her sun and she your planet. What right has the world, with its impertinent conventionalities, or a father, with his tyrannical will, to sever two souls that love? You are her sun—she your planet; desert her, repulse her, and even as a comet or a lost star wanders in the dark and drear immensity of space for ever, so she will be lost in the endless night of death, or madness!"

"Oh, Heaven! speak to me no more, Jessie! I must seek an interview with this man! I must see her father, acknowledge my love for his daughter, and ask her hand. That is the course of honour. That I must do. The rest perhaps afterwards."

The youth was about to leave the arbour, but she artfully laid her hand upon his arm and detained him a moment.

"I know," she said, softly and sadly, "I know what will be my fate if Mr. Mildred knows of my further interference in this matter, and particularly of my interview with you; he will turn me out of doors, and I shall be thrown upon the world for support! But never mind, Charles, never look grave, I do not mind it. I would ask you not to say any thing of this interview, nor to mention my name in it in any way; I should ask you to do that, but that my very soul spurns all concealments! Nay, then, tell him—tell him everything, if it falls in your way—and—" with a look of martyrdom—"he must do his worst!"

"I certainly shall not betray your confidence, my dearest Jessie. There is no necessity of mentioning your name, and I shall not."

"Yes, do! I wronged my own soul and yours when I hinted at a concealment; for my own part, I shall make no secret of the part I take in your affairs, except in what is positively necessary for your safety. I should scorn—here her fine eyes flashed and her lip curled—"I should scorn concealment upon my own account!"

"You are a noble girl, Jessie—proud, courageous, frank, sincere—but not discreet, not prudent."

"Prudence is a questionable virtue; it is incompatible, oftentimes, with truth, courage, faith, love—everything that is highest and holiest—everything that is loveliest and beautiful! I observe that bad people have vastly more of that worldly commodity than good people. I wonder how it ever came to be enrolled among the virtues; it is some careless haste in the packing up and labelling!" said Jessie laughing.

The peal of the dinner-bell startled them both.

"Go on," said Jessie, "I have to gather a bouquet for Alice. I promised her one after dinner."

"Let me do it."

"Thank you—do so, if you please, and I will go on," said Jessie, who did not wish to be seen entering the dining-room in his company.

Jessie came sauntering easily towards the house. She was met in the passage by Roland Mildred, who, drawing her arm within his own, said:

"I must apologize for my rudeness to you this morning, Jessie Appleton. I do hope that you will forgive the violence of an over-wrought temper, a madness that made the victim miss the best object of his indignation, to let it fall upon the innocent—but never mind, there is time enough!" and his eyes glowed, flashed, and sparkled. "I will not terrify my company, before they go. Curses on this unlucky dinner and ball that delays my anger!"

Jessie pressed his hand, looked gently in his eyes, and spoke lovingly to him.

"I was so sorry; dear me, how I have reasoned with Staunton about it. I told him that his wooing your daughter was a breach of faith—that it was—"

"Don't say another word about him, or I shall make a disturbance here!" he growled, in horrible low thunder.

He led her into the dining-room and placed her at table, where the rest of the company were already assembled. Janet was there, looking pale and anxious, yet uncertain and mystified, as if she felt the storm in the air, but could not see from what point the cloud arose.

Staunton was the last to enter; placing the bouquet in a flower-stand until it might be wanted, he took his accustomed seat. Roland Mildred greeted him with an excess of courtesy, amounting to insult. Staunton, as the tutor, gave precedence to all the gentlemen on that side, and sat on the last seat of the row, and nearest that of the host, who presided at the feast.

"I have been seeking you, sir," he said.

"I am at your command," replied Staunton.

"I am advised of the honour you intend me."

Staunton bowed with grave and stately courtesy in reply, and Roland, somewhat mollified by his manner, or recollecting himself, returned the bow, and gave his attention to other things. Staunton sat there, but he could not eat; a mouthful would have choked him. He sat there, and handled his knife and fork, to avoid exciting inquiry. Janet was opposite to him. As the daughter of their host, she had given precedence to all the ladies of the party, and taken the lowest seat on her side, and saw the by-play between her father and her lover—she saw that he ate nothing—and with all her efforts to restrain them, the tears would rise to her eyes. She wiped them away fast as they flowed, but they would fill again. Her father looked at her sternly several times; this had the contrary effect from that intended—Janet sobbed outright.

"Leave the table, Janet," said her father, with a severe frown, but in a low tone, greatly fearing that her agitation would draw attention, and creating a scene. Janet, trembling, arose and left the table. Staunton arose, with a fierce but steady gaze into the eyes of her father, and followed her.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Mildred.

"Nothing, nothing, but that Janet has turned a little giddy," said her father; and then to himself he said: "Very well, young man, you are 'piling up wrath against a day of wrath.' Go on, you will scarcely clope with my daughter while we are at dinner."

In the meantime, Staunton followed Janet. He drew her arm within his own, and led her down the steps, and out through the shade of the grand old oaks, and through a side gate that led into the deepest shades of the forest. They passed the gate, entered the narrow path, and pursued it until it brought them to a clear spring bubbling from a cleft in a rock: he seated her there on the fallen trunk of a tree, and passing one arm around her waist, pressed her fondly to his bosom, kissed her lips, looked down lovingly in her face, and said:

"What is the matter, dearest Janet?"

"I don't know, indeed I don't. I know my heart is broken, but I don't know how it was broken, nor who did it. I feel that some woe has come, but I do not know what it is, nor whence it came." And with a suffocating sob, she dropped her fair head upon his breast, clinging there as if for relief and protection, while she wept. He drew her closer to his bosom, he caressed and sought to soothe her, he stroked her fair ringlets from her brow, and pressed his lips there. At last she wept herself quiet, and gently disengaging herself from his embrace, she sat up. Both were silent, both gazing with a vague, sad gaze upon the ground.

It was strange that, with all this, the word "love" had never passed the lips of either. Soon, taking her hand, he said:

"Dearest Janet, I am going away."

She looked at him, intently, scrutinizingly, as though she had not comprehended his words.

"I am going away, Janet!"

She looked amazed—slowly turned very pale, and seemed fainting. He caught her—supported her; then she inquired faintly but anxiously:

"What—what did you say—about—about going away?"

"My own love, I am going."

"You—you—going?" No, no! that cannot be! You!—why should you wish to go? Oh, no; do not go!" she said, with a sickly attempt to smile.

"My own sweet angel, I must go!"

"Must!—why 'must'?" Oh, you will not go, Charles! You will not go, when you know—if you knew—" She burst into tears, and sobbed convulsively; and then, through her broken sobs, she said: "Listen, Charles! When we separate at night, I leave you with sadness, to think that for six or eight hours I shall not see you again, and I pray for a sound sleep that the time may be lost to me that separates us. I never felt so about my father or my grandmother, though I love them. When I wake in the morning, the first thing I think of is, that I shall see you in a few minutes, and that we have a long, long day before us to spend together. Towards evening, my heart begins to sink, for I feel the hour of separation drawing near; I feel it before it comes, just as we feel the dampness of a rain-cloud before the shower comes on. This is all mystery to me—perhaps I am wrong to tell you—but I feel as if I could tell you anything in my heart—and if I tell you anything that is wrong, tell me so; I will not be angry. I could not be angry with you—if I am wrong, reprove me—I shall not resent it; if I would not resent it, for I know that you care for me."

There was so much simplicity, meekness, and sadness in her manner, so much appealing earnestness in her upturned eyes, he fell at her feet, seized her hands, covered them with kisses, and bathed them with tears.

"Care for you, Janet! I love you more than my life! Love you! to save you one pang, I would give you my life."

"And I—to save you a day's misery, would suffer much."

"I will do more for thee. I will do for thee what millions of our brothers do for sisters every hour. I will enter a life of hopeless and endless toil for thee, Janet. I will labour for thee night and day, and thou shalt not feel fatigue or know any privation."

"Not so, not so! It shall be I who will work for you. I will be your servant—your slave. Every pain endured for a beloved and loving one is no longer a pain, but an exquisite pleasure—the deepest, strongest joy known in life!" And she fell again upon his bosom. He pressed her in silence there a moment, and then a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder and shook him violently. Janet screamed and fainted. Staunton shook off the hand, raised Janet in his arms, sprang up and confronted Roland Mildred.

His self-government was wonderful. Only the excessive paleness of his face and the slight tremor of his frame betrayed the hidden rage that shook him.

"Put down my daughter, sir," he commanded, in a deep, stern voice. But Staunton stooped, and dipping water with his hand from the bubbling spring, bathed her face.

"Death, sir, do you hear me? Put down my daughter," he exclaimed, his fingers working involuntarily, as though with difficulty he kept his hands off the young man.

Staunton continued to bathe the face of Janet, who now showed signs of recovery.

"Sir, will you do as I tell you?" exclaimed Roland, losing all self-command, and running upon Staunton, who, seizing his wrist with one hand, held him at bay while he said:

"I am about to bear her to the house, place her in the care of the ladies, and then, sir, I shall wait upon you in your study, if you will give me an interview."

"Go on then, sir! I too am anxious—ha! ha!—for that interview."

Staunton carried his fair burden on, closely followed by her father. She recovered in his arms, and as she lay there she would open her gentle eyes and look at him so lovingly, then close them again in fear.

They reached the house, and entered through a side door. Jessie Appleton was in the way. It was her arms that received Janet from those of Staunton.

"Be tender with her, dear Jessie, be tender with her," whispered Staunton, and turning, he bowed to Mr. Mildred, to signify his readiness to accompany him to his study.

"Come on, sir!" exclaimed that gentleman, in a tone as though he said "Be hanged, sir!"

Staunton followed him into his study; they were seated.

"Mr. Mildred, I love your daughter."

"You do, sir?"

"I wish to marry her."

"Listen to the fellow's impudence! To say this to my very face! I never dreamed that he would dare do this. I thought he wished to run away with her. Well, let's hear that over again," thought he, but he said, "You wish to what?"

"I wish to marry Janet Mildred, sir; and I ask your permission to pay my addresses to her."

"Good, I like that!—that's cool and above board! Hem-m! well, what fortune are you prepared to settle upon Miss Mildred, sir?"

"A sound body and sound mind, a heart that loves her, hands that will labour for her."

"Very good!—my daughter, the heiress of the Limes, is to leave her luxurious home, her father's protection, for what, sir? if it please you to tell?"

"For the humble home of a poor and struggling man, for a life of industry, of frugality, for a husband's devoted love," said the young man, with much dignity; "and she will be happier so, for she loves me."

"Sir, she loves you not! It is a lie, and you are a—"

Here, losing all self-control, all sense of decency and propriety, the incensed father broke out into the most violent and shameful torrent of invective and abuse, and concluded by exclaiming:

"Get out of my house, sir, or by all that's holy I will kick you out!"

Livid with the rage suppressed for Janet's sake, the young man left the study, and soon after the house. Roland Mildred sank down into his chair, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, his heart throbbing as if it would choke him. This loss, this utter loss, of self-command had been what he had tried to guard against all day; this was the reason why he had not followed Staunton immediately when he arose and went after Janet from the dinner-table. In his first interview with Jessie Appleton, the surprise, and the violence of his feelings had thrown him off his guard, and he had

given way to the frenzy of anger. When that was past, though still in a rage, he resolved to guard against its breaking out into fury and alarming his guests, for, as I said, he had all the instincts of a gentleman; but the open, upright frankness, which he called the "cool impudence" of Staunton, had driven him mad. Now he sat with his light hair sticking stragglingly out in every direction, with his blue eyes contracted, his red face streaming with perspiration, his fat knees apart, and holding a large straw hat with both hands, as he fanned himself. After a little while he rang the bell. A servant answered it.

"Send Miss Appleton to me, say that I beg the favour of her presence for a few minutes in the study." The servant left the room. An instant after Jessie glided in.

"Sit down, my dear Jessie. I have sent the young rascal about his business."

"Alas, sir, friendly as I feel towards him," said Jessie, putting her handkerchief to her face, "I must admit that his expulsion was well deserved."

"It was! The insolent fellow had the impudence to ask my permission to marry my daughter. Now, that was a great deal more assuming and presuming than if he had tried to elope with her," said Roland Mildred, wiping his face and furiously fanning himself.

"Ah, talking of elopements, where is that poor little angel—I mean that wicked little daughter of mine!"

"I carried her to my room, because it was nearest; she is lying on my bed."

"Ah! go and lock the door, and always keep the key yourself—she shall be in your charge. When she wishes to come out, do not leave her side a moment!"

Now, at first thought, Jessie did not like thus being constituted Janet's jailer; but a moment's reflection taught her that this was the very way in which she would be best able to assist the intercourse of the lovers and forward her own plans. She curtsied and withdrew to obey the command. She went to her room and found Janet still lying on the bed, with her hands pressed over her face, and the tears stealing through her fingers. Jessie stooped over her, kissed her tenderly, and whispered:

"Janet dear, your father—your stern, harsh father—has commanded me to lock you in. Have faith in me, have faith in me, dear child; and by seeming your jailer, I shall be your friend and assistant. You shall see your lover to-night," and the girl locked the door and returned to the study.

"Ah! very well—very well, indeed!" said Mr. Mildred, when he saw the key. "Now, Jessie Appleton is the young villain gone?"

"I heard a servant say that he had taken his departure, and that he had left directions to have his baggage forwarded."

"Very well, it shall be done."

"Sir?"

"You are a very pretty girl—give me a kiss."

"I am a very plain, poor girl, sir, with no dower but my discretion."

"And a very good dower, too. I promise you shall have a better one."

"Sir, have you any further commands for me?"

"No—yes—no—that is to say, I have a question to ask. Has this disagreeable affair got wind among the visitors yet?"

"Not at all. Mrs. and Miss Redclyffe are in their chambers, in a remote part of the house, and Captain Houghton is out shooting with Margaret Upham, and Mr. Burleigh is out on duty."

"Be off with you, you little prude; you only stay here to worry me."

Jessie curtsied, and glided from the room with a singular smile on her lips.

Jessie met the clergyman as he returned, "Good evening," she said, and hastened to take his stick and hat to put them aside. "I cannot think where Maggy can be," said she, leaning over the balustrade, and pretending to be looking eagerly out; then seated herself near Mr. Burleigh, and said, in her insinuating voice: "What a charming girl your niece is; such a remarkable style of beauty too. Does she resemble her mother?" and Jessie fixed her eyes on him.

Mr. Burleigh grew pale and trembled.

"Oh!" said Jessie, with a look of deep repentance, "perhaps you loved her mother very much, and grieved very much over her death, and I have opened the long-closed wound. I am deeply grieved."

Mr. Burleigh arose, tottered, grasped the chair, and sank back into it. Jessie ran for a glass of water, gave it to him with the softest words of sympathy and condolence, with her eyes fixed maliciously upon his, said:

"I have your secret; you are henceforth my slave. You have unbounded power over your parishioners, especially of the Limes and of Oak Lodge: You shall use it as I direct." And having driven in this stake, she went to her room, and in a disguised hand wrote the following short note to Charles Staunton:

"Your loved one is in the last, the very last extremity. She lies like a flower beaten down by the storm; nothing but your presence will revive her—

nothing but your presence this evening will give her strength to bear the few days' separation that must intervene between this and your marriage. Be, at ten this evening, at the place of which we talked together this morning, and I will conduct you to her. In haste and in peril,

"You know Who."

It will be observed that, in this cautious note, there was neither name, date, locality, nor any sufficiently distinct allusion to betray her, even if, as a remote possibility, it should fall into other hands than those intended to receive it. Besides, the hand was an imitation of that of another member of the family. While Jessie sealed this letter she looked at Janet, but she was lying on the bed very quiet, with her face half-buried in the pillow, apparently, perhaps really, unconscious of the presence of any one else in the apartment.

Jessie glided from the room down-stairs, and slipped the letter in the post-bag just as it was about to be carried off. "So far, so good! me must think it necessary to carry Janet off to save her life! As for Janet, she must be made to believe it essential to his existence, to allow herself to be carried off by him." And Jessie returned to her room, where she still lay. She went to the side of the bed—stooped over her, laid her hand gently on the throbbing brow, drew aside the golden ringlets that clung to her temples, kissed her tenderly, and murmured:

"Look up, my love; look up, and tell me how you are."

Janet's white arms were raised from the bed and drew Jessie's head down to hers in silence. Jessie sat upon the side of the bed, nestled to her, raised her and laid her fair head upon her bosom, stroking her golden ringlets, kissing her, and comforting her all the while.

"Jessie! what passed between—between father and—"

"My dear love, it is best you should not know," said the artful girl, with a look of solemn meaning.

This of course terrified the poor child, and stimulated her to fresh and urgent inquiry—as it was intended to do.

"Oh, tell me! tell me, dearest Jessie!"

"My darling, it would only make you more miserable, do not ask me!"

Jessie turned sick with fear, and would have fainted but for the mental stimulus of keen anxiety.

"This dread is worse than certainty—tell me!" faltered the white and trembling girl.

"Well, then, dear, if you must have it, I will tell you. I happened to be in the passage leading to the study—he—your father I mean, talked loud, and I could not help hearing him. Charles, like an honourable man as he is, did not seek to conceal anything; he avowed his love for you; admitted that he had nothing but a cottage and a life of industry and frugality to share with you, and—"

"And oh! if father were willing, it would be such a heaven to share that poverty! Oh, it would be joy to work for Charles," said Janet, clasping her little white hands in a sort of ecstasy.

"The inconceivable little idiot!" thought Jessie to herself.

"Well, well! what said father?"

"He! he broke out into a fury! he heaped every sort of blasphemous abuse upon Staunton."

"Oh!" gasped Janet, with clasped hands and pallid brow, "and Staunton?"

"Was mute before him. Any other man but your father must have quailed before the roused wrath of your lover. But could he lay hands on your father? Staunton was pale with the passion he controlled. He bore the taunts, insults, the aggravating epithets heaped upon his head, oh! with the meekness of the lamb for your sake!"

She spoke with so much eloquence, tones, and gesture, that had as she was, she must have in a degree felt what she uttered. Janet had been white with terror at the commencement of the description—the tears that had been frozen at their fountain now melted and ran down her cheeks—but the lightning flashed through the shower as she said:

"That contumely should be heaped upon his head! My noble, my high-souled friend, and by my father! But I—even I will compensate him! I, the heiress of the Limes; to whom every one bows with such profound deference; I before whose footsteps every one turns aside to make way; I, the only daughter of the haughty Mildreds, will show him so much deference, so much meekness, so much submission, that if contempt approach, it shall not touch my husband. He shall feel that however others, in their blindness, my mistake and condemn him, he is my support and com-seller still!"

"But when do you expect to see him again, since he has left the Limes?" said Jessie, breaking in upon the maiden's enthusiasm. "What opportunity do you expect to find for all this compensation, my dearest Janet?"

"True, true! Who will console him in his sorrow?"

"You will. You spoke just now from your prophetic heart. It will be as you have dreamed and as you

have said, but you must have faith and courage. Listen! he loves you more than life—to lose you would paralyze all his energies, render him imbecile—he would probably break his heart, or commit suicide." Janet again grew very pale. "Might lose his reason and be sent to the lunatic asylum, or worst and most probable of all—"

"Well? Well?" gasped Janet, clasping her hands.

"Well? Well?"

"Might, and would, most likely, take to drink, through disappointment and despair become a sot like John Vale—think of such degradation!"

"Horrible! anything but that. Death would be preferable!"

"It is so often the case—now poor miserable John Vale was once a lawyer of great talent and eloquence; it was said that he would certainly have risen to the very highest rank in his profession, but he loved a lady who slighted his love, took to drink, and now, at thirty-five years old, he is a sot, the scorn of the lowest and vilest—he whose talents opened for him the road to the highest distinction."

"Oh, all-merciful Father! not that fate for Staunton! Come degradation—come contempt to me rather!"

"Listen again! He will be here this evening. I will admit him when the company are dancing. He will ask you to fly with him—do not refuse."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! my poor father!"

"He trampled the honour of your lover under his feet!"

Janet's eyes flashed through their tears. Then Jessie said calmly:

"Nonsense! Fathers make a great fuss beforehand, but afterwards they become agreeable enough. Your father would never consent to your marriage, but once married, he will readily forgive you—how can he help it? What good will it do him to retain his wicked anger? for do you not see, that though his anger might prevent your getting married, and is so far useful, yet, once married, his persistence in anger cannot unmarry you, and is therefore useless. He will be too wise to persevere in what is useless as well as wrong. Besides, he cannot help it. You are his only child. He loves you, and cannot live without you!"

"Ah! what an ungrateful child I should be to leave him, then, my poor, fond father—my good father!"

"He called Staunton a—, and an—, and a—"

"Oh! for goodness' sake, hush! You make me angry!"

"I was about to say that your father, as he cannot do without you, will, when you are once married, receive you again. He loves and will continue to love you. He will forgive Staunton, and honour him for your sake—and do you not perceive that that will even neutralize the disgrace of the abuse he has received—for that which would tarnish the honour of a man coming from another man, would lose power coming from his father-in-law. It is no dishonour to bear indignity from one's father, you know!"

"No, it is not!"

"Come, darling, cheer up—your fate looks smiling enough. I will venture to predict that in one week from this time, Mrs. Staunton will receive the congratulations of her friends in her father's house!"

"May Heaven grant it," thought the blushing maiden.

"Your father will push the fortunes of his son-in-law, and he, with a good field opened for his talents, will rise to distinction."

"May the Lord in Heaven grant it!" now fervently spoke Janet.

"If your father knew what an interest I take in your innocent love, and what assistance I render you, he would never forgive me, however he might you. I have no claim upon him—he has no pardoning love for me. He would turn me out of doors, and I should be cast helpless on the world."

"He shall never—never know it from me, dearest, best Jessie!"

"Oh! my dear love, do not so cruelly mistake me—do not imagine that I have any concealments—I despise concealments, except in extreme cases, like the present. No, no, Janet!—tell him, if you like! I do not care if he does cast me forth!"

"Oh, brave Jessie! do not be rash. I am younger than you, and yet I find it necessary to warn you not to be so defiantly frank. It is worse than useless to beard my father with such an uncalculated candour. As for me, I would not for the world hint at your generous participation in this—that brings you no good, while it exposes you to such risk!"

Jessie smiled; her end was achieved; secrecy was pledged from Janet, as it had been from Staunton, without her seeming to care that it should be so.

"Now, love," she said, kissing her, "you are not able to go down into the ball-room to-night; you must remain here; I will send you some tea and toast," so saying she left the room. On the landing she met Mr. Mildred.

"How is my little unfortunate?"

"Oh! more cheerful, sir!—far more cheerful, but

not able, I think, to bear the excitement of the ball-room."

"We must make excuses for her, and try to let her absence be as little observed as possible. Fortunately, my good mother has retired to bed, without having inquired for her—imagining her, I suppose, to be in the chamber of her aunt."

"Um-m-m," cooed Jesse, "that is well! It would be such a pity that the dear old lady should be disturbed."

"Jessie!"

"Sir!"

"On my soul, Jessie, you have got the sweetest, softest voice in the world. It—it's perfect music!" He caught both her hands. She raised her large dark eyes. "And your eyes! there, go, or I shall make a jackass of myself!" and whirling her away from him, he waddled off.

"Why, what a disgusting old soul! I do hope he has not taken into his head to fancy me for a wife; that would horribly defeat my purpose," said Jessie, looking back after him, with a mixture of perplexity and contempt. Then she ran down-stairs, and encountered Captain Houghton and Maggy Upham, just as they returned from their sporting expedition.

"You are late—much of the expected company have arrived, and are in their rooms changing their dresses."

"Yes, I know it, and there are more coming. I have had to run the gauntlet, in a manner, between rows of carriages; but never mind, Captain Houghton was at my side," and Maggy let fly a bright glance at the gentleman named.

(To be continued.)

UNLOVED!

I KNOW he loves me not; and drearier far Than night unbeckoned by a single star, Or midnight darkness on a stormy sea, Is this sad conscious-ness that comes to me.

Find me a cave beneath some rocky steep, 'Gainst which the fitful waves may roar and leap; Strongly entrenched—with Nature, wild and rude, The sole disturber of my solitude.

There would I rest until my heart should grow Familiar with its heritage of woe; Ne'er should it tell how sorely it had bled, Nor say from whence the blow that struck it dead.

Unloved!—unloved!—how carelessly we speak The words that blanch the crimson from the cheek; While the lips quiver, and the pulses start, They brand the letters on the throbbing heart.

Oh! Fate, how cruel!—and oh! Fate, how kind! To raise the veil from eyes that were so blind. What heart would not life's best allurements spurn, If faithful love ne'er met with a return?

J. P.

OVER-WORKED MILLINERS.

THERE are many persons who say, that the fault of over-working these young people lies not so much at the door of their employers as at that of those who require a dress at perhaps two days' notice. Now, this is quite an erroneous impression, as I will endeavour to illustrate. Madame Couturier is going immediately to Paris, but is first desirous of engaging all the assistants that she considers sufficient to supply the demands of her patronesses during the coming season, calculating the work obtained from each to be, say seventeen hours a day. She has been established several years, knows her connexion, and can form a very near idea, from regularly supplying those customers, how many dresses, or bonnets, or mantles each one generally requires during the fashionable season. Madame Couturier will know the number of "drawing-rooms" there are to be, "and Lady Belle usually goes to two," or three, as the case may be. "State balls," *déjeuners*, concerts, operas, *fêtes*, &c., are duly calculated upon, also the young Lady Amelia's trousseau.

Mrs. Thoughtful alights from her carriage, and requires a dress for change of mourning, and also a court dress for the "drawing-room," to take place in ten days' time; in the intervening time, the Countess of Fitz-Speed and two daughters also call to give their similar commands; incidental orders, too, daily come in; and perhaps only twenty-four hours before it is required, Lady Hurry calls to decide upon her "court-train." But then all this was expected by Madame Couturier—it is a matter of course; it occurs as regularly as the season itself, and she ought to have been prepared for it. But she considers she is so, that her young slaves "must sit up later, that's all." She does not, perhaps approve of having "day-workers," as they carry her patterns out of the house, and they become "commou"; or she may perhaps be prevailed upon to admit two, or even three, into her work-room, if she finds that, *even with sitting up all night*, her own number cannot prepare for the "drawing-room." But she would fancy she was going to be ruined, that she would have to dispense with her "bronglam," that the "villa" at St.

John's Wood or elsewhere must be abandoned, that the Misses Coutourier could no longer learn the harp, or appear in such rich embroideries, if her business was so quiet as only to require twelve hours' work per day from each.

Madame Coutourier "could not endure 'the systematic indulgence' of coming into the work-room at eight in the morning, and quitting it at eight in the evening. It is more than those who earn their living, at their needle have a right to expect." But what ought this woman herself to expect in her old age, for her system of slave-driving and oppression? No matter whether Lady Belle gives a fortnight for her requirements, or Lady Hurry twenty-four hours, she knows as well how many, on an average, she ought to employ during the season, for twelve hours a-day, as she does for seventeen. And how many does this same Madame Coutourier represent? I reply, almost without exception, the employers of nearly all the fashionable "West-end houses," as they are technically termed—those milliners and dressmakers who pride themselves upon being "first-class."

Reader! if you have had the experience which I have bought, you will know it is these employers, and not their patronesses, that are to be charged with these atrocities. Do not think, however, that I advocate the cause of Lady Hurry, and those of her school; on the contrary, I repudiate it in the most forcible manner possible, because it is, in the first place, most inconsiderate, and in the second, though we all know that among many hands a court-dress can be made in twelve hours, it is not to be wondered at, if being made up in such haste, it is but indifferently made. Mourning, I admit, is always required speedily, but even this gives room for no excuse, as there are always plenty of young dressmakers requiring daily employment—possessing good recommendations, and whom it would even amount to a charity to employ, as long as the pressure requires it.—*The Englishwoman's Journal*.

THE PEARL CHALLENGE.—Some time ago Mr. Farquharson challenged any one to produce a finer pearl than that in his possession. The time expired on Saturday, and Mr. Farquharson was extremely disappointed to find that no competitor had accepted his challenge. He has now offered to stake another £15—making £20 in all—against any British pearl that may be found superior to the one in his possession, including the "Great Pearl" belonging to the Duke of Athole, and also the pearls in the Scottish crown at Edinburgh Castle. The challenge will be open for six days, on the expiration of which, if there is no competition, Mr. Farquharson intends to retain the pearl for the inspection of her Majesty the Queen on her arrival at Balmoral. The pearl will then be offered for sale. We understand it is valued at about £190.

WINGED THIEVES.—The guillemot feeds its young with herring fry, which it brings to the rock half swallowed, the tails being invariably seen outside the bill. The razor-bill is not so industrious, for he may be observed at any hour dozing on his perch, watching the puffins coming to their burrows with a supply of sand eels; then he sallies out, and buffets the poor Mormon till the fishes are dropped, after which he has but to descend, and pick them up. This mid-air robbery is not always so easily settled; for, as both birds are flying with tremendous force—the one hurrying towards the rock and the other launching from it—the collision occasionally causes their death. A few weeks ago a friend, while cruising past the Craig, observed a puffin and razor-bill strike each other dead by coming into sudden and forcible collision; but his skipper, probably unaware of the razor-bill's predatory habits, assigned as a reason that they had not ported their helms.—*Aileen Craig and its Birds*.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CLYDE.—It has escaped the chroniclers that Lord Clyde was commissioned by her Majesty to proceed to Potsdam with the insignia of the honours bestowed on the Crown Prince of Prussia, previous to his marriage with the daughter of Britain. Before starting on his mission he went to Windsor to receive instructions, and on leaving he was told the orders and badge, &c., would be forwarded in a box to his address in London. The box, with the Windsor seal, duly arrived, and Sir Colin, attended by his then ever-haunting *umbræ*, proceeded direct to Berlin, where he was welcomed with all proper marks of respect. The hour was officially announced for the interview at which the Crown Prince was to receive the representative of the Crown, and Sir Colin, in full uniform, went to the box to take out the badges and insignia given to his charge. The amazement—*we* won't say dismay, for it is not a word suited to the man—of Sir Colin may be imagined when he discovered that he was indeed in the wrong box, and that he had carried so carefully along with him a plum-cake, and some other little tokens of affection sent by the Princess Royal to her betrothed, which had arrived before the Windsor official had packed up the more stately, but perhaps less welcome offerings. In a day or two the box came, and the mission was duly performed.

SURRENDERED.

CHAPTER I.

Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk. *Nora Perry.*

The languid air was heavy with perfume, and throbbing with great waves of delicious music, to which dainty feet went twinkling up and down the floor. For all that, Charley Clitheroe had gone wearily through the Lancers, sometimes bowing wrongly, sometimes too dreamy and abstracted to lead his partner forward until she held out her small gloved hand. And she had promised herself such delight in this set with Charley, for he was acknowledged one of the best dancers, and had such an abundance of small-talk with which to supply all pauses, that Dora Thornton considered him the chief charm of a ball-room. Now she couldn't help wondering what made him so grave and inattentive, and presently she noticed that his eyes went wandering about the lower part of the spacious hall. Her curiosity deepened. Who interested him in that region? Unquestionably the most beautiful woman was Edith Daventry. Tall, gracefully, with a figure a queen might envy; royally, disdainfully beautiful; her crimson cape and soft laces clinging about her like sunset clouds; her fair face just tinted in the cheeks with pink, her drooping eyes apparently charged with some deep, slumberous fire that one almost longed to see break out. Her shining purple-black hair was twisted in great cords and held up by a few diamond-headed pins, nearly the only ornaments she wore; for her breast-knot was flowers instead of jewels, and her white, rounded arms needed no adornment to render their perfect loveliness apparent. Her companion, if not handsome, was at least distinguished-looking, and a man of wealth. It seemed the most natural event in the world to Dora Thornton that Mr. Parnell should eventually marry Miss Daventry. He seemed just such a magnificent wife to do the honours of his mansion, and Miss Daventry was one of those women who flirt and flutter on a grand scale, and finally accept the most advantageous offer. What interest had that for Charley Clitheroe? So she said, more to recall him than anything else:

"Isn't Miss Daventry superb? Did you ever see her look lovelier than at this moment?"

At this particular moment Mr. Parnell bowed to her, and then raised her hand with polite gallantry, almost as if he would have kissed it.

"This way. Why, Charley, I never knew you to make so many mistakes. Has Miss Daventry bewitched you? I shall be glad when she marries Mr. Parnell; we poor girls will stand a better chance; though she's just the sort of a woman to go on flirting after she is married."

They were waltzing now, and she could not see his face; but if she had been watching him closely, she might have noticed a slight sound of huskiness in his voice as he rejoined:

"Do you think it will be a match?"

"Yes; don't you? Public opinion in private circles runs that way, I believe. And, after all Miss Daventry isn't rich, and when she does marry, you may depend on her looking out for a fortune. It's her style. And such women never seem to care very much about love."

He led Dora Thornton to a seat as the last lingering sound of the delicious music died away. But she had no notion of sitting still even for that brief while, and said, with a little girlish entreaty:

"Charley, I want an ice to restore me to solidity."

He offered her his arm, and led her to the refreshment room. On their way they passed Miss Daventry.

"You are withering," Mr. Parnell was saying. "Let me replace them with these fresh ones;" and he held up a most exquisite cluster of white moss roses.

At this juncture a young gentleman stopped Miss Thornton to engage her for a quadrille, and looking away, Charley Clitheroe's eyes met Miss Daventry's. A sentence blazed out of them—"At your peril!"

Hers smiled in haughty triumph, and she allowed Mr. Parnell to unfasten the dying blossoms, still reproachfully sweet. He meant to throw them on the floor, but her hand quietly caught them. Charley Clitheroe did not see this last movement; even if he had, he was too angry to forgive the cause of it. His whole face on fire; a blaze of jealous white-heat sublimed every feature; his eyes darkened with a new, strange power, something fierce and subtle, and his red lip curled with intense scorn. Oh, Edith Daventry, you knew at that moment your power over him was not so complete as you had fancied.

Charley Clitheroe found a couple of ices and a comfortable seat by a window, where the night-breeze came in, heavy with the odour of lilacs and May roses. He was all animation now, but in spite of his pleasantry, his face had a stern, set look, and occasionally he shut his lips in a merciless manner. Dora Thornton's strong point was not penetration, however.

"So you think Miss Daventry will never fall very deeply in love?" he began, returning to the old theme, anxious to hear a woman's thoughts about a woman.

He knew, too, that Dora Thornton was not bitter or satirical, and as she was pretty enough to be pleasing, and wealthy enough to be sought after, envy had not grown very rapidly in a heart sunned by seventeen brief summers. She was a true, earnest little body, beloved by all her friends. Yet there were depths in Edith Daventry's nature that would have dismayed her, and heights from which she would have fallen back, struck with sudden blindness. Still, we all think we can judge and analyze one another from a few outward points, that are often only the butt to the real feeling.

"Yes," she answered, with a certain innocent assurance. "Edith Daventry always makes me think of a proud, beautiful novel heroine, who heartlessly fancies she can satisfy her woman's nature with husks, and marries for wealth or position. Afterwards—"

She paused abruptly, for in Charley Clitheroe's eyes shone a light that terrified her, it was so glittering and absorbent.

"And afterwards?" he said, in a voice curiously chill and prophetic, as if he were glancing into futurity; "what comes then? An old lover, or a new lover? And does the heroine elope, or turn in penitential tears to her husband?"

"What is the matter with you to-night, Charley? You are in the strangest of moods."

"Never mind me; go on with the heroine."

"No, I don't believe Miss Daventry would elope, neither would she turn to her husband for strength. She is so self-centred the whole world of planets could revolve around her. But I shouldn't want to be the man she loved, nor the man she married."

"You believe they will be different persons?"

"Miss Thornton! It's too bad to call you away, but my quadrille is beginning? Have you finished your ice?" a voice exclaimed, interrupting.

Charley Clitheroe released her to the new comer with a graceful bow. Then he leaned his head down on his hand, and was by turns moody, angry and jealous. He was the man Edith Daventry loved, or, at least, said she loved. He thought over all their strange, bewildering acquaintance, the magnetic influence her beauty exercised over him, the thrill of her touch, the intoxication of her voice. How they had come to love, he could never tell. Their meetings had not been very frequent; he had yielded to every demand of hers, and promised not to exact a lover's right in society, but allowed their engagement to be kept in the strictest secrecy. Why had he done it? A year or two must elapse before their marriage, and she had persuaded him into compliance. Was it because one man's admiration did not satisfy her. He had never before accused her of flirting; she always accepted attention in a royal fashion, as if it was her due; her never seeking it had blinded him. What need had she to make the slightest effort, when one glance of her eyes would bring admirers to her side in throngs? But Dora Thornton had uttered the word in all sincerity; and her kindly heart had pitied the man Miss Daventry would love. He knew how great and tender a pity this man needed. He had seen his flowers replaced by others; some day he might see his love replaced. Should he go on and suffer weakly, or turn at bay? Should he tell her he had read her heart, and found it inconsistent, selfish, nay, worse, wickedly false? Did she mean to marry Mr. Parnell? She might tire of waiting for him; Mr. Parnell could take her to his sumptuous home any day. His must of necessity be quiet and simple; with Mr. Parnell she could have all the magnificence of wealth. "When she does marry, you may depend on her looking out for a fortune." Those words of Dora Thornton's kept ringing through his brain.

Again the great tremulous waves of music died away, and the air ceased to quiver with the vibratory throbs. He sauntered into the dancing-hall. Miss Daventry, still calm, still magnificent, was surrounded by a knot of admirers. The rose was on her breast; he could have crushed it to powder beneath his feet.

A few plaintive notes, and then the band struck up Von Weber's beautiful "Last Waltz." She had promised it to him. They had been waltzing this, the night they first learned how sweet a passion love could be. She raised her eyes to him; it made him still more angry to think she acted unconscious of his locality, and yet at the moment she needed him, could turn her eyes directly upon him. The pride in him rose mountains high. With these flowers on her breast, she might dance with whom she liked.

She lingered until almost the last, yet did not again glance in his direction. Then she accepted Mr. Parnell's arm, and they went floating down amid the soft, fleecy whirl of evening dresses, clouds of curls, shimmer of jewels, and the light of radiant eyes. Charley Clitheroe watched them intently. Did it not seem much more probable that she would marry a man in Mr. Parnell's station than a banking clerk? How could he have been so blind? Yet, to do her justice, he remembered that he had never heard her name grandled about as being engaged to this person or that, great a favourite as she had been with society. So she must have distinguished

Mr. Parnell in some manner, or people would not begin to discuss the possibilities of a marriage.

Taking advantage of Mr. Parnell's being called away to attend to his sister, Charley crossed over to Miss Daventry, and said, in a low tone:

"May I have five minutes conversation with you?"

She rose to accompany him into the garden, bordered with blossoming shrubbery. They took several turns in silence, then Miss Daventry, making a little pause, said:

"Well?"

"I suppose love withers like roses," he exclaimed, with a light, stinging laugh. "And yours for me?"

She had given him so much of her heart that she could not bear doubt or questioning; besides, she had always been in the habit of ruling her admirers in a fashion at once entire and royal. She was haughty and self-willed. So she answered, rather proudly:

"I do not know that I have transgressed the terms of our engagement."

It was all the concession she felt humble enough to make.

"Not in the letter, perhaps. I was not to claim you exclusively in society. I believe that was the way the bond ran. I don't know how I came to be fool enough to grant such an absurd request; but this night my eyes have been opened. Either you belong to me, and have no right to win any other man's love, or wear any other man's flowers, or you are free, and this passage between us has been one of the trifles frequently occurring in some women's lives. Which is it?"

His words had been uttered sharply, icily. His face was rigid with determination, and yet Edith Daventry felt that she had rarely liked it better, even when it had been one glow of love and tenderness. But she had never been treated in this unceremonious manner, and every pulse of resistance within her muted.

"You are angry," she rejoined. "Talking the matter over now would be lost labour."

"You shall choose between us this night," he said. "If Mr. Parnell's gold tempts you, go to him. I dare say he will be glad to own such beauty as yours, even if he pays a high price for it. If you desire your freedom, take it. You cannot serve two masters, when I am one of them."

"You are most kind." Her voice was cuttlingly smooth and soft. "I confess the rôle of a slave is a new one to me. If you wish such utter subjection in the woman you marry, I am glad to learn it now, not when the knowledge would come too late for me."

"Very well, then. You prefer your liberty to any regard I can give you, which must necessarily abridge your power. So be it. I pronounce you free from all bonds to me."

For a moment she raised her eyes pleadingly. It would have taken more than that then—some words of contrition, perhaps a tear or two—for Charley Clitheroe had a strata of adamant running through his nature, and was now firmly entrenched in the midst of it. She sue for a man's love? Why, there were a dozen men wild for half the love she had given this sailor. If he could cast her off so lightly, his affection was not what she once had fancied it. So she turned in superb loftiness, and, without another word, gave him her arm to be led back to the ball-room.

The grey light of dawn found them both in lonely rooms, thinking more intently over the scenes of the past evening than either would have cared to acknowledge to the other. What a curious, subtle thing this pride is. Charley Clitheroe felt himself deeply wronged. He had fancied Miss Daventry superior to the rest of the world; he understood now how he had been blinded. When she had begged him to keep their engagement a secret, he thought it because her delicacy might chance to be wounded by too pointed an allusion to it. Now he felt it was because she loved her liberty and the admiration she excited better than she loved him. He didn't care to marry such a woman; his wife must be satisfied with his devotion. Yet he asked himself a hundred times what Miss Daventry had meant by showing him glimpses of such a heart, if she had not intended it to be his for all time. For she was not a finished coquette; she never absolutely triumphed over the adoring crowd.

Since her engagement to Charley Clitheroe, she had allowed no gentleman so much liberty as Mr. Parnell. Mothers and daughters had angled after him a long while, but he had sought her out. Did the prospect really tempt her? Either way, Charley felt she had used him wrongly, and in his anger he said he didn't care; there were as good women left.

Edith Daventry brushed out her shining hair, and felt a little uncomfortable. She fancied then, and had, all along, that she had condescended a trifle in forming this connection. True, she was no heiress; her income had to be managed with strictest economy; but then, it was an undeniable fact, she could marry much richer men, with that peerless beauty of hers. She was not quite ready to give up the world, so she had stipulated for the utmost freedom allowable during the first year of her engagement. Charley had demurred a little at first, but I think he was glad to take her even on

those terms. She had never dreamed of his rebelling utterly; even now she felt assured he would come back to her. Why should they quarrel about a foolish little flower? If he had not looked at her with just such eyes, fairly dared her with a sort of authority very hard for her to brook, she might never have done it. And, after all, there was his sweet, withered blossom—it had been lying closer to her heart than Mr. Parnell's flowers would ever rest. Dear, hasty, exacting, jealous Charley. She would tell him all some time, and then, when he was tender, and half-repentant, half-forgiving, she would open her great oriental eyes wide upon him, and melt him into a most fervent fit of penitence. She didn't care a straw for Mr. Parnell, but his homage pleased her because it made other women envious, and piqued Miss Parnell, who had already selected half a dozen heiresses for her brother.

But Miss Daventry waited vainly for Charley Clitheroe to come. Every evening she glanced at the flowers, at last with an irrepressible sigh. A week passed—a fortnight; she had not even met him by accident. Then she was startled by the announcement that he had gone with an intimate friend, a clerk in the same bank, to Auckland.

CHAPTER II

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.

The fashionables had left Scarborough. They would have been as much mortified at remaining a week too late, as arriving a week too early. The hotels and promenades were thinning.

Miss Parnell was in ill-health, irritable and difficult to please—a faded beauty of five and thirty—and now she chose to stay, for no other reason than that Miss Daventry, her brother's affianced, desisted to go. She had never cordially assented to the engagement; indeed, at first it had met with her bitterest opposition, but when she found her brother resolved to sacrifice her, if need was, before his beautiful betrothed, she changed her system of warfare. She could not rule Miss Daventry, she could not even make her feel that Mr. Parnell had honoured her by his selection, or that her want of fortune was the slightest drawback.

Miss Parnell fluttered in her satin and point lace, yet she could not extinguish Miss Daventry in her simple Indian mall and rubies, for Edith did not wear flowers now. If there was an unquiet ghost in her heart, it never dared to shine through her unfathomable eyes. She was pronounced cold, haughty, impassable, heartless. Six months ago she laughed at these terms. Then she was ardent, hopeful, loving—now a sun illumined the polar solitude of her being; her heart never surged with great tidal swells of longing and responsive emotion. When she learned that her way lay through the desert, she walked on steadily, every step characterized by that strange, unnatural power of calm force. At midsummer Mr. Parnell had proposed to her, and she had accepted him. He had kissed her cold, white forehead, and she had bowed acquiescently. Once or twice their lips had met, but hers were passive. Dora Thornton was right. Mr. Parnell was no more to be envied than Mr. Clitheroe had been. He would suffer just as deeply as far as his capability for pain went, although events might come to him in a different fashion.

The principal attraction of the evening was Frank Wilde, an invalid soldier, who carried his arm in a sling, and hobbled about on a crutch, when he did move at all. His face stirred up an old memory, and, in spite of herself, Edith found her thoughts wandering. And when they all insisted on her singing, she sat down to the piano with an absent air quite unusual for her, moving her slender fingers over the keys in a slow, thoughtful manner.

Edith scarcely knew what she began until she felt her voice thread a tremulous pathway among the pathetic minor notes, and almost falter through the words of a plaintive old ballad.

The last note died away in faltering echoes. Frank Wilde was first to break the silence.

"Where do you suppose I heard that last, Miss Daventry?" he asked.

"Where?" she returned, without raising her head. "Charley Clitheroe sang it the last night we were together. He had just such a sorrowful chord in his voice as you have."

"Is Clitheroe dead?" asked a gentleman.

"Poor Charley; yes."

"His going out to Auckland was such a singular move though, and so sudden," said one of the guests. "It puzzled me a little at the time. I said, 'Charley, what's up—have you been jilted?' He gave a little, cynical sort of a laugh, not like his ordinary frank, musical ring, and said, 'If I'd been fool enough to wear my heart on my sleeve for daws peck at,' I should deserve to be jilted; and then not another word could I get out of him but his determination to go."

"Where is his mother?" asked Miss Parnell.

"Oh, that's the worst of it!" exclaimed Frank. "She had an income from some of her husband's relatives, which Charley always understood was for her life, or he wouldn't have gone away just as he did. Now the executor declares it was only to be paid to her as long as Charley lived, and refuses her another shilling, which, of course, renders her penniless. I received a letter from my cousin, Bella Haydon, a few days ago, in which she stated Mrs. Clitheroe was quite worn out by trouble and grief, and too ill to sit up. I wrote to Bella to visit her, and do everything for her comfort until I came; but she is in the midst of preparations for her marriage, and I'm fearful of her not attending to Mrs. Clitheroe properly. If Charley had only left a wife, now, what a comfort she would be to his mother. Poor fellow! I seem half to blame for his sad death, and must do my best to comfort Mrs. Clitheroe, which isn't much, after all. It makes my heart ache to think of her sick and lonely, for she wasn't the kind of woman to make friends easily, and Charley completely filled her heart when he was alive."

All this Edith listened to with a curious sensation. If Frank Wilde felt in some degree answerable for his friend's death, how much more she? If he was haunted by a vision of the fond mother in an agony of grief, desolation, and perhaps lacking needed care, what must her thoughts be? If he owed Mrs. Clitheroe a duty, had she a right to sit with hands idly folded?

She sang no more that night. Her face might have been a thought paler, but she wore her usual calm, high-bred air. When Mr. Parnell drew her arm through his, to escort her home, a visible shudder passed through her frame, as if she just began to realize how entirely her heart had been Charley Clitheroe's. Once in her room, she began to re-fold and pack her dresses. She put her rubies back in their case and locked it, feeling relieved to have them out of sight. It was the only gift she had accepted from Mr. Parnell. Then she threw herself on the sofa, and gave way to a flood of tender recollections. She did not cry out—her anguish was too deep for any sound. But for her foolish pride and love of power, she might have been Charley Clitheroe's wife.

At breakfast she sent for Mr. Parnell. Her vigil had not impaired her loveliness; the only traces it had left were a softening in the lines about the mouth. She had a long story to tell him, a tale that called painful crimson to her face, and left faltering touches in her voice, but she did not conceal a single event. She was too really noble to avail herself of the slightest subterfuge. When she told him why she should never be able to love him, she asked back her freedom.

Mr. Parnell was eight-and-thirty. His first emotion had been intense admiration for Miss Daventry. To this had succeeded a strange, hungering love. He had felt that there must be a vulnerable point in her heart, and worked, waited, and hoped patiently, determined to gain entrance at last. Fancy his anger and amazement at finding another had been before him, a man who had no wealth or position to recommend him. He was glad his rival lay cold in the grave, and would never be able to taste the sweetness of the passion he had awakened in such a heart. This was why she had put him off with such cool caresses. The Etna fires could never be rekindled for him, but he had it in his power to torture her, to make her suffer, if he could not make her love. The law would give him a right to demand the semblance of affection, at least. He was not a noble man in scarce any respect; so he said now, not trying to repress his exultation:

"Suppose I do not choose to give you up?"

"But you will?" Her tone was imploring.

"No," he returned, "I think I shall not. I confess I should have much preferred your first love, but since that is impossible, I will content myself with what you have to give; trusting to time, and your sense of duty towards a husband, to lead you rightly. No, I cannot release you."

His eyes were pitiless, triumphant. She would not so degrade her womanhood as to sue further, but said, calmly, and in spite of herself, with a touching humility:

"I suppose it is right to abide by my promise, even if it was unwisely given. But, until I am your wife, I have a certain freedom which I shall use. If Mrs. Clitheroe will accept my services through her illness, my time, for the present, shall be wholly devoted to her."

It was useless for Mr. Parnell to storm, to insist that she should remain, or taunt her with the folly of her errand. She knew the only peace of her future life must come through Mrs. Clitheroe's forgiveness, and that she must have at any price. But she shrank in disgust at these revelations of her future husband's character.

She took her journey alone. Calling upon Bella Haydon to inquire the particulars of Mrs. Clitheroe's situation, the bride elect overwhelmed her with thanks.

"I'm so glad you can go and see to her a little, for Frank is in such a dreadful taking about her, and I really haven't a spare moment. I sent her a nurse a few days ago, and have not been there since. It's such

a pity she has no relatives, and then to lose her income in such a manner. How unfortunate some people are!"

An hour later Miss Daventry stood before the neat little double cottage, one-half of which was tenanted by Mrs. Clitheroe. A rather stupid-looking domestic ushered her in. She found the nurse in an untidy dress, deeply engrossed with a book. The air of the sick-room was close, almost stifling with the odour of fever and stale camphor. Edith's first feeling was despair; her second, energy. Her sense of neatness and order directed her immediately, and laying off her bonnet, she approached the bed. Mrs. Clitheroe was in the drowsy stage of fever, too far gone to recognize any one.

She had met Mrs. Clitheroe a few times in society, but she would have recognized the face any where. Charley's broad forehead, with waves of light brown hair; his rather haughty Grecian nose, with its thin, curved nostrils; and the movement of the small mouth, so like the one into which she had kissed her first and only love. It gave her a strange, sweet pain to gaze upon it.

Presently the physician came. He was much pleased with the change in the apartment, and when he learned Edith intended to remain, took it upon himself to discharge the nurse, promising to send one in her place.

At midnight delirium set in. Edith, altogether unused to such scenes, thrilled with terror in every pulse, something deeper, too; anguish so intense, that if the sacrifice of her life could have brought back Charley Clitheroe, she would gladly have died. For, in this mysterious unveiling of secret thoughts, Edith learned that he had confided the bitterness of his disappointment to his mother. Some moments she pleaded in such imploring tones, that it required Edith's strongest self-command to believe it the effect of fever. Then she blamed; she taunted Edith with pride and heartlessness; she pictured her son dying, with no one to care for him, no hand to smooth his brow in the last agony; and then bade Edith come and look upon her work. In the most withering of tones, she would ask her if she was satisfied? If this was not an agreeable picture to hang in the stately mansion of her more favoured lover? She would dare Edith to be happy with her rich husband; and exult in the thought of the terrible phantom that would always follow her.

Until dawn, Edith listened to these agonized ravings, when the invalid's strength seemed to be exhausted, and she sank into a stupor. Unused to anything like this, she felt, in those first moments of thought, as if her self-imposed task was too painful for her to bear. Could she endure any more of such upbraidings? Ah! had she not deserved them all? Did they really add to the keen, distracting torture that never left her breast? No, they wounded her haughty pride, but, beyond that they could not increase her anguish. Perhaps, in his heaven of rest, Charley Clitheroe might understand and accept her expiation.

The days wore on slowly, drearily: hours of stupor and hours of delirium alternating. Edith would have no one in the sick-room beside herself, for she knew well in some moments Mrs. Clitheroe would shrink from thus laying her heart bare before strangers, and she respected the mother's feelings as much as her own. At length the crisis came—passed; there was a slender hope.

Through all, Mrs. Clitheroe had seemed to recognize in Edith a most watchful and attentive nurse. She would allow no one else to minister to her, and now Edith dreaded the moment when memory should assert itself. She purposely kept the apartment darkened, and tried to attract as little attention as possible, but the hour came at last, when, on glancing up, she noticed a shade pass over the pale face, the thin lips draw firmly together, and a sort of icy coldness overspread the features, as Mrs. Clitheroe turned her head on the pillow. Edith sat in silent terror many minutes, but no word was spoken then, or for several days afterwards.

Perhaps it would have been impossible to watch a face and form so lovely as Edith's gliding around in tender quiet, anticipating every wish, and never making the most wearisome cares a trouble, without, in some degree, softening them. So, one day, Mrs. Clitheroe said, in a voice she meant to be cold and calm:

"The doctor has told me how kind you have been, and that, in part, I owe my life to you. I am very thankful"—and then, in spite of her efforts, only a tremulous sound quivered through the room.

Edith buried her face on the pillow. She did not let her sobs have full vent, but choked them down with a strong effort. The silence was intensely painful.

A strange pity for the poor girl came over Mrs. Clitheroe, and she laid her hand on Edith's hair.

"I don't know that you can forgive me," and the proud voice was humble and unsteady; but I am glad to have done even this for you. If I could only give all my life to you, to make up, in part, for what might once have been yours; if you could only see how I have hated myself for the false, cruel words I once said to him, you would pity me a little. Don't send me

away; let me stay with you awhile longer, for his sake."

It would have taken a harder heart than Mrs. Clitheroe's to resist the passionate entreaty of that sweetest of all voices. She was conquered, just as every one else had been; compelled, as it were, to listen and believe against the firmest resolve of her heart. She said, with a low cry, as if the words had been wrested from her—

"Edith, Edith, you might have been my child!"

"Give me the next best and nearest place. We are the only two he loved with his whole heart; for his sake, be merciful to me."

The mother drew the tearful face towards her and kissed it. It could never have been otherwise than proud and beautiful, but penitence and tears seemed to enhance its loveliness, and there came into Mrs. Clitheroe's heart a sensation that had pervaded many others, a strange, intense desire for supreme ownership of this fair woman; and, in that moment, the void of loss and desolation seemed to be filled up.

There were necessarily some painful hours after this. Forgiveness and reconciliation could not bring back the dead. Edith had still her bitter burden of self-reproach, and Mrs. Clitheroe, in her weak state, could not always conceal the feeling of blame that would occasionally rise. But, in the main, they were happy. And when Edith unfolded her plans in her own imperial manner, showing that henceforth her life was to be devoted to the bereaved mother, Mrs. Clitheroe found that she did not wish to refuse her, even if she had the power.

But Mr. Parnell was not so easily managed. Edith would not again ask her freedom, but announced her determination of devoting herself to Mrs. Clitheroe, during the life of the latter. Mr. Parnell raved and stormed; and Edith remained unmoved by his threats. Resolved, at last, to mortify her to the utmost, he abruptly terminated the engagement, announcing to his friends the fact of her having chosen him simply on account of his wealth, and his utter abhorrence of such mercenary views. Had Edith frequented society much now, the report must have stung her cruelly; but in her retired life she scarcely heeded it, too glad to be free at any cost.

CHAPTER III.

Let me see her once again.
Let her bring her proud, dark eyes,
And her petulant, quick replies;
Let her wave her slender hand,
With gesture of command;
And draw back her raven hair,
With the old, imperial air!
Let her be as she was then—
The love-lost lady in all the land.

The short winter day was drawing to a close. The faintly fading sun rays died out of the cheerful apartment where Edith Davenport awaited the return of Mrs. Clitheroe and Frank Wilde from their usual daily drive. A ring at the hall-door startled her, but glancing up, no carriage met her eye, and she turned her face again to the fire. There was a low, confused talking in the hall. Bertine's voice would rise to earnestness, and then fall as if suddenly checked. "Her lover," thought Edith; and then, in spite of herself, a little sigh rose to her heart, and she felt tender towards the good-natured, stolid German, who never dreamed of trifling with her lover.

Then the door opened and shut softly. It had been one of Edith's hardest tasks to teach this girl that doors might be opened and shut without alarming the household. She felt gratified now, and said, kindly, but without moving:

"Never mind the gas, Bertine. I'll light it when I hear Mrs. Clitheroe coming."

The step advanced. It was uncertain and hesitating. She wheeled partly around on her low ottoman, and saw—not Bertine, but a form that sent the warm blood from her face, and made her tremble in every limb.

The figure of a man, tall, wasted, and haggard; a man with sunken cheeks and untrimmed beard, whose eyes seemed the only real thing about him, and they burned with a strange, unnatural lustre; a man in a curious nondescript costume, but certainly not in the wrappings imagination gives the dead. He came nearer, and laid a human hand on Miss Davenport's shoulder. She did not cry or faint, but thrilled to the touch, as she had in happier days.

"Edith," he said, with lingering fondness, "Edith, in my absence you have found your true place by this fireside; the place of all others where I have longed to see you. It is cheaply purchased, even by all I have suffered."

She hid her face on his shoulder with a glad, low cry. For moments there was no sound in the apartment, save, indeed, of heart-beats, and they both felt the true level of their lives had been reached at last; that henceforth pride or jealousies or misunderstandings could find no home with them.

Presently they heard the sound of carriage-wheels, and Edith exclaimed:

"Your mother!"

"I must not take her by surprise, as I did you; she is too weak to bear it. Tell her—anything," and he vanished into the adjoining apartment.

Frank Wilde said his good-bye at the door. Edith hurriedly lit the gas, and assisted Mrs. Clitheroe to take off her wrappings. But her fingers trembled, and her face flushed and paled alternately, until the lady said:

"Edith, child, what is the matter?"

She burst into a flood of happy tears.

"If you were to hear from Charley," she exclaimed, "could you bear it?"

The mother sighed wearily, as she responded:

"If he had been living he would have sent us some word, Edith. Poor child, it is only natural you should hope."

"But I have heard——"

"And seen," said a voice a little deeper, yet not less full of emotion, and Charley Clitheroe was in his mother's arms again.

They kept supper waiting unconsciously, and then scarcely tasted of it. Afterwards came the story they were so anxious for. Twice he had sent word to his mother, but learning, on his arrival in England, that he had been considered dead, hastened home soon as possible. Of his sufferings during those dreary months he said but little; they were sufficiently legible in his face. Yet he did not regret one pang, since it had given him back Edith, loving as she might never have loved in days of perfect prosperity.

After Mrs. Clitheroe had left them there was much yet to say, and Edith said her part bravely. Her perfect truthfulness disarmed all doubt and suspicion; and Charley thought her lovelier in this yielding, penitential mood, than when she had first dazzled him with her pride and power.

Somewhat, as Charley Clitheroe's wife, Edith regained all her old prestige; and she queens it now as regally in the little circle admitted to her favour, as ever she did in the days of her first reign, and Mr. Parnell looks on with an envious eye, piqued to find her so radiant and well satisfied without his gold.

A. M. D.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

"*Grattes le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare*" is a saying which I have heard a diplomatist apply to this country, saying, "Scratch the Yankee and you will find the Red Indian." The tendency of the American face, after several generations, is, in the opinion of this distinguished foreigner, "to assume the elongated shape, the high cheek-bones, the deep-set eyes of the savage who originally lorded it over this continent. The cold-blooded courage, the wiry muscular strength, the impassive look, the unweary power of endurance, are also Indian attributes; nor is there wanting that truculent resolve, that unsparing vindictiveness, that contempt for human life which forbids the Indian to come to terms with an enemy, and which makes the extermination of an adversary a matter of cold calculating policy."

I am amused, as I look about me, tutored by so shrewd an observer, by gazing into the countenance of every man I meet, and indulging those physiognomical speculations to which every man is more or less consciously addicted from earliest childhood. There is certainly something striking about the prevailing American type. That long, lank, fleshless form, that straight hair, that stoop in the shoulders, that colourless face, those by no means bad, yet somewhat harsh features, that high, but flat brow, those pale, thin, compressed lips, that sad, yet shrewd and coldly humorous expression, remind you at every step of that complex, yet distinct original which the great Nova-Scottian stereotyped in Sam Slick.

To give the genuine Yankee a family air throughout the Union, the costume at present in vogue, contributes in no small degree. The fashion has lately sprung up, and it struck me, on my arrival, as an innovation at variance with all my reminiscences of American look. The true Yankee shaves his upper lip, and sometimes the edge of the nether one, allowing the beard to grow stiff and straight on the chin. It is the cut of beard that anyone may observe in the portrait of President Lincoln, and I should not wonder if it is the First Magistrate who sets the fashions in this republican land, as King Charles I. or Henry IV. did in their respective kingdoms, exercising the same spell as the Empress Eugénie did on the skirts of ladies' gowns and on the frizzled front of ladies' coiffures in France. Nay, I shrewdly surmise that the peaked beard, à la Lincoln, is something like a political badge and cognizance in this country; your true Republican, your out-and-out Abolitionist is as sure to strike you by his pantaloon tuft on his chin as the old Puritan made himself known by his closely-cropped head and thick, bushy moustaches.

Without any pretension to enter into a dispute about matters of taste, I may be permitted to say that the present fashion is, to say the least, an odd one, and the

least becoming the American face that could ever have been invented. The dense mass of hair that encumbers the lower face, generally black or very dark, enhances with no pleasing effect the length of the bare upper lip—a feature by no means the most pleasing in the American countenance, as it is apt to be heavy and flat, with the corners of the mouth drawn deeply down towards the chin; seen at a distance, the Capuchin-like beard, contrasting with the blue and white shaven skin, looks like an unreal appendage, a masquerading disguise; and it wears rather absurdly with the high shirt-collar, the long, close-buttoned surcoat, and the broad-brimmed hat, which very generally make up with it the strictly republican garb. These peculiarities of dress strike the stranger as more familiar in New York, Washington, and other cities, where the middle classes constitute the greatest number. Here, in this select circle, true Yankeeism has, indeed, its few representatives; but the men of the upper classes, if aged, affect the thoroughly round, hairless face of the fine old English gentleman; if young, they sport the thin moustache and imperial of the Parisian dandy.

THE Pacha of Egypt has given the order for the manufacture of a pair of gates, similar in size to those presented to the Prince of Wales from Norwich.

MR. POGGON, the Madras astronomer, has discovered a variable star. This is the fourth heavenly body, a knowledge of which we owe to him, the other three being planets, according to the *Madras Daily News*.

THE Melbourne *Victorian* of June 23rd, states that the Chinese residents of the Beechworth district have subscribed £20 to the fund now being raised in that colony for the erection of a statue to the late Daniel O'Connell, Dublin.

A COMBUSTIBLE liquid, said to be the original Greek fire, which only explodes under water, has turned up in Paris. The results are, it is said, of an astonishing nature. So are those by the Kentish fire.

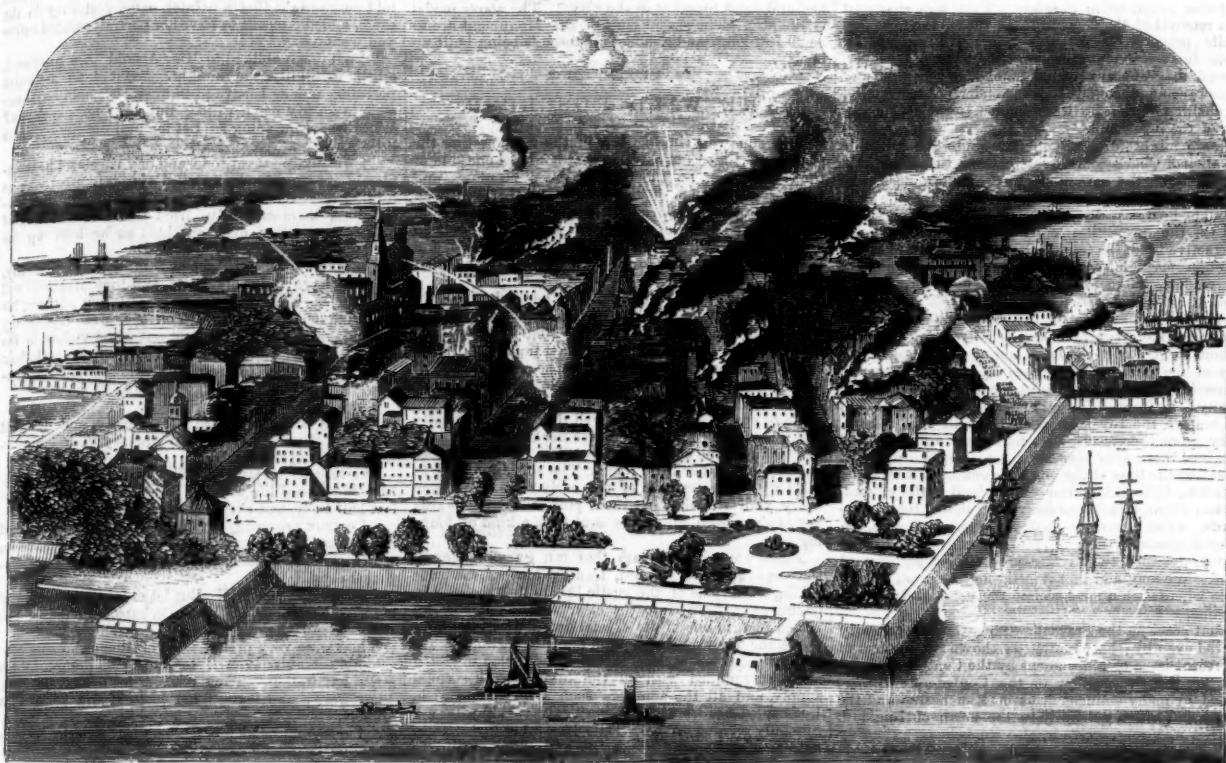
MR. KELMAN, Lettich, Mortlach, on a visit to the Cairngorms the other day, picked up from the bottom of a dry watercourse one of the largest and finest stones that have been found there for a number of years past. It is quite solid, and beautifully transparent, and has been valued at £30 or £40. Its length was about four and a half inches, by a diameter of two and a half inches.—*Elgin Courier*.

THE new garrison church, at Woolwich, commenced in February, 1860, was this week completed, and will shortly be consecrated by the Bishop of London. The edifice has been built on a site near the Royal Artillery Barracks, in the Byzantine style of architecture, from designs by Digby Wyatt Brothers, at a cost of £16,000. Each of the windows is of stained glass. An organ, at a cost of £400, has been provided by the officers of the garrison.

In connection with the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ripon, we have been told of a curious custom, which is, that every night at nine o'clock the watchman of the market blows, in front of the Town Hall, an ancient horn, said to be the gift of King Alfred of Northumberland. It is said that on the blowing of this horn depends the maintenance of the city's charter; and as nine o'clock is the hour fixed for the ceremony, it appears probable that it has a place in the local economy as a substitute for the curfew, which is still rung in some towns of the North and of Ireland at the same hour.

GERMAN and English visitors complain bitterly that Baden-Baden is becoming worse and worse every year, the rendezvous of the *demi-monde* of Paris. These brazen creatures, in their flaunting dresses, are to be met everywhere, and at night they literally occupy the saloon of the Conversations-haus. It is not easy, it is true, to keep them out of the place, since it is their pleasure to come; but assuredly, if they increase in number and impudence, as is more than probable, they will prevent many respectable families from residing there. The authorities of Baden-Baden should see to this; if once the place gets a bad name among families, it will be ruined.

WONDERFUL FISH.—The *Independence Belye*, of August 27, states that at Marchés-les-Dames, a village on the banks of the Meuse, about two leagues from Namur, a lock is being made for the purpose of canalizing that river. In order to lay the foundation, a part of the river had been inclosed, and on emptying it of the water two fish of colossal size were discovered. The first was a salmon weighing 189 lb. (85 kilos), measuring 8 feet 6 inches in length, and 20 inches in diameter. The second was an eel of 43 lb. weight, 3 feet 8 inches in length, and 7½ inches in diameter. The *Independence* adds that M. Maquet, an officer of the works has had a pond made in which to keep the fish alive, and that a great number of persons have been to see them; but it says nothing as to the way in which he contrived to weigh these living monsters of the fresh water.



[BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON.]

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SHOULD Charleston be a doomed city—doomed like Sebastopol, to be shelled and shattered until it is laid in ruins—is there any probability that its fate will either be forgotten or forgiven, by those who may have seen and may survive the catastrophe? Whatever may have been the elements of strength which hold, in a bond of political union, the Northern and Southern states of America, they are, long ago, disintegrated, blown to the winds, and all the darker passions of our nature, such as invest the human form with the characteristics of fiends, it may fairly be presumed, now rankle in the breasts of those who, probably, by this time, have seen their favourite city fall. The “unconquerable will” which has, up to this period, marked the conduct of the men of the South, has been so great, that, even now, notwithstanding the tide of affairs having taken such a disastrous turn against them, we are impressed with the idea that they will not yet succumb to the North. Although almost everything seems to be adverse; although their means are much more limited than those of their foes; although they have neither the force nor the money at command; still they have the courage and, to use a favourite word of the Americans themselves, they have also the “recuperative” power of rising, even after they have fallen, and going at it again with all the ferocity of unmitigated hate stimulated by the desire of revenge. To expect that the Union will ever be restored to its primitive vigour and grandeur, seems to us to expect an impossibility. Subjugation and coercion may, apparently, do much; but the Gordian knot of kindred and affection—if this last sentiment ever had a real existence between the North and the South—has now been cruelly cut. The ensanguined sword of a dreadful war has done in the far West what Alexander did in the far East, and the restoration of things as they were is not likely to be again, at least, for generations to come.

Charleston is the principal city of South Carolina, and was wont to rank fifth in importance in all the United States of North America. It is situated on a point of land between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, which unite just below the city, and form a commodious harbour, protected from the swell of the ocean by Sullivan's Island, about seven miles distant, and by several forts. The principal streets run parallel to each other, from river to river, intersected by others at right angles. It contains upwards of twenty places of religious worship, belonging to different denominations, a city hall, theatre, and several other public buildings. It is the focus of all the commerce of the State, of part of North Carolina and Georgia, and was, formerly, much resorted to by visitors from the Northern States and

the West Indies. The city, however, can hardly be said to be large, its population not being much over thirty thousand. It was settled between 1680-90, by English and French colonists; and during the American war, in 1779, was taken from the Provincials by the British who, however, left it in the following year.

This, then, is the city which, both in America and Europe, is, while we write, exciting so much interest. She is, at present, in the agony of battle, standing at bay, with a fierce and dogged resolution “to do or die,” against one of the most terrible bombardments that has ever taken place in America. A writer in the *Richmond Herald*, of the 18th of August, says:—

“The Yankee has made sure this time, as he firmly believes, of the speedy fall of the proud little stronghold which he so cordially execrates in his mean soul. More and greater guns; longer and longer range; more and more tons of iron hurled from the throats of the hugest artillery—such are the means by which he confidently hopes to ‘hold Sumter on Sunday next’—which was Sunday last—and Charleston a few hours later. It is a great issue between unlimited material force on the one side, and on the other indomitable hearts. The whole policy of the enemy would now seem to be to hurt the defenders as much as possible with their longest-range guns, while they remain as much as possible outside the range of ours. Then the unbounded supply of improved missiles on their side, gives them hopes of wearing out the little garrison and exhausting its ammunition. In this, as in all their other calculations, they are likely to fail. We have shot and shell enough to serve their turn, and we trust to be able, very shortly, to announce that their mammoth armada has crept out again, crippled, to the open sea, and that they are still impotently gnashing their teeth at the sight of the Confederate banner flying over unconquered Sumter. Yet if they take Charleston—what then? Why, then, they will have dearly bought the ruins. They will look with awe on the ruins of that famous town, which they will envy, hate, and dread, even in its ashes; and they will be as far from the conquest of the Confederacy, of South Carolina, or even of Charleston, as they are now.”

The enthusiasm of this Confederate writer, however, has, no doubt, by this time, been somewhat damped, as by all accounts, Fort Sumter was in ruins by the 24th. This fort, which added immensely to the safety of Charleston, is of modern construction, and was built in the form of a truncated pentagon. It was erected upon an artificial island, at the mouth of Charleston harbour, about three miles distant from the city. To construct the island cost half-a-million of dollars, and to construct the fortification cost another half-million.

The walls were of solid brick and concrete masonry, built, without a bema, close to the water's edge. They were sixty feet high, and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, and pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east, and west exterior sides. Its weakest point was on the south side, of which the masonry was not so strong as on the other sides, and was, also, not protected by any flank fire, which might sweep the landing-wharf. The work was designed for an armament of one hundred and forty guns, of various calibres. Two tiers were in casemates, while the upper one was open or *en barbette*. Previous to the attack which has reduced this stronghold, it was in about the same condition as when it was formerly taken by the Confederates. The only alterations which had been made, were in the officers' quarters, which had, several times, been fired during the fight in 1861, and in the magazines. Before the commencement of the present attack there were about five hundred men in the fort; but this force was probably afterwards doubled.

This fort bore the brunt of seven days' bombardment before it was reduced to a shapeless, harmless mass of ruins. Colonel M. Turner, the chief of artillery, in his report to General Gilmore, stated that its destruction was complete, and that it was no longer of any avail in the defence of Charleston. The breaching batteries were located at distances from the fort, varying between 6,330 and 4,245 yards, and after having done their duty, remained as efficient as ever. By the latest accounts, it was believed that there were not over twenty men in the ruins of the fort, and the shells passed entirely through the structure. All the guns which belonged to it are now mounted on Sullivan's Island, and the ruins are held by the guns of Moultrie. Amidst these scenes of devastation, “there are only sufficient men to keep the Confederate flag up, which is shot away every two hours.”

That the fall of Fort Sumter has produced a deep impression upon the minds of the inhabitants of Charleston may easily be conceived; but they do not seem to have expected that General Gilmore would have made use of all the most destructive means in his power, to force them to an unconditional surrender. A despatch, dated off Morris Island, August 24th, says that he had notified to General Beauregard that if he did not surrender the forts, he would shell the city in twenty-four hours, and, at the same time, requested the removal of the women and children. No notice being taken of this threat, General Gilmore commenced to put it into practice, and threw fifteen-inch shells, charged with Greek fire, into the city. General Beauregard then sent a flag of truce, with an urgent protest, denouncing Greek fire as a villainous compound, unworthy to be used by civilized nations, and demanding

more time to remove the women and children. The English, French, and Spanish consuls also denounced the short time given by General Gilmore, and asked for more, in order that the subjects of their respective countries might retire in safety. This was answered by a renewal of the demand to surrender the forts and public property. To this Beauregard replied, by requesting a truce for four hours. Gilmore, however, refused to grant any longer time, or to accept of any terms save an unconditional surrender. Accordingly, the shelling of the city was resumed, to the consternation of the inhabitants.

If we might form an opinion as to the probable salvation of Charleston, we should think that this would not likely be the case under any circumstances save those demanded by General Gilmore. By the last accounts, he was shelling it from a distance of five miles, and as the projectiles employed, are of the most destructive kind, the fate of the principal city of South Carolina may, long before this is in the hands of our readers, be sealed. We hope, however, that as much bloodshed as possible will be spared, and that in the general destruction of the materialities of which cities and their environs are usually composed, the Church of St. James the Less, one of the oldest in this part of the country, will be spared. Our reason for expressing this hope, springs from a sentiment of loyalty. In front of the gallery of this sacred building, we believe the royal arms of England still remain. They were there, certainly, ten years ago, and had remained there ever since the first American war. It is said, at the time of the breaking out of that war, the Royalists, finding the arms of England in the church, refrained from injuring or destroying it, and that, afterwards, when peace was restored, the inhabitants, in grateful remembrance of the preservation of their church, retained the royal arms in their accustomed place. We may add that it is the only church in any State where such a memorial of the colonial days now remains.

That peace on the Transatlantic continent is ardently desired even by this country, is shown in the fact of the recent issue of a document by the Central Association for the Recognition of the Confederate States, signed by many eminent firms of Manchester, and the towns and cities, generally in the north of England. That it may soon arrive is, also we believe, anxiously sighed for by thousands upon thousands of the Americans themselves whose friends are engaged in the direful conflicts which are saturating their soil with the best blood of their country.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.—If we have all suffered a great deal of pain, through the anticipation of evils which never came; we have all probably enjoyed a great deal of pleasure, through the anticipation of pleasant things which were never to be. We have lived a good deal in castles which were never to be built, but in the air. When we tried for something we did not get, you remember well how we used, in vacant hours, to plan out all the mode of life, even to its minute details; enjoying it only the more keenly through the intrusion of the fear that only in this airy fashion should we ever lead that life which we should have enjoyed so much. Of course, it is not expedient to waste in dreaming over noble plans, the precious hours which might have gone far to turn our dreams into serviceable realities.—*On the Forest Hill; With some Thoughts touching Dream-Life.*

The monster balloon is to be inaugurated, as arranged, at Baden-Baden, between the 10th and 15th inst. The price of each ticket for the aeronauts is to be 1,000fr., including board and lodging. There are already thirty-seven names on the list. It is hoped that M. Nadar will make a trial trip in Paris before leaving for Baden. It is but right that a trial should be made before risking the lives of so many people, amongst whom are the following: M. Charles Lafitte, M. Paul Daru, M. Mackenzie Grieves, Baron Finot, the Princes Poniatowski—father and son, the Marquis de Lan L'Allemand, Prince de la Moscowa, M. Bixio, Paul Féval, Alexandre Dumas son, Count de Komar, Baron Nivière, Vicomte Artus Talon, and several others. Surely these people—for there are some amongst them whose names prove they have some common sense in them—will themselves insist on a trial trip, and pay the expense of necks less precious.

NELSON'S LION.—Sir Edwin Landseer has completed his model for the four lions which are to surround the pedestal of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. "The action is the simplest, but grandest; one natural to the animal and right royal, as the action of the lion at the feet of Nelson should be. He is couchant, with his massive arms extended straight before him; his huge head, calm in the consciousness of might, erect, and watchful, but with no anger nor defiance, except that which is inseparable from such strength. The modelling of the head will at once strike every one who sees this noble design. Into this Sir Edwin has thrown all his unequalled power as a master of animal physiognomy, and his rapid pencil

never rendered the subtle curvatures of bony and muscular surface, the delicacies of light and shadow, and the secrets of expression with mere consummate skill on the canvas than they are here given by modelling tool and hand together in the clay." The above model is life-size. The actual lions of the Monument are to be 20 feet long, and a model for these is being built up in clay.

THE WILD ROSEBUSH.

THE sun was sinking low in the west, casting the shadows of the grand old trees that bordered one side of the road far out on the smooth green meadows and waving grain-fields of the other; flaming redly on the windows of the trim little cottages, scattered in the broad expanse of vegetation, like tiny islands on an inland sea, till they shone like burnished gold, and lending a bright glow to the dark bank of clouds that lay stretched above it.

A young girl came slowly down the road, carelessly swinging her bonnet by one string, as if enjoying to the full the quiet beauty of the evening. Pretty Alice Lindsay, it was not often she gained time to loiter, let the way be ever so beautiful; for poor as she was, it was few moments she could ever spare from the dreary toil that was slowly sapping her life by the very efforts made to preserve it. It was well that she occasionally had a long walk to take to revive her drooping frame, and brighten the cheeks that paled so fast in the close confinement of her little room. The soft June air was filled with the perfume of the early roses, that from every yard stretched out their pink clusters towards her as she passed, filling her soul with a kind of long-ing joy.

There was a little stream that ran gurgling across the road, and she stopped, leaning against the rude railing at the side of the rustic bridge that spanned it, gazing as earnestly into the clear water as if she expected that, in one of its crystal drops, dwelt the fairy that some day would transform her into a grand, beautiful princess, or at least a titled lady, clad in silken attire, surrounded with all the luxury wealth could supply, and all the admirers such a one could wish. But her wishes were not so very extravagant after all. She only wanted to be a little like other girls; to be able to dress prettily, to make and receive visits, to have the privilege of being one at their merry little parties, to be free to walk or ride when she chose, to have some one—and yes, this was most of all, to have some one to love, some one to love her, some one to whom she could go for sympathy, advice, or assistance, as she needed. "There is Blanche Arnold," said she, musingly, "she is almost idolized by her parents and stalwart brothers—how different are her lot and mine! all her wants are supplied almost before she knows them herself; and how nice she always dresses. I would like something even half as pretty as these sleeves and berthe will be;" and with a great sigh, she almost dropped the little roll containing the delicate material she was to so elaborately embroider for the favoured Blanche, into the stream below. It broke her reverie, and with a bright smile, half at the sigh, and half at her wayward thoughts, she started on. Wild honeysuckle-bushes, a little while before thickly covered with bright blossoms, but now only retaining, here and there, a few fading ones; and the tall, graceful clusters of the sweet-brier fringed the mossy edge of the brook like the emerald setting of a radiant pearl. Half-hidden under their drooping branches, but where the sun could often smile on it, grew a tiny rosebush, the heavy masses of pale green leaves, thickly sprinkled with bright pink buds, just open enough to show the beauty within. She bent to gather one, but as she noticed the perfect symmetry of the little plant, came the desire to possess it. She had nothing to love; this should stand in her little window and be her only friend, the care of it would be a new and lovely recreation for her, could she only transplant it there; and its beauty and perfume would carry her far away into enchanted regions, where flowers never fade, and summers never end. She carefully loosened the soil around it and tried to pull it up, but its roots had somehow become entangled with those of a rambling sweet-brier, and all her strength would not separate them. She tried to break them off, but only succeeded in twisting them round and round to no purpose, as if the obstinate particles had resolved that nothing should tempt them to leave this pleasant retreat; and she finally ceased her efforts, dubiously wondering what next to do.

Then she beheld standing on the narrow bridge, where she herself had stood but a few minutes before, not the fairy, but a tall young man, dressed in a blouse and straw hat, with light curling hair and blue eyes, carelessly holding a portfolio in the hand which rested lightly on the railing, watching her steadily. Her face crimsoned. He came forward instantly, raising his hat to her as if she had been a duchess.

"Pardon me," said he pleasantly, "if I have alarmed you. I did not intend to. I am a travelling artist in search of beautiful scenery, and stumbling upon this

little town, stopped to see what of the kind it contained," holding out the open portfolio as proof of what he said.

"Yes, I know," said the girl simply. "Miss Arnold told me to-night that a painter came yesterday in the stage, and she meant to have her portrait painted before you went away."

"I am much obliged to Miss Arnold," he answered, a little haughtily, she thought. "But I do not paint portraits, and, as I leave to-morrow, it would be impossible to gratify her if I did. But can I not assist you? What were you doing? Let me pull up the obstinate little plant."

The frank, pleasant tone, and gay words set her completely at ease, and she watched him interestedly as he cautiously severed the tough fibres, one by one, disengaging them carefully from their crooked tangled neighbours. Her eyes sparkled as he held up the pretty bush.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I will have it in my room, and then Mrs. Hill will not dare—!" She stopped abruptly, but noticing his inquiring look, went on. "You see Mrs. Hill is my landlady, and this spring I set out some violets in the garden, and with her permission too, but she took them up to make room for some ugly marigolds and sun-flowers."

They both laughed merrily. "It was a most unheard-of atrocity, and deserved the worst of punishments; but you say your landlady. Have you no parents?"

She sobered instantly. The question brought her back to the real life she had nearly forgotten for the last half-hour, and she answered gravely:

"I cannot remember my father at all. My mother died nearly four years ago, and as the slender income on which we lived died with her, since then I have supported myself."

"Supported yourself! But let me show you a few of my sketches, some of them, perhaps, are scenes you will recognize."

They were very pretty, some of them showing considerable genius, even if they did not deserve all the girl's admiration. They opened to her a new life. They were a new leaf in her history, and she read it eagerly.

"This would make a pretty picture," said he, looking from her sparkling face; "this clear water, and beautiful shrubbery, and these old, majestic trees, covered with the beautiful tinting of the sun's last beams filling out the background; perhaps I shall paint it some time."

Her eyes followed the direction of his sweeping arm, and she noticed, with a start, that the sun was nearly down.

"It is getting late, though I had nearly forgotten it in looking at your pictures, and I must hurry home."

"I will carry your bush for you; that is, if you are willing," said he, taking it up and balancing it on his hand while she tied her bonnet. Not one thought of what Mrs. Hill would say at seeing her come home thus attended, crossed her mind, though she answered hesitatingly:

"Certainly, if you wish it."

It was only about fifteen minutes' walk, but the moon had entirely disappeared, and everything was fast merging into the sober grey of a beautiful twilight when they reached the gate.

"Will you give me one of these buds before we part, perhaps for ever?" said he, as he placed the little plant carefully on Mrs. Hill's fence.

Her bonnet shaded her face, so that he could not see her flushing cheeks; but he thought there was a slight tremor in her voice as she answered:

"A dozen, if you like; you deserve them for your assistance." And he replied, half-sadly:

"We will not talk of that now; but should your rosebush live, and we meet again, will you give me another then?"

"I will."

"I shall be sure to remember your promise; and one will content me now, if you will select it for me."

She gathered one just ready to burst open and handed him.

"Thank you; may all your life be as beautiful, as sweet as this," said he, earnestly.

He opened the gate, held it while she passed through, then closed it, and walked on; while she hurried up the two flights of stairs that led to her little room, tenderly carrying her pretty shrub, and congratulating herself on being noticed by no one.

Her first act was to provide for her rosebush, which she did by procuring a small jar of Mrs. Hill, who wondered greatly at her taste in wanting "such a scrubby little bush to litter her room," filling it with rich moist earth, and carefully placing the tender roots within it. Then, instead of tracing the delicate pattern of Miss Arnold's berthe, as she had intended, she drew her chair to the window, and, gazing out on the pleasant landscape, now bathed in the soft moonlight glow, thought, "Why was it," she asked herself, "that this handsome stranger, with his careless,

yet courteous manner, interested me so much?" She had seen others as stylish, as high-bred in appearance, who left no such impression; and what she, perhaps, would have considered highly impertinent in them, in him seemed perfectly natural. His attentions had been offered, she thought, as a matter of course, and in a way that left her no cause for self-reproach for accepting them, though, perhaps, she concluded, it was because she was so little used to receiving such notice from any one, that she exaggerated the trifling incident into one of importance. As she reached this point in her meditation, she sighed, closed the window, and went to bed.

The summer days, with their light and shade, storm and sunshine, drifted slowly down Time's arches, and Alice Lindlay went about her tasks regularly, sewing, darning, day after day, occasionally dropping her work to caress the lustrous leaves the blossoms had all faded, or straighten a tiny stem of her beloved rosebush, or sometimes talking to it in a low, sweet strain, as a mother would to a loved child. At such times her lips would wreath themselves into a beautiful smile, the pale cheeks mantle with a bright crimson, and the tender light in the violet eyes told plainer than words of the sweet thoughts within. And so passed the autumn. Then came the winter. It had always been hard enough to struggle through this season; but now it was worse—there was less work to do and more to do it—and daily her heart grew heavier, her courage sank lower, as she found the few shillings she had with so much toil and sacrifice saved, rapidly disappearing, and she powerless to replace them.

It was a bitter night. Without, the snow lay folded, cold and white on everything. Within, a small fire burned feebly in the narrow fireplace of the little attic room Alice called home. There was no candle, she could not afford one, but the fluttering blaze cast a faint light over her bowed figure, but only served to deepen the shadows that were gathered on her face. In her lap lay an open letter that day received. It contained an invitation, or offer rather, from a widowed aunt, Mrs. Selden, to come and make her house her home for a time, and assist in their sewing. The terms she named were liberal enough, but all her pride rose up against accepting them. Year after year her aunt had lived in the great city of London, never visiting, hardly ever even writing to the gentle sister, who, until marriage separated them, had been her dearest friend, her most cherished companion. She was in France when her sister died, journeying with a gay party of friends, though she well knew of the slow, inexorable disease that would soon finish the work it had begun. On receiving the intelligence, she sent one letter of condolence; that was all. No kind inquiries as to Alice's situation; no offers of assistance to the bereaved child; and now could she go there?

She looked around the narrow, desolate room, at her pallid face and thin hands, and said, "I will go. I can endure no more there than here, for at least I shall neither freeze nor starve." So she answered coldly and briefly, accepting the invitation, and naming the following Thursday as the day they might look for her. Mrs. Selden was very forgetful, very thoughtless, but not entirely heartless. A chance word had opened memories long since closed, and with a sudden impulse of penitence and kindly feeling she had written to Alice. Not that she wanted her to work; certainly not; but she knew Alice supported herself, and though she had no idea of what these words really meant, she still had a vague feeling that her niece was very proud, and so she offered her employment, thinking it would be a delicate way of furnishing her with pocket money, if she needed it; and also because it would afford an easier pretext for getting rid of her quickly, should she not prove a suitable companion for her daughter Florence, that is, if she should be either vulgar or too pretty. So she received "My dear niece," with quite a show of affection; so much so indeed, that the poor child was quite embarrassed and astounded, and really glad when left alone in her luxurious chamber.

"She will do very well, I think," said Mrs. Selden, complacently, as her daughter entered the room. "She spoke well, I noticed, and that is something; she will be an excellent foil to your beauty, and no danger of her being a rival either."

"Of course not," laughed Florence, glancing at the beautiful face reflected in a mirror opposite; "and still she is rather pretty with her pure skin, deep, soft eyes, and glistening hair: but such a wardrobe, mamma, you never saw the like. One cheap delaine dress, a stamped muslin, a gingham, and a black silk so nearly worn out that it will hardly do for a morning dress even, one or two linen collars, and other things after the same style."

"Is it possible! How can the poor thing have lived? But she must have some new ones before I introduce her to any one, and you had better see about it this very day," said Mrs. Selden, decisively.

So a few pretty dresses and ornaments were presented to Alice in a manner that, united with their own attractions, made it impossible to refuse them. Florence,

who possessed a warm heart beneath her fashionable exterior, took a genuine delight in introducing Alice into society, and taking her out to all places of interest or amusement. She had been surprised that Alice had never annoyed her once by rusticity of speech or manner. She was equally astonished to find how well she could converse on almost any subject. But Mrs. Lindlay had been a well-educated woman, and had imparted a large portion of her education to her daughter, who had always lived in, although not of, the select society of her little town; and her natural good sense and abilities did the rest. None would have thought that the slender fingers, now learning pretty airs on her cousin's piano, had ever supported their owner. A portion of every day, in spite of remonstrances, Alice spent in her own room at work for her aunt, or cousin; on no other condition would she stay; but they appeared so anxious to atone for the years of neglect (for they had learned to love her for her own sweet sake,) that she was forced to accept a great many kindnesses her pride would fain have rejected; till at last, returning their love, measure for measure, she became almost as one of the family.

All this time her rosebush had been carefully treasured; and as spring opened and new sprays and tiny leaves began to appear, she would not have exchanged it for any plant in her aunt's conservatory. In vain Florence ridiculed her devotion to the little plant, and declared there must be some mystery at the bottom of her love for it; she only laughed gaily, parrying all her questions, and burying the secret deeper in her own heart.

One morning they were to accompany Mr. Spencer, Florence's betrothed, on a visit to a picture-gallery opened a week before, and said to contain some beautiful pieces. Her companions walked on, criticizing, though Alice could not understand why they should find any fault with what seemed to her so perfect. There were angels floating on purple clouds, beautiful portraits, glimpses of strange Oriental scenery, lofty mountains, shipwreck scenes, wild forests, pleasant valleys, and all the varied scenes that scores of imaginations could depict. They had entered the second room, when the exclamations of a group around a picture at the opposite side of the room attracted their attention. "Beautiful!—charming!—how graceful!" were some of the phrases that caught their ears, and they turned to see what was the subject of such general admiration. It was indeed a beautiful picture. A small stream, like a silver thread, rippled across the road over smooth, white gravel under a narrow, rustic bridge, and was lost in the forest below. The banks were edged with wild honeysuckle and sweet-brier, and the whole just kissed by the last rays of the setting sun. Kneeling on one side of the stream, with her profile to the spectators, was a young girl, washing her white, slender hands in the clear waters; by her side lay a wild rosebush, covered with large red buds, and a few half-opening blossoms, with the damp earth still clinging to its roots, as if just torn from its home in the mossy bank. The other side of the road was bordered by soft, green meadows, made still softer and greener by the blending lights and shadows stretching far away to the distant horizon. Florence uttered an exclamation of delight, and Mrs. Spencer said, quietly, "It is a masterpiece." As for Alice, for a moment, her heart stood still, then with a sudden bound flooded her face with crimson.

"It is the very place!" she murmured softly to herself. "The very place! He has remembered. Why should I forget?"

Mr. Spencer turned round. "Miss Lindlay," said he, "do you see any resemblance to yourself in the picture there?"

"It is a perfect likeness," chimed in Florence. "Now, Alice, I have found it all out. You must know, Henry," she continued mischievously, "that at home she has a wild rosebush that she cherishes with the greatest care, and obstinately refuses to tell me how it came into her possession, except that she has had it for nearly a year. Now confess, Alice, that this picture was taken from life."

"If I do," she said, gaily, "what will become of your favourite theory of rustic beauty, romance, and the like?"

"Oh! I will gladly give them all up to be told the whole circumstances; but who is the artist, Henry?" "Euston Hastings!" said he, in surprise, reading the card attached.

Alice's face flushed at the name, as she thought "It is the same. I knew I was not mistaken," while Mr. Spencer went on:

"I never supposed he would do so well as this. I was aware that he possessed considerable talent, but was afraid he would not cultivate it as he might."

"Why?" asked Florence.

"Because he was too wealthy to care for the money it might bring him, and too light-minded and careless to exert himself merely for fame; and I know that, a year ago, he could not even approach this."

"The longer he worked he probably took more interest in his work, and, therefore, took greater pains,"

said Alice, musingly, as they passed on; but the beautiful scenes, looking down to her so invitingly, were almost unheeded, for before her eyes was that calm sunset picture with that bright face looking into hers, and in her ears a clear, rich voice murmuring, "Should we meet again, will you promise me another bud?" shut out all sound, till Florence spoke to her the second time, telling her they were ready to go home. That night in her chamber, as she bent over the little plant and kissed a pale cluster of leaves, two large tears, like twin drops of crystal, fell from the great well of happiness in her heart upon their shining surface.

That night, also, in the best chamber of a little wayside inn, Euston Hastings stood beside a table covered with sketches, half-finished paintings, brushes, pencils, and all the et ceteras of a painter's desk, busy in sorting, packing, and tying up the confused mass. "They are very good," said he, half-aloud, fastening a portfolio; "but none equal to that picture; perhaps none have interested me so much," he added, with a half-sigh. "Dear little Alice, I wonder if her rosebush lived, and if she has ever thought of me in the long year that has so nearly passed since our meeting? But home tomorrow, business settled there, and I will see her once more, if she is to be found. I will claim the bud she promised me, and something else."

It was June everywhere, bright June in the country, where every one who desired rest and recreation, mingled with Nature's beauty, came; and among the rest, with a gay party from the city, came Mrs. Selden with her daughter and niece. All the objections which Alice could urge against accompanying them had been imperatively overruled, and she had finally yielded to the temptation. A beautiful moonlight night carried her back to that other June evening, as she sat alone in her room, dressed for the dance.

At this moment Florence came in.

"You could not look better, Alice," she said, "and I was very anxious you should look your best to-night. Can you imagine who's come an hour ago?"

"I have not the least idea. Is it some one you wish to dispose of to me? I assure you I shall not give my consent."

"Wait and see; you will lose your heart at first sight, I think, for Mr. Hastings is a man of great attractions, as well as artistic talents." She fluttered out at the door, as she spoke, and did not notice the sudden start and flushing face of her cousin.

Alice clasped her hands tightly over her heart as if to still its throbbing. Florence called her, and so she went to her aunt's room, and from there to the crowded ball-room. The first set was a quadrille, and she went through it with a young man Mrs. Selden had requested her to take "particular" notice of. But this was entirely forgotten, for she was dimly conscious of a pair of dark eyes watching her every motion. "She was weary," she said, "she had rather be seated," when her partner asked her hand for the next set. Some one approached her, and she looked again into the bright, gay face she had never expected to see.

"It is you then," said he. "I hardly knew you at first, as I had not the most distant idea of seeing you here." He was looking earnestly at her. But no unwonted flush mantled her cheek as she answered quietly:

"And until fifteen minutes ago, I had no thought of your being in this part of the world." People were crowding closely. He offered her his arm.

"It is warm here; will you go out on the piazza?" They went out together, to the great wrath and amazement of manoeuvring mammas and marriageable daughters, who had fastened covetous eyes on Mr. Hastings from the moment of his entrance. "What have you been doing since I saw you?" he asked.

"A little of everything, enduring a great deal, enjoying a great deal. Last winter my aunt, Mrs. Selden, invited me to reside with her, so I lived in London till a week ago, when we came here. And you?"

"Going through the old routine, travelling, sketching, and painting a little."

"Oh! I have seen your pictures," said she, animatedly. "How could you make so much from so little a foundation?"

"And you were not offended at my presumption?" "Oh! no—it was not that—you only fulfilled your promise."

"I was at your old home three weeks ago, on my way here," he said, slowly.

"Were you?" She was gazing off to the dim horizon, a dreamy smile wreathing her lips. He stood quietly waiting till she looked up.

"Are you not going to ask what I went there for?"

"I was afraid it would be impertinent."

"I will tell you. I went to find you, but no one could give me any information about you."

She laughed gaily. "Dear, good people! they wanted to know everything so badly, I would tell them nothing."

He spoke now in a low, tender tone. "Little Alice," he said, "a year ago you gave me a rosebud, with the promise of another, should we ever meet again. But a rosebud will not content me now. I want there to find

you, to ask you the question I now ask you. Will you give yourself to me?"

He was looking anxiously into her eyes. They drooped beneath his steady gaze. He bent lower. "Will you not speak to me, darling?"

She raised her eyes full of light to his face, and with a quick, shy motion, placed both her hands in his.

A flood of joy broke over his face. He clasped her little hands tightly. "God, bless you!" he murmured, reverently, "I will be faithful to the trust."

The next winter there were two weddings instead of one at Mrs. Selden's town-house, and Florence learned for the first time, the secret of her cousin's love for the little rose-bush.

TIME AND ROMANCE.

TIME, you old scamp, why cannot you let the crystal galleons of Romance alone? Why do you pelt them with hard facts as you hasten on, shivering their prismatic walls and destroying the beautiful but fragile Passion Flowers, and Morning Glories, that twine along their shining leaves. It is too bad! The delicious fairy land of which Romance is queen—wherefore, do you disenchant it, with that irrespective scythe of yours that sweeps off

—the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between?

The Loves and the Graces wilt, and the ring-doves turn to croaking ravens and chattering magpies at your approach.

But Romance, after all, is a most excellent witch, for though Time takes the glitter out of her palaces, and blights her flowery arbours, and makes her appear but as a sorry mummer to the eyes of Age, to the young she is ever the same sweet enchantress, touching all things of earth with a wondrous brightness. Therefore, oh! youthful reader, make the most of her "dissolving views." Byron, ere he had reached his grand climacteric assured the world that

—the sad truth that hovered on his desk
Turned what was once romantic to burlesque;

but then he had lived rather too fast. It is quite possible to be romantic at the age of five-and-thirty, and we have known persons who were ridiculously so at fifty. Such semi-centenarian exceptions to the general rule, generally dye their hair, however, and in various other ways try to make themselves and the world believe that Time has not as yet unpleasantly intruded into their paradise.

DREAMING.

CHILDREN dream almost from birth, and from many causes, are more apt to have visions of terror than adults. In health, when the mind is at ease, we seldom dream; but in disease our dreams are not only frequent but distressing; for example, persons afflicted with dropsy will dream of floods and rivers. Old people dream oftener than middle-aged, owing to the more disturbed nature of their repose. Persons of bad digestion are harassed with frightful fancies. It is said this fact was well known to Mrs. Radcliffe, who supped on the most indigestible food, for the purpose of filling her sleep with those phantoms of horror so forcibly embodied in "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Some persons never dream; a celebrated pedestrian asserts he never did so when he lived exclusively on vegetable food. It is remarkable that a person blind from birth never dreams of visible objects: and Dr. Darwin relates the case of a deaf gentleman who, in his dreams, conversed with his fingers or in writing. Persons who talk aloud while sleeping never recollect their dreams, yet remember them when they do not speak. The absence of surprise is very remarkable; in visions of the dead, for instance, we do not wonder at beholding individuals whom we knew in our dreams to have been buried for years.

We pass in a second of time from one country to another; and persons who have lived in different ages of the world are brought together with wondrous incongruity. A gentleman dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent two weeks in London; on his return he fell into the ocean, and awakening with the fright, he discovered that he had not been asleep ten minutes; space and time were both annihilated. Another phenomenon is the rapidity with which trains of thought pass through the mind; Sir B. Brodie tells the following of the late Lord Holland: On one occasion being much fatigued, whilst listening to a friend reading aloud, he fell asleep, and had a dream that required twenty minutes to express in writing; after he awoke he found he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of that immediately following, so that the whole time during which he slept did not occupy more than a few seconds. De Quincy, under the influence of opium, dreamed that he lived one hundred years in a single night. We have every reason to believe that many of the lower animals dream; dogs and horses, for instance, and others remarkable for instinct. In the Greek and Roman classics many singular dreams are recorded. Cicero,

for years, made them an especial study; and in such estimation were they held, that they even influenced legislation, and during the Marston war (B.C. 90) the Roman Senate ordered the Temple of Juno to be rebuilt, in consequence of a dream of the wife of the consul, Appius Claudius Pulcher.

CLOTHING DISTRESSED OPERATIVES.

THE clothing department of a relief committee is attended with considerable labour, and, on the whole, not with the greatest satisfaction. Towards the close of last year we had large grants for the distribution of bedding and wearing apparel. Much of it was received by the poor with thankfulness, and applied to the purpose for which it was intended; but a considerable quantity, we fear, found its way in no long time to the pawnshops. In the case of many of the recipients it was impossible to prevent this mal-appropriation, whatever vigilance and stringency were exercised. The use of the pawnshop is so very general among our operative population that no discredit whatever is attached to it. Large bundles also of worn-out articles came down to us for distribution; and it was ludicrous to see what strange and inconsistent clearings of the wardrobe were unpacked. Here was an admiral's full dress, with cocked hat to match: no doubt it had paced the quarter-deck one day, and strutted in pride of place and authority. Some wag was for encasing a certain half-witted lad in it, on which the simple fellow would have rejoiced, and marched proudly in his uniform and unique head-piece; but the salt-water suit was sent to the second-hand clothes-dealer for exchange or sale. Here, again, was a pair of decayed satin shoes, which once perhaps, enveloping the "light fantastic toe," had tripped gracefully at Almack's. Lo! out pops a pair of buckskins, which had no doubt crossed the broad fields of Leicestershire on some Jupiter by Thunder, while the hounds were in full cry. Hello! here come the red coat and top-boots also. What Nimrod can we find among the spindles and shuttles to array in this equestrian apparel? Now a drab top-coat with many capes falls upon the floor behind us; it has withstood many a shower as it waited impatiently at the door of the Opera House, or the mansion in Belgrave Square for the dilatory family; we must see what the second-hand clothes-dealer will give us for this many-caped relic of other days. Here a soiled dress and a faded bonnet—both of the latest Parisian fashion—are hauled out of the clothes-bag. What a depth of degradation, to be trimmed up for the ungainly proportions of a factory girl, after airing themselves in the Park on those graceful shoulders, behind those splendid bays. "Imperial Caesar, turned to dust and clay, stopping a hole to keep the wind away." We heard of a charwoman receiving a satin gown as her share of the booty. "And what have you made of it, Sally?" inquired the mistress of a house where she was working: "you will look as fine as a duchess in it, I expect." "Well, now, bless you, missus," replied Sally, "I couldn't, for the life of me, for shame to wear it. Fancy me, a washerwoman, in satin. So I sold it for five shillings, and had a jolly good spree with it.—Our Manufacturing Districts Under a Cloud.

ARRIVAL OF ENGLISH BIRDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—A successful attempt has been made to bring out some of our national songsters from the groves of old England. We have seen, with feelings of pleasure, some half-dozen skylarks and a pair of thrushes, and the sight of their speckled breasts reminded us of old familiar friends. The favourite singing station of the thrush is the top of a poplar-tree. These are flourishing with us, and we hope that ere long we shall have the unspeakable gratification of hearing both thrush and lark in full song.—New Zealand Paper.

THE SOLAN GOOSE.—Having a keen appetite, the solan goose is easily imposed upon. I remember, on one occasion, fastening, by way of experiment, a fish to a fir-plank more than half an inch thick, and sending it adrift as a lure. It had not been long out till a wandering gannet was seen approaching. Immediately he caught sight of the fish he halted in his flight, and in another moment dashed head-foremost with such force as to split the board in two; the bird, harlequin-like, disappearing in the sea, as if nothing had obstructed its descent. Often afterwards, on looking at him in my collection, I regretted the unfairness of the poor fellow's capture, a broken neck being the result of his hungry plunge. Last summer, when pigeon shooting at the sea-caves south of Ballantrae, one of the boatmen informed me of having assisted, many years ago, in the removal of one hundred and twenty-eight dead geese from a train of herring-nets which had been lying at a depth of one hundred and eighty feet. The accumulation of birds in the nets, though sunk with heavy weights, had brought the whole train to the surface by the buoyancy of their bodies, and attracted the notice of the people on shore, and as the nets contained a quantity of herrings, it was conjectured that the geese had been drawn to the spot by their glitter-

ing sides, and been tempted to risk their necks in pursuit.—Ailsa Craig and its Birds.

A FRENCHMAN ON ENGLISH YACHTING.—Private yachts, it must be remembered, are things exclusively English, and when, on such a day as yesterday, the people at this port, who know what the dangers of the sea are, saw English gentlemen and volunteers gallantly making port after a stormy voyage, undertaken just for fun, you can understand the envy of the spectators was for a moment merged in hearty admiration. I myself heard a Cherbourg man say this morning, "Ah! ces Anglais—une mauvaise mer ne leur fait rien du tout."—Letter from Cherbourg.

SCIENCE.

SOME alterations are ordered in the sights of the pattern Armstrong guns. The frill trajectory-sight is abolished, and the system of double sighting on the trunnions of all field guns is to be adopted.

A MAGNETIC mountain, as one may say, has been discovered in Swedish Lapland, on the left bank of the Rautusjoki; the vein, which is several feet thick, promises to be one of the richest sources of natural magnets at present known. M. Berg, to whom it belongs, hopes to obtain from it enough to supply specimens to all the collections in Europe. Among the facts mentioned in proof of the magnetic force which these magnets derived from this source, it is stated that a galvanometer traverses 10 deg. or 15 deg. in their presence, and that a contact of a few minutes imparts a sufficient charge to a piece of soft iron to enable it to support a weight of one or two Swedish pounds. A natural magnet weighing 400 pounds has already been obtained, and larger ones may be expected. M. Dons, of Berlin, has already possessed himself of one weighing sixty-eight Swedish pounds; the price varies from eighty centimes to three francs the kilogramme. The Abbé Moigno, from whose admirable journal, *Les Mondes*, we have borrowed the above account, remarks that the extraordinary magnetism of this mountain suggests the question whether the magnetic pole of the earth must not be sought in Lapland rather than in Siberia, the more so as the existence of the pole in Siberia is more than doubtful.

UNUNITED FRACTURE; UNION OBTAINED BY INJECTIONS OF DILUTE LIQUOR AMMONIÆ.—M. Bourguet, at Aix, in France, has published in the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* the case of a man aged fifty-three, who fractured his thigh-bone at the junction of the middle with the lower third. Three months after the usual treatment had been begun, no union had taken place, and a starch bandage was used for forty-eight days after extension had been employed in vain by the ordinary apparatus for fracture of the thigh. At the end of that period the mobility of the fragments was as great as before, and the shortening at least two inches and a half. The same starch bandage was now re-applied, being, however, fenestrated just over the region where the fracture existed. Through this fenestra eight needles were thrust between the fragments. These remained four days; twelve fresh ones were then introduced, and remained five days. In spite of this no union had occurred when the starch bandage was removed, just five months and ten days after the accident. M. Bourguet now thought of irritating injections, and threw between the fragments six or seven drops of a fluid composed of one part of liquor ammoniæ to two parts of distilled water. Soon afterwards another injection of twenty drops was made, and then a little pain ensued. At the expiration of four days, a starch bandage was applied, and when it was removed two months afterwards, callus seemed to have been thrown out. The starch apparatus was again had recourse to, and in six weeks union was perfect, with a shortening of two inches.

PEST OF THE FARM ROOT CROPS.

In the summer of 1852, I was struck with astonishment on visiting a field of Swedish turnips, which four days before had been covered with an even plant some six inches high, to find not a trace of vegetation of any kind, but a glaring white surface of chalk and flint. Upon crossing a broad, green turf road about sixty feet wide, I found about two acres of a field of rape gone in a similar manner. The destroyers evidently consumed the rape in line, for the outside of the standing crop, which was about twenty-four inches high, was perfectly straight the whole way across the field. Upon examination, no trace of any kind of caterpillar could be found either among the rape or in the ground at its foot. Upon visiting the crop at midnight, however, it was found covered with caterpillars of the common dart moth (*Agrotis segetum*), the noise of whose feeding resembled the sound caused by a heavy shower of rain. On the following morning upon search being again made in the ground, nothing for a space of five feet wide could be seen of them, but upon searching six feet from the standing crop fifty could be found upon each square foot, two inches below the surface.

I then ploughed a trench (and afterwards excavated the clank below) all round them, and at night, as they crossed the trench on their way to the feeding ground, poured upon them sulphuric acid and water. The few that escaped I caused to be collected by hand, paying 10d. a pint for them. Since that year one or two may occasionally have been seen upon the farm. This year they have again appeared, and, having utterly destroyed four acres of a beautiful field of white carrots, are now busily endeavouring to destroy an adjoining one of twenty-three acres of mangolds; but I am employing an army of boys to pick them out and boil them. In recently crossing one of the mangold fields belonging to a neighbour, I found half his crop gone already, and of course informed him of what was going on.

As they once caused nearly a famine in Germany, and necessitated the calling out of the soldiers to collect them, and as it appears that their ravages are not confined to my own crops, I have thought it right to put my brother agriculturists upon their guard. The following description is from "Morton's Cyclopædia of Agriculture," under the heading *Surface Grubs*. "They are most of them as large as a goose-quill when full-grown, an inch or two long, tough, smooth, and shining. Those produced from the egg of the common dart moth, sometimes commit sad devastation in turnip and young mangold-wurzel fields; they are also very destructive in the corn-field."

"They are in existence all the year, and in some seasons are abundant and full-grown from the beginning of June till the approach of winter. In summer they will often eat off the crowns of the turnips, and in autumn, groups of them are found eating holes in the bulbs just at the surface. In the garden they clear off the cabbage tribes and lettuces with astonishing rapidity, by eating through the tap-root a little below the surface, and at night they come forth and draw the detached leaves into their burrows. As soon as a plant drops, if the earth be carefully removed, the surface-grub will be found two or three inches below, and about the same distance from the root; but if left for a night, the culprit comes forth, travels with great speed to a neighbouring plant to accomplish the same mischief, and thus, in a short period, one caterpillar will destroy several plants." I may add, that every mangold here has at least one or two grubs eating it, and some have as many as thirty; that their ravages first make themselves known by the under-leaves turning yellow and falling off; and that those pests will eat entirely through the tap-root of a mangold or Swede, whose bulb is six or seven inches in diameter.—*Fred. F. Hullett, the Manor House, Brighton, Aug. 18th.*

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

FISH AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.—Fish is largely eaten by all classes, and is certainly nutritious. Great differences are noticeable in the different species. Many kinds have large quantities of oil—as the eel, salmon, herring, pilchard, and sprat; and these, therefore, are the least digestible. The oil is most abundant in the "thin" parts of the salmon, which are consequently preferred by epicures. After spawning, the quality is very inferior. In the cod, whiting, haddock, plaice, flounder and turbot there is no oil, except in their livers; so that these are easily digested, especially if not eaten with quantities of lobster or shrimp sauce—agreeable adjuncts very apt to exact large compensation from the delicate, in the shape of acidity and flatulence. Frying, of course, renders fish less digestible than boiling or broiling; and those whose digestions are delicate, should avoid the skin of fried fish. They should also avoid dried, smoked, salted and pickled fish, crabs, lobsters, prawns, and shrimps. The oyster is more digestible when raw, least so when stewed. Dr. Beaumont found the raw oyster took two hours and fifty-five minutes to digest, the roasted oyster 3.15, and the stewed 3.30. What is called "scallopings," gives oysters a delicious flavour, but the heat coagulates the albumen, and hardens the fibrine: besides, the effect of heat on the butter in which they are cooked renders it very unfit for the delicate stomach.

HAIR DYEING.

The practice of dyeing the hair is very often adopted, sometimes to alter the original colour, sometimes to conceal the advance of age; in either case it is, in our opinion, most objectionable. It fails in many cases to produce the desired result. The result desired is the improvement of the personal appearance, and this is rarely, if ever, attained by changing the normal colour of the hair. The human figure is harmoniously built, the human face harmoniously coloured, the hair and complexion are adapted to each other; blue eyes, white skin, fair hair, are blended well together; so are black eyes, dark yellowish skin, and black hair; so are brown eyes, rich brown hair, and highly coloured complexion; Auburn hair has its own peculiarity of skin—in all instances we trace a beautiful harmony in keeping with the general character and expression of the face. Now, when we interfere with the natural arrangements,

and break the bond of union which subsists between the hair and complexion, the result is always striking and often absurd; it is simply a disfigurement to make that black which is naturally red—that dark which is naturally fair; it is a failure—never answers the end proposed.

These remarks, of course, do not apply with the same force to the revival of the original colour of the hair, when that tint has faded by age or other cause. To dye black, black hair that has turned white or grey, is simply to restore what existed before. But the objection to hair-dyes is still strong. First of all, the hair in its decay usually keeps pace with the rest of the body; it is not the only sign of life's winter when the snow settles on a man's brow; there is the general advance of decrepitude—the withered, wrinkled face, the sunken eye, the feeble frame: to observe all the indications of age in striking contrast with the locks of youth, excites neither admiration nor respect. And then, again, with the use of hair-dyes—supposing there be no signs of age, and the hair turned to grey or white through sickness or sorrow—there is the difficulty of securing exactly the original colour, and the impossibility of concealing the dye as the hair grows and discloses at its roots where art began and nature ends. And lastly, there is the risk of changes or inconvenience from the use of the dye, and injuring the texture of the hair. "Composed as they generally are," says a French writer, "of very active remedies, they burn the hair, alter the piliferous capsule, arrest the natural secretions, and favour the production of baldness. They also produce inflammation of the scalp. I have often met with cases in which females, who had been in the habit of using these dyes, were reduced to the sad alternative of maintaining a disagreeable and painful eruption, the result of the ingredients employed, or to abandon the disguise they were intended to produce."

Nitrate of silver enters largely into the composition of black hair-dyes; this, combining with other properties in the hair, produces a chemical change; but the result is not always black; violet has been found—worse still, bright, sunny green! We do not say such instances are common; nor that nitrate of silver enters into the composition of all hair-dyes. Hair-dyes there are, the secret of whose composition is supposed to be known only to their manufacturers, and the success of which is loudly vaunted; but we say, of all hair-dyes beware: at best they can only deceive; and at the worst, they may seriously injure, not only the growth of the hair, but the general health of the body.

THE last generous act of Mr. George Peabody, the famous banker, is reported to be the endowment of Yale College with a new geological cabinet, at a cost of £25,000.

GREAT excitement prevailed in Grangemouth a few days since, consequent on the seizure of an enormous quantity of smuggled tobacco and cigars by Mr. S. Stewart, the examining officer of the Customs.

PIERS are becoming the fashion along the Sussex coast. Worthing has just constructed one; Brighton is about to construct a second one; and now we hear that Bognor has resolved to have one; for which Sir Charles Fox is to be the consulting engineer.

We learn from Nuremberg that two brewers have been just mulcted there in a penalty of 25 florins each for brewing bad beer; six publicans have been fined for having such stuff in their possession; 25 barrels of the hateful compound have been confiscated; and a further quantity has been seized, to be converted into vinegar under official inspection.

ABOUT five o'clock on Monday evening the 31st ult., as the men in the employ of Mr. Goodchild, of Great Wrattling Hall, Haverhill, were stacking wheat on the off-hand premises, the stack became ignited, and before the men could escape some of their clothing was scorched on their backs. The stack was entirely destroyed, together with two others standing near.

DEATH OF A PIN-GATHERER.—The Baron de Sevrès lately died in France. Among the property he left were found two large and heavy boxes, which by the heirs were supposed to contain cash, but turned out to be hundreds of thousands of all imaginable kinds of pins. For the last twenty years his regular habit has been to pass along the most frequented streets and places of public resort, and to pick up any pins he discovered on the ground.

THE FALCON.—I remember, one evening in June, seating myself on a projecting pinnacle overlooking the sea, where I had partly in view the roosting places of these airy seagulls. The sun had gone down behind some loose clouds touching the sea, leaving the sky steeped in purple; the cliffs partook of its hues, and even the birds themselves were coloured for a moment. Looking around I descried a peregrine falcon on his eyrie, the noble bird being close enough for me to see the sparkle of his full black eye. Eagle-like, he sat with his neck drawn upon his shoulders, moving his head with a careless turn to the side. In the next in-

stant he threw a defiant look at the purple spot on the horizon, steadfastly gazing upon it a few seconds, then the glance was withdrawn, and with a shrug he went to sleep.—*Ailsa Craig and its Birds.*

THE reports of the harvest in the North are very bad: much damage has been done by the wet, and without a little fine weather shortly, our rejoicings will be perhaps premature as to the great results which were anticipated. The grain crops, it has been said, would yield in all probability twenty-five millions sterling more than last year. Few persons have any idea of this difference between a year of plenty and one of average crops.

THE constantly-increasing size of Paris, the formation of new boulevards, and the augmentation of its gardens, have forced upon public attention the importance of an increased supply of water, not only for household purposes, but to allay the clouds of dust which have annoyed all classes of persons in the capital, particularly during the recent very hot weather. After much deliberation, it has been determined to divert the course of some of the small streams around Paris, and by that means to furnish a supply for which the waters of the Seine are inadequate.

WHEN the young of the guillemot are half-fledged, the parent birds are seen daily by the keeper taking them down on their backs to the sea, and unconsciously pitching them off, within a few feet of the water. They have also been observed to seize them by the hind neck, as a cat would do to its kittens, and after a moment's hesitation, launch from their high perches, and descend with an unsteady flutter, till they could drop the young ones with safety.—*Ailsa Craig and its Birds.*

THE amount of subscriptions paid into the Bishop of London's fund is nearly £22,000, while the aggregate amount of contributions promised is £32,535; and this large sum consists of the united subscriptions of 400 persons, remitted in answer to the Bishop's appeal. The largest contributors are the Duke of Bedford and the Marquis of Westminster, who have given £10,000 each. Mr. Charles Morrison has contributed £5,000.

BUSINESS in the county courts of England, as in the superior courts of law, was a little slack last year. The returns show that the number of plaints entered fell from 903,957 in the previous year to 847,288, which, however, is more than eight times the number of the writs of summons issued by the superior courts of common law. The number of cases, also, that proceeded so far as to come for trial in the county courts fell from 474,274 to 467,451.

NOTWITHSTANDING the heavy duty upon tobacco, the consumption among the labouring portion of the community is nowise on the decrease. In Grangtown, for instance, during the twelve months' residence of the navvies employed in the construction of the Aviemore section of the Inverness and Perth railway one merchant turned over the extraordinary sum of £400 in tobacco alone.

THE Queen having been pleased to express her marked displeasure at the stringent regulations adopted for the exclusion of all persons other than officials, when her Majesty embarked at Woolwich, an inquiry has been instituted as to the origin of the obnoxious order, and the Secretary of State has directed that in future all local regulations, respecting the embarkation or landing of the Royal Family, shall be transmitted for his inspection and approval before they are issued.

THE HARVEST MOUSE.—The little harvest-mouse (*mus minutus*) was first discovered and brought to notice, a few years ago, by White, who found a nest, built like a bird's-nest, in a bush, which had eight young ones. It is an inch and a half long, exclusive of the tail, and weighs an eighth of an ounce, being the smallest quadruped in the world. Its colour is brown on the back and sides, and white on the belly and inside of the legs. The head is very small, with short ears, and large, prominent eyes. The feet are proportioned, like those of the kangaroo, the hind ones being the longest and strongest, and possessing five toes, while the fore ones have but four. Its nest is made of grass, in the form of a ball, being completely closed on every side. When the mother wishes to perform maternal duty, she tears open a place to get access to the young hopefuls, closing it up again when her important mission is ended. It is a remarkably beautiful and agile little creature.

ENCLOSURE OF WANDSWORTH COMMON.—Upwards of 200 copyholders and ratepayers have signed a memorial to Earl Spencer, as lord of the manor of Battersea, stating that, during the past few years, enclosures, to the extent of upwards of 100 acres have taken place on Wandsworth Common, some of which have been effected by private individuals; while within the last few months an enclosure of eight acres has been made by the Brighton Railway Company, stopping up a foot-path over a pleasant and much frequented part of the common. For centuries the parishioners and their families have enjoyed undisturbed the healthy walks on Wandsworth Common, and the custom of years—

right or wrong—has given them an apparent right to this enjoyment. The memorialists view these encroachments with regret, and state that if permitted to go on, the entire extinction of Wandsworth Common must be the result at no distant date. They therefore pray his lordship to exert his influence to preserve to the public those privileges which have been enjoyed from time immemorial, and to institute such inquiries, with reference to enclosures not sanctioned by him, as will lead to their speedy removal, and secure to the inhabitants and their children the continuance of those rights they have so long and freely enjoyed.

FACETIÆ.

WHY is the air of Germany bad for consumptives? Because it is too tonic.

A LOCK of hair from a young woman's head is often the key to a young man's heart.

"WE HOPE NOT,"—It is rumoured that the filbert crop in Kent is this year a (n)utter failure. We shall be sorry if it is.—*Punch*.

"FINE strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening. "Yes," said a countryman who sat near; "but if he strains much more he'll bust."

NOTE BY A NEDDY-TOP.—The New Court of Assize.—The forthcoming Donkey Show. It is, we believe, to be held at Bray.—*Punch*.

"AH!" said Dr. Boomerang, meeting a patient, "I need not ask you the cause of your being out again; you followed my prescriptions." "No, I didn't, doctor. If I had, my friends would have followed me!"

WE have always thought that the office of under-butler was a very cosy and well-paying one. We should not, advise any who is fond of his pocket to be under Butler at Harrow.—*Fun*.

THE hen-pecked husband would be happy enough if he were left alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

MRS. HARRIS says it is not as much trouble for a "nuss" to take care of sick people as some folks imagine. The most of 'em don't want anything now-a-days, and when they do they don't get it.

"WELL Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Oh, berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, missis biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me do brof."

A SUGGESTION.—Among the books lately advertised, we see one entitled, "How to Spin for Pike." We do not know much about fishing, but we should think a good way to spin for pike would be to get some old sailor to spin a yarn, with, naturally, a very large hook at the end.—*Fun*.

ONE of the German kings wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun, so got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The inhabitants of New South Wales want to have a fresh title for Botany Bay. They declare that its botany has been restricted to the study of ill weeds and unpardonable slips. We would suggest that it should be called the New Crime-a, and have its arms re-gilt for the occasion.—*Fun*.

"KNOW'D IT!"—"Doctor, that 'ere rat's-bane of yours is fast-rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it! know'd it!" replied the apothecary. "Know'd it! know'd it!" replied the Yankee. "I want to buy another pound of ye." "Another pound?" "Yes, sir. I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse, and it made him dreadful sick, and I'm sure another pound would kill him."

A JUDGMENT has befallen Mr. Lush, Q.C., for using such a superabundance of eloquence in the late bad case of Wolley versus Pola. He lost his portmanteau immediately after the trial, with the whole of his scenic decorations as Q.C., wig and gown. The former is worth at least £10, the latter £20. What is more, there was a court suit, with the collar well greased with white powder, within the portmanteau, and a lot of legal kick-shaws.

NOT VERY LIBERAL.—Mr. M.—, of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store, at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of capidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaimed: "Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It

is hollow, and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right." "Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I did not know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M.—, how much do you suppose that hole would weigh?" Mr. M.— returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

A PARIS manager has declined to continue the services of a dancer, Mlle. Salicy, because her calves were too large. He, of course, lost the trial, which was the result of the cancelling of the engagement. Any manager who will be wise enough to engage her at once, would make his fortune, as the judgment of Paris on the delicate subject would be given nightly by hundreds of excited spectators.

A FRENCH DUEL.

Paris is laughing just at this time over a duel which occurred between two well-known Parisians. The result was somewhat different from what the public had a right to expect. It seems that Monsieur M. felt it necessary to demand satisfaction of Monsieur de C. for a trifling offence; but with a secret hope that the challenge would be declined. But M. de C. accepted, and the seconds on both sides met to arrange the conditions of the combat.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said one, "that the matter is not so serious, nor our friends so unskilful, as to render it necessary to fight so very near. Twenty-five paces would be a good distance."

Some discussion ensued, but at last twenty paces was settled on, and the seconds of M. went in search of him.

"Well," said he.
"Well, it is all arranged."
"So I imagined."
"You fight to-morrow morning."
"What?"
"At nine o'clock."
"What do you mean?"
"In the woods of Vincennes."
"In the woods, do I?"
"At twenty paces."

M. appeared embarrassed for a moment, but recovering himself, smilingly said:

"You say we shall fight at twenty paces. I should rather have preferred fifteen, or even ten—"

"Yes, we demanded fifteen paces, but the seconds of de C. insisted upon twenty."

"And you yielded the point to them?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I shall not yield another."

"Of course not—there is nothing more to yield."

"I don't know—something might come up. However, I shall maintain my rights."

"Nobody disputes them."

"I am the one insulted."

"Yes, of course, since it is you who demand satisfaction."

"In that case, I have the choice of weapons."

"But there is no —"

"I say I have the choice of weapons, and I choose the sword."

"How! what! choose the sword? You have said twenty times in our presence that you would ten times rather fight with the pistol than with the sword."

"Yes, yes; but it was not in relation to this affair that I was speaking then."

"No, but —"

"There is no *but* in the matter! I have been insulted. I have the choice of arms—I choose the sword."

"We must see the other seconds."

"Why so?"

"To make new arrangements."

"There is no need of it; you have agreed on twenty paces."

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, I don't wish you to retract your consent. I will fight at twenty paces."

"Oh, very well!"

"But I repeat, I should rather have preferred fifteen or even ten paces."

After a moment's silence, the second resumed:

"Have you any pistols?"

"No," answered M. "What should I want of them?"

"Want of them? Why, that's a pretty question—to fight with, to be sure."

"To fight with? But I tell you I shall not fight with pistols."

"There it is, we don't understand each other; however you say you accept the twenty paces."

"Yes, yes, I accept the twenty paces, but —"

"How do you mean—*but*?"

"I accept the twenty paces, but I don't accept the pistols. I am not at the orders of M. de C. I have made one concession, and shall not take it back—twenty paces, if he wishes, I am quite willing. And now that I have agreed to it, I want no change made. We will

fight at twenty paces—not one pace more, nor one pace less. It was not I who fixed the distance. It was the other side that wished it so, and they have it as they wished. I have made one concession, and shall not make another. Twenty paces—let it be so, but the sword."

It was impossible to make M. change his resolution. He called his obstinacy, "maintaining his rights;" and so the duel ended, and M. has been laughed at in every coffee-house in Paris.

This profession of a clergyman is sooner learned than that of a doctor: it is much easier for most people to preach than to practice.

"SAY, Caesar Augustus, why are your legs like an organ-grinder?" "Don't know, Mr. Sugarloaf; why is they?" "Cos they carry a monkey about the streets."

COWLES, in his excellent history of plants, notices the virtues of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage, ships are guided—bells are rung—beds are corded, and rogues are kept in awe."

THREE bags of letters were, it is said, flung overboard, in consequence of the fire which occurred to the steamer bringing the Brazilian mail. This will account to many for the absence of their expected correspondence.

THE boatmen of the Bay of Naples tell of a Wapping sailor in the Mediterranean, that he called out to his shipmates, one morning, when there happened, after six months' clear weather, to be a slight fog, "Turn out, boys! turn out! Here's weather as is weather; none of your everlasting blue sky."

MR. ADDISON once bet that he could make the worst pun that had ever been heard, and succeeded admirably by going up to a man who was carrying a hare in his hand. "Pray," cried he to the man, "is that your own hare, or a wig?"

AMONG the addresses presented upon the accession of James I., was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, man," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son, then, must reign by candle-light."

OPINION OF JOHNSON.—Johnson having expressed a decided opinion against suicide, Mr. Boswell said, suppose a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he should be detected in fraud, the consequence of which would be utter disgrace and expulsion from society. "Then," said Johnson, "let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

MR. HANDEL COSSHAM'S FACTS AND FIGURES.—This gentleman recently said at a public meeting at Bristol—"There is a little place called Cirencester—a very nice little place, a desirable place to live in; and I think they have about six electors on the register—and the whole election rests between two or three voters. That borough is rated at about £5,000, yet it sends two members to Parliament, who have the same power in the House as the two members for Bristol, which represents £150,000, and twelve thousand electors."

THE King of Hanover has sent to this country to purchase six English horses. The directions given are sufficiently distinct. Two were to be brown, two were to be bay, and two were to be black. They were to be without blemish, to have no white legs, and only a portion of white on the hind feet could be allowed. They could not be too large. Their heads were to be fine, not thick-jawed, straight-backed, with well-set-on tails, and their quarters not drooping; clean, thin, flat, nervous legs and short fetlocks were to be regarded as indispensable; they were not to go wide behind, and to be without tendency to spavin. What is the next article?

(AR)BROATHS OF BOYS.—The good people of Arbroath are as smart at votings as devotions. They had lately to elect a new minister for Abbey Church, and for that purpose the votes had to be chronicled on stamps. The supporters of one candidate, a Mr. Sym, cunningly bought up all the stamped papers in the town. The result was that the other candidate, a Mr. Smith, lost his election by one, instead of winning by twelve, in consequence of thirteen of his votes being on unstamped "mandates." The Scotch are always noted for their sharp practice, but this proceeding is stamped with something worse. The way in which Mr. Sym's partisans have sold the congregation smacks of what we should call "Sym'ony in the south."—*Fun*.

VERY IRISH.—Last week, three women were charged, at the Birmingham Police-court, with assaulting an old Irishwoman. In consequence of its being represented to the court that the plaintiff could not speak English, her grown-up daughter was called upon to interpret. The old lady, bending down her head, mumbled some unintelligible sounds into the daughter's ear, which the other, with the utmost composure, pretended to translate. At last, the clerk, believing that the girl was rendering the complaint according to her own particular interest, looked at the old woman, and said, "I think you can speak English if you like." The

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old lady, on the spur of the moment, amidst roars of laughter, and with only the slightest Irish accent, immediately rejoined, "No, no, sir, I am sure I can't." She then proceeded to tell her tale in English with the greatest volubility, and eventually succeeded in getting two of her opponents fazed. As a reason for her conduct she afterwards, when pressed, alleged that she was ashamed to use the English tongue, as she did not speak it plainly.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

A friend, who is travelling in France, sends us the following anecdotes which he has picked up in Paris. All are worthy of perusal:

A man under sentence of death, while in prison allowed his hair and beard to grow to a great length. On the day on which he was to be brought before the court to see whether the sentence would be commuted or carried into effect, the jailor advised him to shave and have his hair cut, in order to make a decent appearance. "What's the use of spending five sous?" said the prisoner, "before having my head dressed, I wish to know if it belongs to me!"

A lawyer was once pleading a case in court before the full bench. The chief justice whispered in his neighbour's ear, but loud enough to be heard by others, "I'll wager he lies." The lawyer, not in the least disconcerted, drew his purse from his pocket, and, laying it on the bar, exclaimed, "Put down your money—I take the bet!"

Mlle. George, a few months since, played the part of Andromachus, in a country town. One of the lions of the place, after the play, complimented her on her performance. "Alas!" said the ex-great actress, "to render that part well, one should be young and handsome." "Ah, madam," cried the gallant, "you have just given us proof of the contrary."

A countryman, who had lost a sum of money at play, happened to sleep with the winner. In the course of the night the latter felt the hand of the former under his pillow. "What are you about?" he asked. "Nothing," replied the countryman, "I am only taking my revenge."

At the Guards' Ball it was the remark of all that the young matrons monopolized the young men in the dance, and that a great number of girls were doomed to sit like wall-flowers, and "waste their sweetness" in the desert air! So seriously has the innovation been felt among the upper ten thousand, that a strike has been mooted for next season.

SOME Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea were carried before a negro prince. He was seated under a tree; his throne was a large block of wood, and his guard consisted of three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes. This ridiculous monarch asked, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.—There is a story extant, that the Dutch were expelled from an East India settlement, because their consul, in enumerating the wonders of Europe, said that in his own country water became a solid body once a year for some time, when men or even horses might pass over it without sinking. On hearing this tale, his tropical highness flew into a violent passion, and expelled the official, declaring that, after so palpable a falsehood, he could never have anything to do with Europeans.

FLEET.—A printer by the name of Fleet was blest with a family of worthy good people, who were not at all remarkable for the pleasantness of their countenances, on account of which he would sometimes indulge himself in jokes which were rather coarse at their expense. He once invited an intimate friend to dine with him on pouts—a kind of fish of which the gentleman was very remarkably fond. When dinner appeared, the guest remarked that the pouts were wanting. "Oh, no," said Fleet, "only look at my wife and daughters."

A LAWYER riding through the town of Worcester, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep on straight for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road that he must take, and if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "Oh, yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

TIP FOR TAT.—The deacon wasn't very much behind, if the following story is true:—"In a small town there is a church in which the 'sing has completely run down.' It had been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical power had been gradually failing. One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measures, rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and said: 'Brother B—— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot conscientiously pray after such singing.' The

deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, with a manifest improvement upon the first effort, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up a book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, "Will Mr. C—— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

A GENTLEMAN asked a shepherd "whether that river might be passed over or not." "Yes," said he—but upon trying, he dived over head and ears. "Why, you rogue!" says he, "did you not tell me it might be passed over?" "Indeed, sir," says he, "I thought so; for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you were as wise as a goose."

THE TEAR.

TELL ME, my friend, what is a tear,
But the overflow of the heart,
Whose crystal gems as they appear,
A type of joy, or grief impart?

What gives a sacredness sublime
To these effusions of the soul,
That makes our best affections chime,
When sympathy has the control?

Is it affection that doth fill
Our bosoms with a kindred flame,
That in the hour of good or ill,
Proves by a tear its ballowed name?

Who ever cursed the falling tear
To sympathy and friendship givea?
Sure, such a one, unwelcome here,
Is fit for neither earth nor heaven.

Sacred to virtue is the tear
That wins a sympathizing breast,
Where friendship may, without a fear,
In confidence for ever rest!

The orphan's tear!—God bless the hand
That wipes it tenderly away;
That lights the heart by friendship's wand,
And turns its darkness into day.

On such a deed angels can smile,
While heaven and all its hosts approve;
True sympathy that's undefiled,
Is but the counterpart of love.

The tear of joy when beauty weeps,
Adds charms to loveliness, and brings
A calm serene which e'er bespeaks
Sweet music on affection's strings.

But, ah! when sorrow lights her lamp
At fading beauty's funeral pile,
Her tears upon the soul, so damp,
Wash out the last fond trace of smiles.

The tear, more potent on the soul
Than overflowing rapture, lends
A test, that can our thoughts control,
In the selection of our friends. A. J. C.

GEMS.

BEAUTY.—The flower which blossoms to-day, and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colours of the rainbow? Or rather are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.

MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.—We have never seen a man bewailing his ill-fortune without something of contempt for his weakness. No individual or nation ever rose to eminence, in any department, which gave itself up to this childish behaviour. Greatness can only be achieved by being superior to misfortunes, and by returning again and again to the assault with renewed energy. And this it is which is truly making the best of everything.

"I DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS."—There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims, and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark: "It is never easy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard, persevering effort while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life; determined, obstinate perseverance in one single channel is everything. Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil. If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did,

don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the life-boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; until you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily persevered in, will make your love for your business or profession grow, since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life-work is just the one he could have done best and would have liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but none in others; yet all have them.

OUR INFLUENCE.—Let us not think, then, that because our lot may be humble, that, therefore, we have no power over others, nor suppose that our actions and sayings are of little weight.

The flower, though but a little thing,
Yet perfumes every gale of spring.

The feeblest and most insignificant causes often lead to the most important consequences, and results of the most unlooked-for character. Those who are invested with authority and power are not always the ones chosen to accomplish great designs; the poor and weak are as often selected. As parents, as children, as members of the same family, we are continually leading and acting one upon another, not merely by advice and counsel, but more strongly by the power of example. Even a word or a trifling act may be the means of accomplishing much. A cheerful expression, a glance of sympathy, may encourage a desponding heart, an act of kindness may raise and uphold a sinking spirit; a word will, perchance, decide a wavering mind, and determine it for ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is said that the united Princes at Frankfort are desirous that the Emperor of Austria should assume the title of Emperor of Germany, which Francis II. of Austria abdicated in the year 1806.

THE health of the King of Spain is the source of great inquietude. He has undergone a serious operation, and it is feared that his constitution is scarcely sufficiently strong to support him through a tedious recovery.

AN Act of Parliament came into force on the 1st Sept., declaring it not to be a felony for a servant, contrary to his master's orders, giving corn to his master's horses. It is, however, an offence to be punished by fine or three months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Hitherto the offence was by law a "felony."

A new carriage is now being constructed by the Great Eastern Railway Company, at their Stratford works, for the exclusive use of the Prince and Princess of Wales when travelling on the network which accommodates their Royal Highnesses when they visit or leave their estate in Norfolk.

THE arrangements having been concluded between the Metropolitan Board of Works and the owners of the land for the new park at Finsbury, subject to arbitration, the inhabitants of the north of London will soon be enabled to enjoy that recreation which they have for many years been endeavouring to obtain.

THERE are twenty thousand song-birds, of different kinds, sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stocks of canaries, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes, of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October.

PREPARATIONS have for some time been going on for a grand choral gathering at York Minster, on the 13th of October. It is expected that the performers, who are to be sent from the various choirs throughout Yorkshire, will number about 2,000. On this occasion the new organ, now being built in the nave of the cathedral, will be employed, for the first time, at a public performance.

"THE cheapest postage stamp," says the *Nation*, "is the French at one centime, and the dearest is that for the horse post of California, which costs 4 dols. (21 fr.). The prettiest and best engraved of all the stamps are those of France, Greece, and particularly that of New Caledonia, which merits the first place. The ugliest are those of Belgium and the English at one penny. The largest are those of Siberia, and the smallest those of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, which bears the head of an ox."

THERE are several important provisions in the new Telegraph Act passed at the end of the last session. A person in the employ of a company wilfully or negligently omitting to transmit or deliver a message, or divulging the purport of a message, can be fined £20. The Board of Trade can direct a company to erect a telegraph for the exclusive use of her Majesty, and in case of an emergency the Secretary of State can, by warrant, seize a telegraph and have the same worked.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANKLIN BLISS (LONDON).—Try the effect of mixing the colour with a little transparent gum.

CHERRIERE is a young man of twenty-one years of age, and would be obliged by the address of A. E. with whom he wishes to correspond.

P. R. F. S.—Of course if you have nothing, nothing can be got from you; but you ought to do what you can to assist the young lady.

J. B. GREY.—The Index of THE 7 DAYS' JOURNAL will be ready in a few days. We are obliged by your favourable opinion of THE LONDON READER.

A SUBSCRIBER, A. X. R.—If you have no friend to lend you £20 at interest, you can borrow it from a loan society, provided you can give satisfactory security.

INQUIRER (BLACKBURN).—We believe there are such works; but apply to any bookseller in your own town, and he will make inquiries through his London publisher.

PEARL writes that she has no fortune, but wishes to be united to a Roman Catholic, affectionate, and fond of home. He need not be rich, but she would like him to be steady.

EDMUND (CAMDEN TOWNS) is nineteen years of age, tall and dark, and considered good-looking. He wishes to correspond with some fair lady about seventeen or eighteen years of age.

HENRY SPENCER would be happy to correspond with JUSTICE. He is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, of an amiable disposition, fair education, and is considered very good-looking.

B. C. T. (DORSETSHIRE).—You have been told what is wrong; the buttons as well as the cloth are the master's, unless he has made you a present of them. Four and five numbers complete the monthly parts.

CONRAD MION AND ISMAEL WORTHE.—Unavoidable circumstances have delayed the engraving alluded to. We are happy to find that you, in conjunction with many others, are so well pleased with THE LONDON READER.

CHARLOTTE ELEANOR.—Your verses are, indeed, very good; especially those entitled, "They would tear thee from me," but we have so much poetry on hand that it is utterly impossible for us to find room for a twentieth part of it.

HERBERT (SALFORD).—This correspondent writes us, saying that he is a young man of respectable family, tall, and considered handsome. He has not yet arrived at the age of maturity, and would be happy to correspond with A. E.

JAN B. KER (KIRKCALDY).—To obtain a government clerkship requires considerable influence; but the best party to apply to is the member of Parliament for your own shire, if you have any interest with him. Your handwriting is quite good enough for such a situation.

P. W.—If you are too old to go to school, you can never be too old to learn; therefore get such instruction as you can casually; but persevere yourself by copying out passages from printed books as neatly and as correctly as you can, and your improvement will soon be felt by yourself in more ways than one.

F. R. Y. is desirous of forming a matrimonial engagement with some young lady (good-tempered and pretty). He is twenty-three years old, has dark hair and whiskers, and is 5 ft. 11 in. He is a clerk in a mercantile office with £10 a year. He wishes any young lady who may be pleased with this description to communicate with him.

REBECCA would like to correspond with M. K. S. She is just sixteen years of age, dark, and rather below the general height. Is very fond of sailors, as her father was one for many years; she has no money, but has received a good English education. Is the eldest of a large family. Would send her *carte-de-visite* if M. K. S. will tell her where to send it.

GEORGE PASTY.—From your description we should say that dyspepsia, or, in other words, indigestion, is the primary cause of all your ailments. Eat and read less, drink nothing stronger than water, and take plenty of exercise, and you will, by-and-by, get rid of much of the suffering which, at present, you seem to be labouring under. The medicines of which you have spoken will do you no good whatever.

THE STRIBBAM LEMMET writes:—"A warm-hearted Irish girl begs to offer her hand, heart, and fortune to M. K. S., your correspondent in No. 17. The writer is twenty-two, tall, fair, and elegant, and possesses, in her own right, £30 per annum; her accomplishments are French and German, music and drawing, and last though not least, household economy, and her life would be devoted to his happiness."

MAGGIE JACOBUS (LAMBETH).—1. Try the effect of shaving your bare face every morning, and, perhaps, by-and-by, the desired objects may begin to spring from the surface. 2. As there are several Catholic chapels in Lambeth, your best plan will be to make inquiries at one of them, and you will then be certain of accurate information. 3. Six months. 4. We are not skilled in pharmaceutical science. Speak to a regular medical practitioner. We hope you will not ask so many questions at once in the next letter you send.

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN writes:—"I am nineteen years of age, tall, good figure, dark hair, deep blue eyes, nose not too long, small well-shaped mouth. I have no fortune, only an affectionate heart to bestow on any one who answers. I would like the gentleman to be about twenty-five or thirty, tall, and with dark hair. He must also be a Roman Catholic, as I am one myself. He need not be handsome, but he must be good-looking. I admire a noble mind more than a handsome face. He must also be fond of home and be good-tempered."

ANNE SOPHIA says to M. K. S., that she is twenty-two years of age, has blue eyes, light brown curly hair, good teeth, a very small mouth, thoroughly good-tempered, and domesticated. She has received a good education, but has no money. She also adds if M. K. S. is already engaged, perhaps some other gentleman may deem her worthy of notice. Besides all this, she asks ourselves if we think her good-looking, and we must declare that, judging by the description she has given of herself above, she is very good-looking, and worthy of all acceptance by the most fastidious bachelor that is to be found in Great Britain or anywhere else.

B. M. wishes to know what will cure her lover of jealousy. He is incorrigible, although she never gives him the least provocation. All men are jealous, but some exhibit the feeling more openly than others. In some it is a disease which is quite incurable. Such men make miserable husbands, but agreeable companions. They are worse than jealous wives; their power of observation is awfully distorted. Such

men ought never to marry; and when the quality is developed before marriage, it would justify girls in refusing to have them. But this must be said, a jealous lover is not always a jealous husband. Having obtained the long-coveted prize, a feeling of honourable and manly confidence takes possession of him, and he firmly trusts where before he feverishly suspected.

CITY.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey are in receipt of a large income, and are bound to keep the building in repair without applying to Parliament.

A. C. S.—When a courtship is finally broken off, all presents should be mutually returned. A purse presented by the young lady's mother would properly be accepted, as being a token of regard from a third party, who had given no provocation to an estrangement.

B. O.—Everything in creation is not humanly speaking, beautiful; the ugly exists there beside the beautiful, the grotesque on the reverse of the sublime, deformity close to grace, evil with good, shade with light. What we call ugly harmonies not with man, but with creation.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

'Tis said by some, and perhaps they may believe, If ladies' eyes are black they will deceive; If eyes of grey, they're fond of wild romances, And wed at forty—if they have the chance; But if you see a maid with hazel eyes, Then know you this, her passions quickly rise; How blest is she whose eyes are gentle blue, For she is loving and confiding too.

So if thou lovest a maid with eyes like jet, Be true to her, and good example set; Or if thou lovest where eyes are grey, like steel, Try thou romance and she to thee will kneel; And if thou loved one have the hazel eye, Be kind to her, to please her always try.

So see, ye wags, ye need not now despair. All girls must love, if they be dark or fair. J. O.

A FORSAKEN ONE.—If you cared for him once, but now only think of him with contempt, you ought to be satisfied. It is evident, however, that you are chagrined by his preference of another. The feeling will gradually wear off, and then you will laugh at the butterfly.

ANNA THORNTON.—Because the bachelor of forty-two years of age was pleasant and cheerful with you, showed you some flattering attentions, and seemed to like your society, you concluded that he was in love with you—but, finding that he made no declaration, and, since your return home, sent you no message of any kind, you are dissatisfied, and consider yourself ill-used. We must be candid with you. Your anxiety to be married has blinded you. The gentleman evidently thought you a very nice girl, but never dreamed of matrimony. Had he thought you a husband-hunter—but we will not complete the sentence—your vanity has been sufficiently punished.

SOPHIA.—Eau de Cologne may be made in a variety of ways—but it is cheaper to buy it at the chemist's. The following is one of the recipes in use:—Strong sprigs of wine, four pints; neroli, essence of cedar, orange, citron, bergamot, and rosemary, of each twenty-four drops; lesser cardamom seeds, two drachms. Distil off three pints in a glass retort and receiver.

D. M. P.—We cannot give you any advice, because we do not know what your attainments are, but we can tell you for your instruction, that some authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one—some can reason without being able to persuade—others can persuade without being able to reason; so that, as they descend into darkness, others reach so high that they give us no light, and some, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dried. We should labour, therefore, to treat with ease of things that are difficult—with familiarity of things that are novel, and with perspicuity of things that are profound.

J. P. L.—Why should you rejoice? The Vex of all of us should be that of honest labour. Longfellow, in his "Village Blacksmith," teaches us a sublime lesson on the subject:—

"Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
He earned a night's repose."

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught,
Thus at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its burning anvil shaped,
Each burning deed and thought."

WHITERAVEN.—To make cider, the apples are ground to a pulp in a mill, and afterwards put into coarse, strong bags, and pressed with a great weight, so as to squeeze out of them all their juice. The juice is placed in large open tubs, and kept at a heat of about 60 degrees. When it has passed through the proper fermentation—which may be known by its appearing tolerably clear and having a vinous sharpness on the tongue—the pure part of the liquor must be racked off into open vessels, and exposed for a day or two in a cool place. After this it must be put into casks and kept in a cool place during the winter. In the beginning of March, the liquor will be bright and pure, and fit for bottling, which should be done in fair weather.

L. M. H.—We can give you a lecture, but no sympathy. There is nothing so much exposed to a female to ridicule, or so much subjects her to the insult of affrontive addresses, as jealousy; it is an inlet to almost every possible evil, the fatal source of innumerable indiscretions, the sure destruction of her own peace, and is frequently the bane of her husband's affection. Give not a momentary harbour to its shadow in your heart—fly from it as from the face of a fiend that would lead your untrodden steps into a gulf of unmitigated misery. When once embarked in the matrimonial voyage, the fewer faults you discover in your partner the better. Never search after what it will give you no pleasure to find; never desire to hear what you would not like to be told; therefore avoid that tribe of meddlers who, either from a jealous love of discord, or from the meaner motive of ingratiating themselves by gratifying the blameable curiosity of others, sow dissension wherever they happen to gain admittance, and by telling unwelcome truths, do frequently by insinuating invented falsehoods, injure innocent people, disturb domestic union, and destroy the peace of families. Treat these tale-talking emis-

series of Satan with the contempt they deserve, hear not what they offer to communicate, but give them at once to understand that you can never look on those as your friends who speak in a disadvantageous manner of that person whom you always choose to see in the most favourable light. If they are not effectually silenced by such rebukes, be inaccessible to their visits, and break off all acquaintance with such horrible pests of society.

M. J.—The housewife who buys fish should make herself well acquainted with the signs of freshness and good condition, as, when stale (and many are the tricks of vendors to give them a fresh appearance), they are most unwholesome articles of food, and some positively dangerous eating when out of season. The herring, when fresh, is of silvery brightness; the mackerel of a bright green, with well-defined dark stripes—as the fish becomes stale this assumes a coppery hue; the whiting is of a pale brown or fawn colour, with a pinkish tint; this goes off when no longer fresh, and is changed for a leaden blue. As a general rule, all fish should be bright in the eye, red in the gills, and firm, yet elastic, to the touch.

A YOUNG GEOLOGIST.—Portland stone, quarried in large quantities in the Isle of Portland, forms the last deposit of the Oolitic group of secondary rocks. It is formed by the cementation upon the bituminous clay shales of a vast deposit of white lime, forming a mass of stone from 50 feet to 80 feet thick; this is Portland stone. Some of the strata of this stone abound with fossils. Large ammonites, trigonia, pecten, oysters, pinna, teratula, turricula, &c., with bones of marianas, and drifted coniferous wood, are among the prevailing organic remains of this deposit. St. Paul's Cathedral, Somerset House, Blackfriars, and many other bridges, churches, and public edifices are built of Portland stone.

A LAY M.A., OF CAMBRIDGE.—Not wishing to be led into a party discussion, our reply to the question as to the colour of the lining of clergymen's hoods was it seems too brief, and consequently, was misunderstood. The colour is the mark of the academic degree taken by the wearer. Thus:—A black stuff hood, edged with white fur or lamb's wool, denotes a B.A., of Oxford or Cambridge; a silk one, lined with red, a M.A., of Oxford; and with white, a M.A., or B.D., of Cambridge; if lined with blue, a S.C.L., of Oxford, or M.A., of Dublin; and with lilac, a M.A., of Durham. An entirely black silk hood is worn by B.D.s, and one of scarlet cloth, lined with silk of the same hue by D.D.s. These hoods, except the two last-mentioned, are not exclusively clerical garments, any more than the black gown, still less are they badges of any party in the church; they may be worn by any graduate.

A STUDENT OF BOTANY.—"I find in Miller's Dictionary that the arbutus, that most charming of our evergreen shrubs, is a native of the south of Europe. How is it then that I have seen it growing profusely in the south of Ireland, in the very wildest parts of Kerry, and about the cliffs of Glengarriff, where cultivation has surely never plied its hand?" Our correspondent is right, we believe. Mr. S. O. Hall, however, on the authority of an eminent botanist, suggests, in his Irish Handbook, that the plant was brought from Spain by the monks. We think that its peculiar dispersion and remarkably spontaneous growth make it more probable that it is a native shrub. We have not space here, but we could show that plants and vegetables, which are said to have been introduced by such and such persons at given dates, were known, and commonly spoken of, by writers long before the period fixed.

W. F. J. informs us that the verse from an old song, called "The Lie," which heads Mr. Charles Swain's charming poem, "The Wife of Sir Walter Raleigh," was not written by that accomplished but unfortunate man. Our correspondent has in his collection an old volume of "A Select Collection of English Songs," published in 1788, and therein he finds "The Lie," by Francis Davidson, with the following note:—"The Lie" is generally, though erroneously, supposed to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, the night before his execution. Many songs are attributed to Sir Walter which are now well known were never written by him; but this is the fault of the publishers of the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries. Sir Walter, and a few others of his class were made to father all the old songs, and Shakespeare the old plays. We ourselves always understood that "The Lie" was by Raleigh—for it is quite in his style.

PRISCILLA.—A woman can never be seen in a more ridiculous light than when she attempts to govern her husband. If unfortunately the superiority of understanding is on her side, the apparent consciousness of it betrays a weakness that renders her contemptible in the sight of every considerate person, and it may possibly fix in his mind a dislike never to be eradicated. In such a case remember that some degree of dissimulation is commendable, so far as to let your husband's defects appear unobserved. When he judges wrong never flatly contradict, but lead him insensibly into another opinion in so discreet a manner that it may seem entirely his own, and let the whole credit of your prudent determination rest on him without inducing the foolish vanity of claimer; any merit to yourself. Thus a person of but indifferent capacity may be so assisted as in many instances to shine with a borrowed lustre, scarcely distinguished from nature, and by degrees he may be brought into a kind of methodical habit of acting sensibly in all the occurrences of life. Odd as this position may seem, it is founded on fact, and we have seen the method practised by more than one lady, where a weak mind has been so prudently set off as to appear the sole dictator—like the statue of the Dolphin god, which was thought to give its own oracles; whilst the humble priestess who lent her voice was by the shrine concealed, nor sought a higher glory than a supposed obedience to the power she would be thought to serve.

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